The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

We are publishing on June 20th, as a "Bookman Extra," a special Keats-Shelley Memorial Souvenir in connection with the Matinees that are to be given at the Haymarket Theatre on June 25th and 28th, in aid of the Fund that is being raised to clear off the debt on the Keats-Shelley house at Rome. Their Majesties the King and Queen and H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, have promised to be present at the Matinees. This Souvenir Number will be superbly produced, and will contain, in addition to numerous illustrations and portraits of the actors and actresses taking part in the performances, fully illustrated articles on Keats and Shelley by well known authors.

Wilkie Collins.
By courtesy of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

The July Bookman will be a Miss M. E. Braddon Number and will contain a special, fully illustrated article on Miss Braddon (Mrs. John Maxwell) by Clive Holland. Other important articles in this Number will include "Stevenson Again," by Neil Munro; "In Forbidden China," by Mrs. Archibald Little; "Mr. William Watson and the Theatre," by Francis Bickley; "Last Essays of a Bookman," by W. H. Hudson; "Two Poets," by Edward Thomas; "With Napoleon at St. Helena," by Walford D. Green; "Goethe," by Henry Murray, etc., etc.

Mr. Arthur Compton-Rickett is engaged on a study of the personality and work of William Morris that Messrs. Dent will publish shortly. The book will contain a good deal of hitherto unpublished

Photo by Miss Florence Vandamm, Westminster.

Mr. Redmond Howard, Nephew of Mr. John Redmond, M.P.

Mr. Howard is the author of "Home Rule," one of the new volumes in "The People's Books" Series, which Messrs. T. C. & E. C. Jack are publishing.

personalia, and should throw some new light on Morris both as a man and a poet. Mr. Rickett is also contributing a sketch on English Literature, in the nature of a primer, to Messrs. Jack's admirable "People's Book" series.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a new book, "The Land of the Blue Flower," which Messrs. Putnam are publishing.

Mr. John Murray announces what promises to be a very charming book by much the youngest of living authors. Miss Joan Nancy Maude is not yet four years of age, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maude—Mrs. Maude being the delightful actress better known as Miss Nancy Price. The book is to be called "Behind the Nightlight," and consists of an account of animals little Miss Maude has met with and things she has seen, the whole taken down by her mother in the child's own language.

From the John Ouseley Music Company we have received four songs the first-fruits of a new enterprise in which Mr. John Ouseley, the publisher of books, is taking a leading share. Two of the songs, "Love's Dream," and "Love's Evensong," are written by W. Burton Baldrey and set to music by Adelina de Lara and Harold Jenner, and both for the daintiness of their words and the charm and easy compass of their melodies should be sure of popular success. "Baby Boy," a delightful little lyric by H. Wynne, has a dainty and very attractive setting by Frederick Dale; and a gay and breezy ditty, "As I Went Down to Plymouth Town," is mated to an appropriately rousing tune, with a capital chorus, by J. Avilie Dix.

Mr. Heinemann is coming into the fashion and starting the publication of a series of sevenpenny novels. The first four volumes, which are to be out this month, will be Hall Caine's "The Bondman," "The Ebb Tide," by Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne; "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London, and Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers of Fortune."

We are asked to mention that a testimonial is being raised for Mr. Richard Quittenton who now, in his seventy-ninth year, is in indifferent health and somewhat straitened circumstances. In the

Mr. E. Lacon Watson,

whose new novel "The Family Living" (John Murray) is reviewed on page 134.

Mrs. Ambrose Harding.
A new author, whose novel, "The Dominant Chord," has been published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

early 'eighties, when Stevenson's "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," and "The Black Arrow" were appearing in *Young Folks' Weekly Budget* Mr. Quittenton, under his pen name of Roland Quiz, was probably the most popular writer of serials for that magazine, in which his well-known series of "Tim Pippin" stories made their appearance. It is believed that many of the boy-readers of those days, who were numbered among the admirers of Roland Quiz, will be glad to be associated with this testimonial to one whose work has given a great deal of pleasure to some three generations of readers. Contributions should be sent to Mr. Nelson F. Henderson of Red Lion House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

Messrs. Everett & Co. announce a cheap edition of "Charles Dickens as I knew him," by George Dolby, who was Dickens' manager on his reading tour through America.

Photo by Hill & Saunders.

Miss Ethel Sidgwick,
whose new novel, "Herself," was lately published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy has followed her delightful collection of sketches of Canadian life, "Janey Canuck," with a new book in something of the same vein, called "Open Trails," that Messrs. Cassell are publishing. She has the divine gift of humour, and draws upon her own full and varied experiences for her pictures of life and character. The daughter of Isaac Ferguson, who went from Cavan to Canada, she married an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Arthur Murphy, when she was nineteen, and entered upon a strenuous course of parish work in Western Ontario. Presently, she and her husband removed from Ontario to Manitoba, where Mr. Murphy engaged in agriculture and the timber industry, his wife actively assisting him, and at the same time pursuing her literary career, writing for the magazines and working as review editor of *The Winnipeg Telegram*. Always a lover of the open-air life and of hard work, Mrs. Murphy is at home in the saddle.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy,
whose new book, "Open Trails," is published by Messrs Cassell.

is one of the officials of a Women's Curling Club, and last January became the first President of the Women's Canadian Club; moreover, she is qualified to manage a farm, a timber "limit," and a coal mine, underground workings and all; she has also had experience of hospital nursing, and is an enthusiastic collector of Canadian fossils. She is interested in everything that comes in her way, and with all her capacity for doing what is commonly regarded as masculine work, is the most womanly of women, large-minded and therefore large-hearted, and her keenly sympathetic humour is not, as one who knows her has it, made up of society epigrams, but is "the flashing, vigorous fun of a nature which has seen the stern trail of a new land, and yet rejoices

Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B., F.R.S.

in the brightness of 'wide spaces washed with the sun.'"

The recent placing of a commemorative tablet on the birthplace of Francis Thompson has moved Mr. John Thomson to write a book on "Francis Thompson, the Preston-born Poet," with notes on some of his works. The author has had valuable assistance from Mr. Meynell, Sir Alfred Hopkinson and the Rev. H. K. Mann, and the volume is to be published by Mr. Alfred Halewood, of Preston.

Mr. Richard Bagot, the well-known author and journalist, has long made his home in Italy, and, as one who has studied them from the inside, has written much on Italian life and character. Recently Mr. Bagot received at his residence in Tuscany a large gathering, representing all classes of the community and all branches of industry connected with the Province of Pisa, that came to thank him for his defence of the honour of the Italian Army and nation in the British Press and elsewhere. The municipalities of a large number of towns attended in official state, and nearly six thousand persons were present, including representatives of the clergy, the procession with its bands and banners being a mile and a half in length. Mr. Bagot was presented with a magnificently bound volume containing the text of an address composed by Professor Niccolai of the University of Pisa and many thousands of signatures, comprising those of soldiers lately returned from the war.

Sir Ronald Ross, whose new volume of poems we review elsewhere, was born in India three days after the commencement of the Indian Mutiny. His father, the late General Sir Campbell Clay Grant Ross, K.C.B., of the Indian Army, was then second in command of a Ghurka regiment, and it was only by chance that the Europeans in the station were saved from the mutineers. Sir Ronald's work in science, especially in connection with malaria, is well known; but he has made occasional excursions into literature. His two novels, "Child of Ocean," and "Spirit of Storm," were published years ago and are out of print. Recently Mr. John Murray published his little book of poems called "Philosophies," which contained verses written whilst he was at work on malaria in India, and it had a considerable sale. He printed privately a Christmas book of "Fables," and now Mr. Murray has published his latest volume of poems "The Setting Sun." It appeared anonymously, but Sir Ronald was suspected and has tacitly acknowledged its authorship.

Photo by Florence Vandamm. **Mr. Rathmell Wilson,**

whose new novel, "Crimson Wings," has just been published by Messrs. Greening. Mr. Wilson is a director of the Drama Society and recently created the name-part in that Society's production of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's tragedy "Orestes."

Mr. T. Maskew Miller, of Capetown and Pretoria, is publishing immediately an important work on South African politics and history by Sir Edgar H. Walton, who was Treasurer in the Cape Ministry under the Jameson *régime*, and one of the delegates to the Convention which framed the Constitution of the Union of South Africa. The book is to be called "The Inner History of the National Convention," and will contain, by way of appendix, a detailed report and criticism by G. R. Hofmeyr (Clerk of the Union House of Assembly). The same publisher announces a new edition of "South African Snakes and their Venom," by F. W. Fitz Simons (Curator of the Port Elizabeth Museum), the first large edition of which was sold out within a few weeks of publication. Both books will be issued in this country by Messrs. Longmans.

Photo by S. Wilson. **Strensham Church, Worcestershire,** where Samuel Butler was baptised, February, 1612.

The Ter-Centenary of Samuel Butler's birth was passed over very quietly last February. It would be interesting to know how many persons in the last three or four years have read Butler's "Hudibras"; probably not even so many as have read "Paradise Lost." Yet in its own day and for long after "Hudibras" was much the most popular of humorous poems; Pepys tells you that no book of his time was more thoroughly in the fashion; Charles II. delighted in quoting its witty and satirical couplets, and his courtiers made themselves equally familiar with it. Hazlitt calls it not only the greatest single production of wit of its period, but of this country; but like all books that deal largely in topical affairs it carried the seeds of death in it, and as soon as it became necessary that it should be copiously annotated in order that its allusions could be understood and all its points appreciated the life began to pass out of it. Nevertheless, any reader with a working knowledge of seventeenth century history can read "Hudibras" understandingly and shut his eyes to the soul-wearying mass of foot-notes, and much of the wit and humour of it are as fresh and as irresistible now as ever, for they are not circumscribed by their applicability to passing lives and events but are as applicable to the weaknesses of common humanity in the twentieth no less than in the seventeenth century. Butler is one of the most learned as well as one of the most whimsical of our poets, and as a master of difficult and ingenious rhymes has never been surpassed.

There is plenty in him that is of universal, as distinguished from topical, concern. Have we not still amongst us Butler's over-learned sophist who

> "could distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and south-west side,
> On either which he would dispute,
> Confute, change hands, and still confute!"

have we not still our dogmatists who

> "prove their doctrine orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks."

and how many of us are still eager to

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to!"

One could cite such things by the score, but in latter-day editions of "Hudibras" you find on every page more foot-notes than poetry, and no poem so heavily handicapped could hope to run far. If somebody would give us a new edition (including the posthumous poems that appeared in Butler's "Remains"—some of which are wittier and wiser than anything in "Hudibras") with all needless foot-notes omitted and the rest relegated to a very small appendix; then it would not be surprising if Samuel Butler recaptured some of his lost popularity.

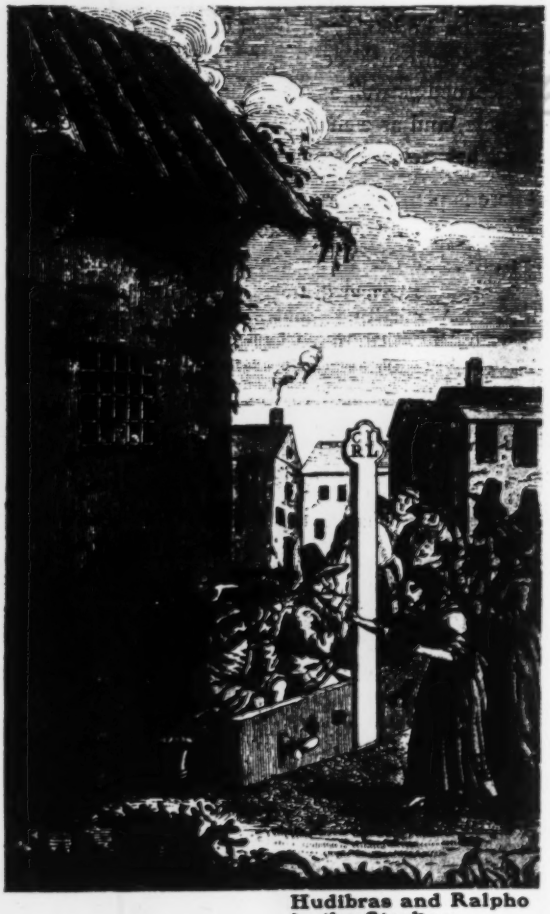
Photo by S. Wilson. **Interior of Strensham Church, Worcestershire.**

The figures in panels of gallery are painted in bright colours and gilt.

Samuel Butler.
From the portrait by G. Soest.

Born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, in February, 1612, the son of a small farmer, he was educated at Worcester College, became clerk to a Justice of the Peace, then served as a sort of secretary first to the Earl of Kent, then to Sir Samuel Luke, and his experiences of Sir Samuel and his Puritan friends helped to inspire him with the great burlesque poem in which he ridiculed the Puritans and Puritanism of his generation. But Butler was no party-man ; he satirised also the vices of Charles's Court, and probably this accounts for the fate to which he was left. Though Charles gloried in " Hudibras," and was fond of repeating its grotesque rhymes and laughing over its scathing indictment of his enemies, he gave the poet nothing but airy praise. Butler died in September, 1680, two years after the publication of the third part of " Hudibras," and would have died of starvation but for the friendly offices of Mr. Longueville, a Middle Temple bencher, who afterwards paid for his burial in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. No wonder Dryden, pressing desperately for arrears of his salary as Laureate, wrote to the King's Chamberlain : " It is enough for one age to have neglected Mr. Cowley and starved Mr. Butler " ; and we are even indebted to " John Barber, Citizen of London," a generous admirer who has become nothing but a name, for erecting the stone to Butler's memory in Westminster Abbey, in 1721, " lest," as he says reproachfully at the close of a fitting and sympathetic inscription, " lest he who (when alive) was destitute of all things should (when dead) want likewise a monument." It takes nothing from the worthiness of John Barber's gift that Samuel Wesley celebrated the occasion with a caustic epigram :

" While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give :
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."



Hudibras and Ralpho in the Stocks.
From an illustration by Hogarth (1726).

We published last month a portrait of Mr. Seumas O'Sullivan, whose volume of " Poems " was recently issued by Messrs. Maunsel, but by an unaccountable error we described it as a portrait of Mr. James Stephens, author of " The Hill of Vision," also published by Messrs. Maunsel. Unfortunately, we cannot make full amends by giving an authentic portrait of Mr. Stephens, as he says he has none, and moreover is sure Mr. O'Sullivan's presentment will sell far more copies of his book than his own would. On the other hand, Mr. O'Sullivan assures us he is more than willing to lend his countenance to Mr. Stephens' poetry. In these circumstances, though we are very sorry to have erred, we are diffident as to where our apologies ought to go and trust Messrs. Maunsel will kindly accept them and so help us out of our difficulty.

Our plate portrait is from a photograph given by Wilkie Collins to Mr. A. P. Watt, who has kindly lent it to us for reproduction. The portrait on the cover is the copyright of Messrs. Elliott & Fry. For assistance with the other Wilkie Collins illustrations we are indebted to Mr. R. C. Lehmann, Mr. A. P. Watt, Messrs. Chatto & Windus and Messrs. W. Collins, Son & Co.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

FOR all the later work which has come from the pen of Mr. Temple Thurston there has been a general charge of sentimentality. Critics who found fault with "Traffic" and "Sally Bishop" for their depressing realism, have been the first to exclaim that "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" and "The Greatest Wish in the World" were sentimental. But when a young man sets out to learn the secret difficulties of any art, I take it that he works neither for critics nor public, but for that conscience which is himself. It is both the chief fault and the highest virtue of Mr. Thurston that he is young, but there is that energy in him which works incessantly to learn. Thirteen books is no small record for a man of thirty-two, yet every one of those volumes has been compiled with a steady determination to master first one and then another of the numberless difficulties with which the art of novel writing is beset.

Photo by Florence Vandamm. **Mr. E. Temple Thurston.**

It is in this steady development that the work of Mr. Temple Thurston is so interesting to any who, as I, have watched every step he has taken, having regard for every progression and retrogression, in the firm belief that one of these days he would work his passage into his own. Possibly I have made this study of him in vain. Only time can tell that. But it is more than interesting to me now when I have been given to read in manuscript his new novel "The Antagonists," which is running through the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, it is more than interesting to me to retrace the steps he has taken to this final achievement which comes more closely to the fulfilment of his purpose and the art of novel writing than any book he has yet done.

Appreciation is not praise, it is understanding. I am not writing this article in praise of Mr. Thurston, but because I believe I understand his methods—even his ambition in which, when once you know so much of a man, you have the very key to all he does.

"The Apple of Eden" which he wrote when he was seventeen and rewrote when he was twenty, was the work of one eager to speak all those thoughts—doubtless ill-considered—which come in a torrent to a boy when first he touches life. The effect of that book upon his mind, as I saw it, was not that which takes place in the minds of many authors with their first publication. Instead of finding that he knew something of the way to write, he discovered that he knew nothing and set out at once with all the enthusiasm of a young man, to learn. A point of view was not his consideration then; an attitude towards life was the last thing he considered. The attitude of mind expressed in all those early books until the publication of "Mirage" was such as circumstance was forcing upon him. Their pessimism, the black hopelessness of "Traffic" was only a phase through which it was inevitable that he must pass. The cultivation then of a point of view, he seems scarcely to have realised. His main object was to make for himself a style, a medium in which to express that new view of life of which no doubt he himself was the least expecting.

I know myself how assiduously and carefully he read and studied to acquire the thing he sought for, choosing, not those authors who are usually given as masters of the language, but such men as Sterne, even Carlyle, who might be said to have no style at all, and Meredith under whose influence undoubtedly he wrote "The Evolution of Katherine."

Strangely enough, through all this apprenticeship, he never achieved his object. It was not until his regard to life had changed, till the pendulum had swung from cheerless pessimism to outright optimism that he found a style of his own. "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" and "The Greatest Wish in the World" are apart and distinct in both style and language. Sometimes there is a stiltedness of phrase, not wholly unpleasant to the ear, for a moment obscure in its meaning, but ringing with a balance of sound that proves the carefulness of construction. He has told me that in the making of a sentence, he has carefully considered the choice of the words—dreamed or dreamt—to make the balance he desired. To the ordinary reader this may sound pedantic; but it is the fruit of such labour which makes poetry and rhythm in prose, and I know it

is his belief that all prose is poetry not meant to be sung.

The fancifulness of these two books which I have just mentioned was exactly the framework necessary for the style he was ready to make. There are passages in both of them, the description of Venice in the early morning in the "City of Beautiful Nonsense"; the description of Covent Garden with the carts laden with roses passing through the streets of dirty houses in the first light of a grey morning, which are more poetry than prose. And it was this quality which he had striven and determined to get into his style. The result of it all was a cry from the critics that it was sentimental, and this seems to have smarted in his mind. In the letter to Mr. Norman Forbes Robertson as a preface to his volume of essays—"The Patchwork Papers"—a form of self-defence which for myself I should always regret—he upholds his point of view.

"To see nothing but ugliness then," he writes, "or, as the modern school would have it, to see nothing but realism, is a form of mental suicide which, thank God, no longer appeals to me. For when every year I find the daffodils bringing up their glory of colour and beauty of line with unfailing perfection, I cannot but think that man, made in God's image, was meant to be still more beautiful in his thoughts and deeds even than they. Then surely what man was meant to be, must be the only true reality of what he is. All else happens to him. That is all."

This would be all very well were it to come into one of the essays, but written in the first person in a letter of introduction to the book, it jars upon one. A man's work is his only defence. There are many of these essays which, until the appearance of "The Antagonists" were immeasurably the best work he had done, and they alone would have exonerated Mr. Thurston from the charge of sentimentality. The essay called "Realism" is in itself an answer to those very critics and on that very subject. In fact there is a deep note of realism through them all, and yet not one line is ugly.

But now there comes "The Antagonists" to be published in book form, I believe, this Autumn. And here, if I am not mistaken, is the style and the realistic optimism which Mr. Temple Thurston has been striving for. It has all the simplicity of true poetry, all the colour, all the romance. The descriptions of the country-side—a glimpse of which he gave us in "The Flower of Gloster" are all of them pictures which only a real observer and a lover of nature could have drawn; for this love of nature seems to be growing steadily in his work. It began in "The Patchwork Papers." It showed still more in "The Garden of Resurrection." Then came "The Flower of Gloster" and now this story in the heart of the Cotswold Hills. I may say nothing of the subject, for I have been given the privilege of reading the book before it is actually and completely in print. But as a study, not of one character, but of many, it shows more observation and understanding of life than he has ever promised before.

It has often been said of Mr. Thurston's work that he knows women well, but here, as well as of women, is a knowledge, close and intimate of men. A boy and his father stand out so clearly in this book that the female characters cannot overshadow them as they have done in others of his books. There are incidents, too, which might have been as ugly in their realism as any part of "Traffic" or "Sally Bishop," but they are written in such a way as makes them no less terrible than the everyday life through which we pass, year after year, without comment or disgust.

For now Mr. Thurston seems to have grasped that power of leaving to the imagination of his reader all those details which the realist he attacks in "The Patchwork Papers" dwells upon. Yet in this book—"The Antagonists"—there is no fault of omission. The whole life of the boy, Richard Furlong—his hero—is there, with all his development, sexual and mental, commencing from one striking incident with which the book begins.

A book cannot be really said to be written until it is published. The mind of the public, who are the truest and only critics, has not as yet put it in its place. And so my appreciation must stand as that of an unwritten book; but I believe my judgment is right when I say that in "The Antagonists" Mr. Thurston has taken the first step out of that school in which he has upon his own admission for so long been a pupil.

Into what class of life then as novelist he has passed, Time again can only prove. So much more than any author understands is his work dependent upon his private life, upon the influence under which he comes and the outlook he develops, that it would be impossible to forecast the future of any writer. For so young a man as Mr. Thurston, the future is there before him. He has all promise, no little achievement and may, when his eyes are cleared from those prejudices which are the first growth of enthusiasm, take his place amongst those writers one remembers.

A. M.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

June 1st to July 1st, 1912.

Messrs. G. Allen & Co. (Incorporating Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd., and Messrs. George Allen & Sons.)

AVON, WILLIAM.—The Soul's Destiny, and Other Poems. 5s. net.
BRYANT, T. HUGH.—The Churches of Suffolk, in County Churches Series. 2 vols sold separately. 2s. 6d. net each.
HIND, C. LEWIS.—Hercules Brabazon, and his Art. 24 Coloured Reproductions. Gilt top. 21s. net.
PHYTHIAN, J. E.—The Art of Josef Israels. 40 Reproductions (8 Colou.) of his works. 15s. net.
SCOTT, REV. MELVILLE.—The Christian Covenant. 3s. 6d.
WUNDT, PROF. WILHELM.—Outlines of Psychology. Translated by Rudolf Pintner, Ph.D. 2s. 6d. net.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd.

BELLOC, HILAIRE.—The Green Overcoat. With Illustrations by G. K Chesterton. 6s.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

ADAMS, MAURICE B., F.R.I.B.A.—Modern Cottage Architecture. Illustrated from Works of well-known Architects. Second Edition, containing 83 full-page plates, and 54 text Illustrations. 10s. net.
RHEAD, G. WOOLLISCROFT, R.E., A.R.C.A.—Modern Practical Design, dealing with Technique, Tools, and Practical Methods relating to Design and Craftsmanship. With 160 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
WALDRAM, PERCY J., F.S.I.—The Principles of Structural Mechanics treated without the use of Higher Mathematics. 368 pp., 200 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.—The Glimpse: An Adventure of the Soul. 2s. net.
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—Helen with the High Hand. 2s. net.
MALLOCK, W. H.—A Human Document. 2s. net.
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Grey Terrace. 6s.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—The Apple of Eden. 2s. net.
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE.—Traffic. 2s. net.

Mr. W. B. Clive.

ALLEN, F., B.A.—Scott, "Marmion." 1s. 6d.
DON, JOHN, M.A., B.Sc., and JAMIESON, HUGH, M.A., B.Sc.—Laboratory Test Cards (Physics and Chemistry). Three Sets; each 1s. net.
FRY, G. C., M.Sc.—Senior Geography for 1913. 2s. 6d.
GOGGIN, S. E., M.A. and WATT, A. F., M.A.—Milton, "Comus." 1s.
MARICHAL, J. P. R., L.-es-L., and GARDINER, L. J., M.A.—New Junior French Reader. 2s.
PENN, LL. M., M.A.—Cæsar—Gallic War. Book IV., Ch. XX. to Book V., Ch. XXIII. 1s.
PENN, LL. M., M.A.—Cæsar—Gallic War. Book V., Ch. XXV. to Ch. LVIII. 1s.
RICHARDS, J. F., M.A.—Virgil—Aeneid VIII. 1s.
SHEPHERD, J. W., B.Sc.—Qualitative Determination of Organic Compounds. 4s. 6d.
WEEKES, A. R., M.A., and FIELDEN, F. J., M.A.—Shakespeare, "As You Like It." 1s. 4d.

Mr. A. C. Fifield.

BURR, F. BONHAM.—The Strummings of a Lyre. 1s. net.
WEBB, A. PELHAM.—Sonnets. 1s. net.
WILLIAMS, HAROLD.—The Ballad of Two Great Cities. 1s. net.

Mr. Wm. Heinemann.

DE BOIGNE, MADAME.—Recollections of a Great Lady. Vol. 4. 10s. net.
MONTESSORI, MADAME.—The Montessori Method. 7s. 6d. net.
NIETZSCHE, FRAU FORSTER.—The Young Nietzsche. 15s. net.
PATTERSON, J. E.—The Lure of the Sea. 5s. net.

Messrs. Herbert & Daniel.

BREGY, KATHERINE.—The Poets' Chantry: (Essays on Richard Crashaw, Robert Southwell, William Habington, Aubrey de Vere, Gerard Hopkins, Coventry Patmore, Lionel Johnson, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell.) (The Regent Library.) 3s. 6d.
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THE READER.

WILKIE COLLINS.

By Arthur Compton-Rickett.

THE desire to make the flesh creep, is an aspiration not confined to Mr. Wardle's fat boy. From the time of that serio-comic mediævalist—Horace Walpole, "Monk" Lewis, unwearied practitioner in commonplace horrors, and Maturin, whose gruesome scenes are touched by genuine power, down to Edgar Allan Poe, who made of "bloodcurdling" a fine art, there has never been a lack of story-tellers anxious to give some fresh sensational turn to the story of incident. But until the advent of Wilkie Collins we had no writer of any marked ability who, eschewing the ordinary stage properties of romantic sensationalism, attempted to achieve these particular effects in a setting of contemporary life and manners. And the success of Collins is the more remarkable when we remember that it was made at a time when the psychological novel was in the first flush of its popularity.

This was the era of Spencer, Darwin, and Buckle, and of the critical, analytical spirit which so profoundly influenced Mid-Victorian Literature; when in 1858 Spencer's "Essays" rubbed shoulders with George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life"; and when in 1861 there appeared the second volume of Buckle's "Civilisation"—and "Evan Harrington."

Meanwhile, in 1860, a story-teller in the other camp seems to have said to himself: "Science then is the magic password of the day: poetry is scientific; the character story is scientific; then I, standing for the story of incident, must make that scientific also—to keep up with the times. Very well, I will show them that you can get *thrills*, as well as analytical psychology, out of Science." And so Wilkie Collins gave us "The Woman in White," which a guileless public swallowed as a straightforward piece of sensational fiction; but which was, from one point of view, a nice point in mental pathology placed in a brave romantic setting. Soon afterwards he dressed up heredity in fantastic garb in "Armadale"; and, finally, put the finishing touch to his reputation by his famous mystery story, "The Moonstone," in which, after all, the entire tale hinges on the irregular action of a narcotic.

Wilkie Collins.

From a photograph given by him to Mr. A. P. Watt, who has kindly lent it for reproduction.

It is Science, Science all the way.

But Collins did more than romanticise Science: he informed his tales with all the logical precision of the scientific method. And a mystery story in his hands became as inevitable as a proposition in Euclid.

One reason then for Wilkie Collins' success as a story-teller of incident, lay in his appropriating the "time spirit" for romantic purposes. This, however, was only a temporary point in his favour. There are other considerations of more permanent weight to be considered. And in view of the disfavour into which he has fallen, it may be well to examine his credentials with some care. For, assuredly, Wilkie Collins is not a name to conjure with to-day.

Yet, despite the general neglect and detraction of Collins, his writings have won the admiration of such fine judges as Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope, Walter Besant, George Meredith, Swinburne, Mr. Thomas Hardy, and Mr. Watts-Dunton.

Let us briefly survey the general trend of his fiction, and then note certain salient characteristics that give it distinctive value.

Unnoticed, save by a few, during the years of his apprenticeship to fiction, from the publication of his one (somewhat ponderous) historical romance, "Antonina," (1848) down to 1860, Collins leaped into sudden fame with the appearance of "The Woman in White." This is the book which kept Thackeray up all night, and excited Edward FitzGerald to the liveliest enthusiasm. It was followed in 1862 by "No Name," where the writer grips the interest of the reader by a story which has very little sensational matter, being chiefly concerned with the plucky and ultimately successful attempt of a young girl to reinstate the fortunes of her family.

Mr. Thomas Hardy tells me that he used to think "The Woman in White" and "No Name," the two best of Collins' novels.

"Armadale" (1866) was planned on more ambitious lines, and if lacking the irresistibility of "The Woman in White," and the brilliant workmanship of

"The Moonstone" (1868), has no small measure of that vivid imaginative quality that makes "The Moonstone" so notable a story.

In addition to these four remarkable novels, two volumes of short stories, "After Dark" and "The Queen of Hearts," stood already to his credit, and these contain work equal to his very best.

I recall the pleasure of a chat with Swinburne, a year or so before his death, about Wilkie Collins' work in general and "The Moonstone" in particular, and although I believe he rated "The Woman in White" more highly, delighting in Fosco and declaring Marion Halcombe to be a "glorious woman," his admiration for "The Moonstone" was considerable. "A wonderful story!" he said, and commented on the extraordinary skill with which the various narratives are taken up by different persons. He went on to talk about the rose-loving

Wilkie Collins.

A drawing by his father, William Collins, R.A.
Photographed by permission from the original in the possession of Mr. R. C. Lehmann.

Inspector Cuff as if he had been a personal friend, comparing him with another favourite character of his—Inspector Bucket. Each, he said, was excellent in his way, and yet Collins' character owed nothing at all to Dickens' vivid creation.

But the strain of maintaining the high reputation already achieved proved too much for the author. Always somewhat of an invalid, his health became worse, and the effort to interest is at times only too obvious. Unfortunately, also, his own philanthropic prepossessions led him into a type of story which ill-suited his talents. Humanitarianism fed the imagination of Dickens and broadened the boundaries of Reade's Art. But Collins, unlike Dickens, is least effective when he is discursive. And this growing inclination to show up some abuse, however admirable in the man, was of ill value to the story-teller; for he lacked the exuberant genius of

William Collins, R.A.,
the father of the Novelist.

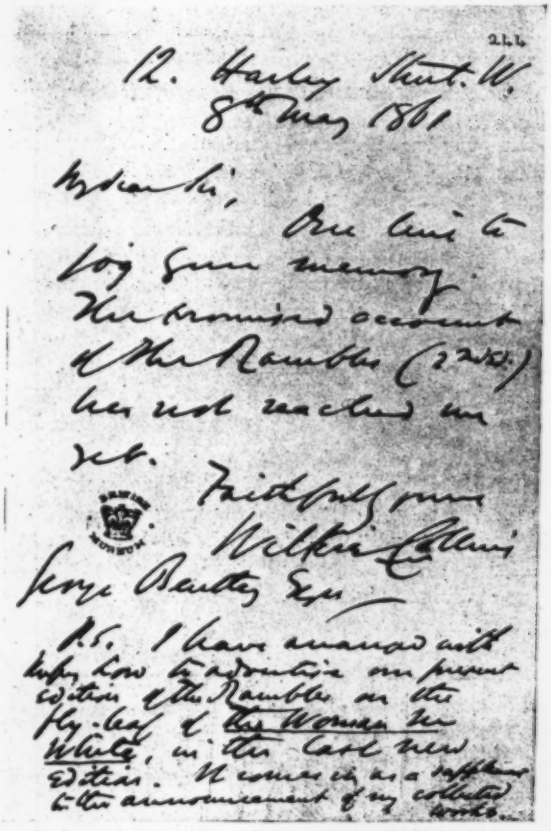
Dickens and the prehensile mind of Reade. The best of his later work is, after all, along the old lines. "The New Magdalen" was popular, certainly, both as a novel and as a play, not because of its plea for the regeneration of a fallen woman; but because it treated with dramatic

Wilkie Collins.

From the painting by Millais (in the National Portrait Gallery).

skill a story of personation. Who cares to remember that "Miss or Mrs." concerns itself with a legal point: it is sufficient that it is an ingeniously devised "Christmas Number." The hint of some unusual mystery in "The Law and the Lady" gives much of Collins' peculiar magic to the earlier chapters of that novel; but when we are dealing more particularly with the thesis of the story—the Scotch verdict of *Non-Proven*, our interest flags. On the other hand, where in "Jezebel's Daughter" he returns once again to his old *metiér*, one feels directly how vastly more effective he is. And his last completed novel "The Legacy of Cain" (1888), though dull and mannered in parts, contains several scenes of remarkable power.

But even were we to put aside all the later work and

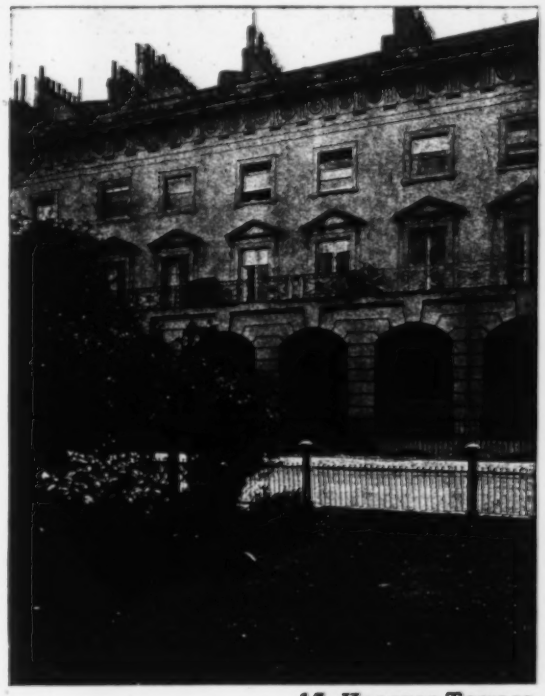


Facsimilie of Letter from Wilkie Collins to George Bentley, the publisher.

rest Collins' reputation upon some half-dozen of his early books, there is sufficient here to entitle him to a distinguished place among the novelists of the age.

Let us consider more closely the distinctive characteristics of Collins. The first to be noted is *his technical dexterity as a story-teller.*

Collins was as careful about the clarity of his stories as was Tennyson of his poems. He would have no scene, no character, that tended to blur the general effect. No novelist was more fastidious about the logical presentment of his tales than he. Despite the intricacy of many of his plots rarely indeed are there any loose ends or superfluous characters. There are numerous by-ways, but all lead back into the high road again. The complexities are legion, but they have the orderly



17, Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park.

Here Wilkie Collins lived in the 'fifties.

disorder of an arabesque, not the confusion of a tangled skein.

This technical skill was not achieved in his earlier work. "Basil" is almost chaotic, despite its undisciplined power.

It is first apparent in "The Woman in White"; it reached its height in "The Moonstone." "The Moonstone" is a masterpiece of construction: from the impressive opening scene where the gem is shown in its splendid Eastern setting, through all the mazes of the

12, Harley Street,

Where Wilkie Collins lived in the 'sixties, and where Dickens and other famous authors of his day frequently visited him.

Wilkie Collins (1862).

From a pencil drawing (now in the British Museum) by R. Lehmann.

story, down to its final recapture by the Indians, there is not a scene which does not carry forward the tale, not a character that has not a part to play in the solution of the mystery. The parts fit in to one another and co-relate with all the neatness of those picture puzzles that are the despair and delight of childhood.

No other English novelist can equal Collins in this respect. To find his Peer we must turn to Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey. And the author of "The Moonstone" proves superior to the creator of M. Lecocq in the manipulation of his characters. Perhaps no other quality of Collins as a writer excited more admiration among his brother craftsmen than this technical skill. Dickens (despite his amazingly wrong-headed estimate of "The Moonstone") was so impressed by it that the influence of Collins (for many years contributor to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*) may be traced in all his later work from "Bleak House" to "Edwin Drood." Indeed, not only the methods of Collins, but little tricks of manner, can be detected in "Our Mutual Friend."

It is somewhat remarkable that while Collins, in common with most contemporary novelists, responded to the influence of Dickens, no other writer of the time so insistently modified Dickens' methods, as did his friend and sometime collaborator, Wilkie Collins. Collins' influence may be traced in two, at least, of Anthony Trollope's novels, and I should not be surprised to hear that "Felix Holt" and "Desperate Remedies" owe something to the author of "The Woman in White." But no contemporary could touch him in his own line. Yet, were his technical cleverness the only quality of Collins' work as a literary artist, one might still admire it, but rather after the fashion in which one admires an adroit juggler. Not only, however, is there much more than mechanical ingenuity in his work, but the technical excellence is the least considerable factor. And this leads me to the second point—*his subtle sense of dramatic effect.*

In common with two at least of his contemporaries, Dickens and Reade, Collins' conception of the novel was that of a written drama.

The essence of drama is conflict—a clash of opposing forces. Both Dickens and Reade painted this dynamic aspect of life, with strong, insistent colours, throwing into vivid contrast the high and low lights. In sheer descriptive power both novelists—though in somewhat different ways—were greatly superior to Collins.

Yet of the three, Collins yielded least to the tendency to confuse mere theatricalism with dramatic effect.

The secret of Collins' power lay not in mere description, but in suggestion. Despite the compelling interest which holds the reader of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," and "Armadale," the briefest examination will show that this interest is due less to the vivid depiction of dramatic incidents, than to the artful suggestion of some impending fate.

"Don't leave me without a word."

From "The New Magdalen," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

As a matter of fact, both "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone" are, for sensational stories, distinctly deficient in incidental interest. The burning of the vestry in the former, and the discovery of the murdered Ablewhite in the latter, are among the few genuine incidental thrills. And both of these occur at the close of the story. How different from the succession of stirring scenes in "Hard Cash" or "Foul Play."

Wilkie Collins excites us not by what he tells us, but by what he does not tell us. He creates an atmosphere of fateful drama, and then keeps us on the tip-toe of expectancy for the crisis which arrives, in most cases, quite late in the story—and occasionally, never at all! Thus his method is subtle and allusive, never simple and straightforward.

He sets his stage as carefully as Dumas; but not as a frame for vigorous melodrama. The hot summer evening; the timid fugitive figure of Anne Catherick; the sense of unrest in Mr. Fairleigh's home; the hints of some villainy behind the well-bred conventionality of the Baronet, grip the imagination as no mere violent sensationalism would do. For a story-teller who relies upon plot rather than on character for his interest, it is remarkable with what economy he husbands his sensational effects. With the ordinary stock in trade of the sensational writer he will have little to do.

Murder looms seldom in his stories; of fighting there is next to nothing; hair-breadth escapes interest him but slightly; and out of the way occurrences are few and far between. Eschewing these things on the one hand, and the psychological interest of the character novel on the other, it is surely a signal testimony to his power as a literary artist that he should hold us with such unmistakable enthralment. He is a master of dramatic *innuendo*; the Sterne of sensationalism. He can thrill you more by the posting of a letter, than most of his school can by a lurid murder.

Wilkie Collins.

"The Novelist who invented sensation."

From "Vanity Fair" for Feb. 3, 1872, by permission of the proprietors.

A third characteristic remains to be noted: *the faculty for pictorial suggestion.*

Wilkie Collins was the son of a painter—he exhibited in 1849 a landscape of his own at the Royal Academy, and always retained a fine critical appreciation of the painter's art. The mastery of the technique of more than one art usually leads the artist to borrow from a sister art in dealing with a specific art form. Thus many of Rossetti's poems are Pre-Raphaelite pictures painted in words. William Morris's verse has the spacious diffused beauty of his tapestries; and the architectural quality of Mr. Hardy's prose has often been noted.

It may be objected that every novelist with the sense of dramatic effect indulges in pictorial suggestion. In a sense, that is true, just as every novelist treats Nature as a stage-property. But there is a profound difference between the scenic effects of the ordinary novelist where, to quote Oscar Wilde's amusing gibe, the story-teller "frightens the evening sky into violent chromolithographic effects," for purposes of rhetorical flourish, and the scenic effects of a writer like Collins where scenic effects are no mere background but an integral part of the story. Thus the supernatural element in "Armadale" revolves round a series of dream pictures; and even a sunset on the Norfolk Broads, and the slanting rain of a passing storm are organic elements in the plot. The most dramatic scene in "No Name," where the heroine, Magdalen, meditates suicide, is presented in pictorial form—and peculiarly vivid pictorial form.

"She removed the cork, and lifted the bottle to her mouth.

"At the first cold touch of the glass on her lips, her strong young life leapt up in her leaping blood, and fought with the whole frenzy of its loathing against the close terror of Death.

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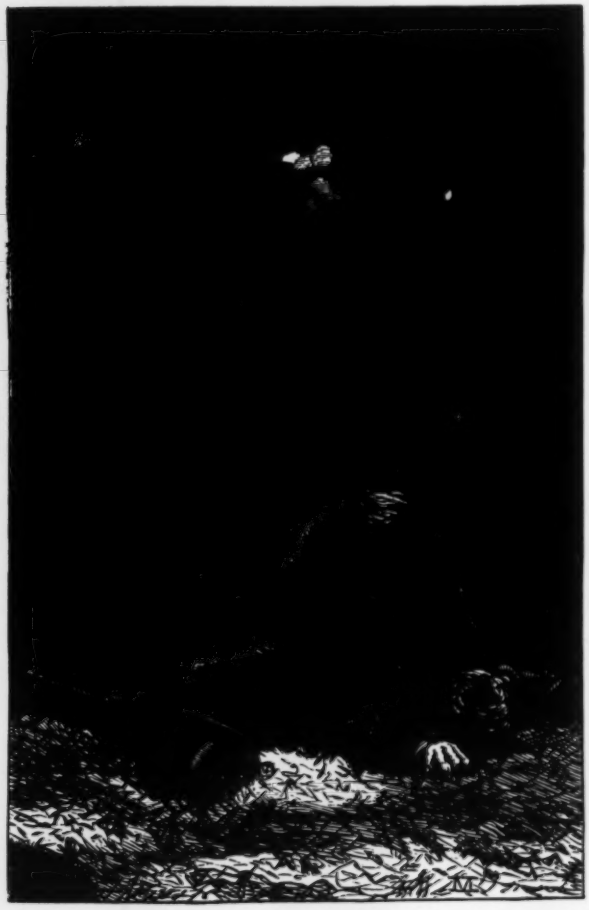
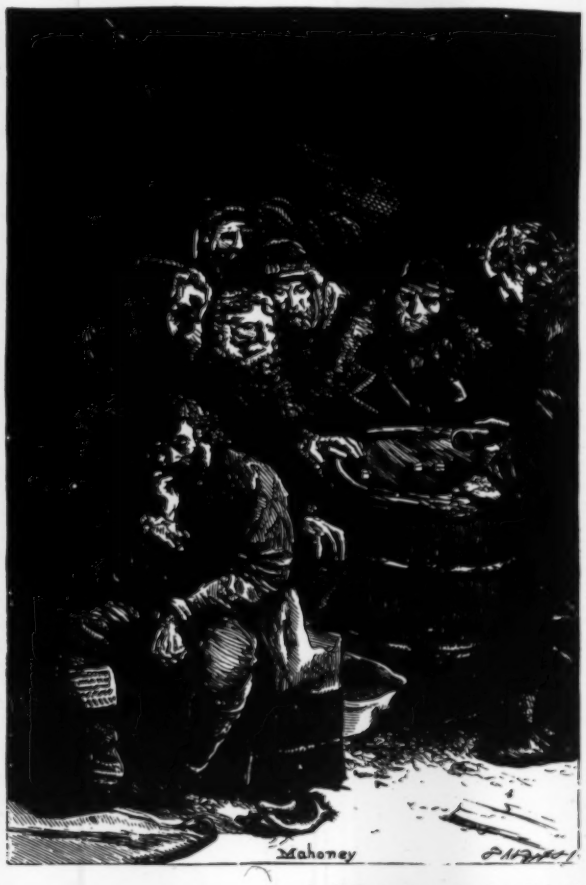


"I shifted my hold to the back of his neck."
From "Basil," by Wilkie Collins.



"Frank cast the dice."
From "The Frozen Deep," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

fast. With the poison still in her hand, with the sense that she might faint in another moment, she made for the window, and threw back the curtain that covered it.

"The new day had risen. The broad grey dawn flowed in on her, over the quiet eastern sea.

"She saw the waters, heaving large and silent in the misty calm; she felt the fresh breath of the morning flutter cool on her face. Her strength returned; her mind cleared a little. . . . She resolved to end the struggle by setting her life or death on the hazard of a chance.

"Lucilla tries her sight."
From "Poor Miss Finch," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

"On what chance?

"The sea showed it to her. Dimly distinguishable through the mist, she saw a little fleet of coasting vessels slowly drifting towards the house, all following the same direction with the favouring set of the tide. In half-an-hour—perhaps in less—the fleet would have passed her window. The hands of her watch pointed to four o'clock. She seated herself close at the side of the window, with her back towards the quarter from which the vessels were drifting down on her—with the poison placed on the window-sill, and the watch on her lap. For one half-hour to come, she determined to wait there, and count the vessels as they went by. If, in that time, an even number passed her—the sign given should be a sign to live. If the uneven number prevailed—the end should be death.

"With that final resolution, she rested her head against the window, and waited for the ships to pass.

* * * * *

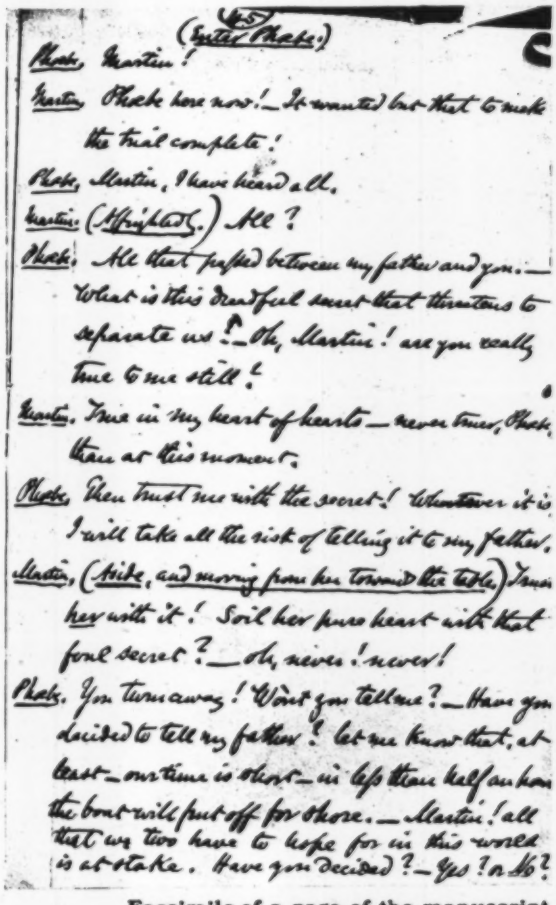
"Nineteen minutes; and five ships. Twenty minutes. Twenty-one, two, three—and no sixth vessel. Twenty-four; and the sixth came by. Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight; and the next uneven number—the fatal seven—glided into view. Two minutes to the end of the half-hour. And seven ships.

"Twenty-nine; and nothing followed in the wake of the seventh ship. The minute-hand of the watch moved on half-way to thirty—and still the white heaving sea was a misty blank. Without moving her head from the window, she took the poison in one hand, and raised the watch in the other. As the quick seconds counted each other out, her eyes, as quick as they, looked from the watch to the sea, from the sea to the watch—looked for the last time at the sea—and saw the EIGHTH ship.

"She never moved; she never spoke. The death of thought, the death of feeling, seemed to have come to her already. She put back the poison mechanically on the ledge of the window; and watched, as in a dream, the ship gliding smoothly on its silent way—gliding till it melted dimly into shadow—gliding till it was lost in the mist.

* * * * *

"Her eyes closed, and her head fell back. When the sense of life returned to her, the morning sun was warm on her face—the blue heaven looked down on her—and the sea was a sea of gold."



(Enter Blake.)

Blake. Martin!

Martin. Blake here now!—It wanted but that to make the trial complete!

Blake. Martin, I have heard all.

Martin. (Affrighted.) All?

Blake. All that passed between my father and you.—What is this dreadful secret that threatens to separate us?—Oh, Martin! are you really true to me still?

Martin. True in my heart of hearts—never truer, Blake, than at this moment.

Blake. Then trust me with the secret! Whatever it is I will take all the risk of telling it to my father.

Martin. (Aside, and moving from her towards the table.) Trust her with it! Soil her pure heart with that foul secret?—Oh, never! never!

Blake. You turn away! Won't you tell me?—Have you decided to tell my father? Let me know that, at least—our time is short—in less than half an hour the boat will put off for shore.—Martin! all that we too have to hope for in this world is at stake. Have you decided?—Yes? or No?

Facsimile of a page of the manuscript of "The Lighthouse," by Wilkie Collins.
(In the Forster Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum.)

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Wilkie Collins.**

The crucial situation in that fine short story, "A Terribly Strange Bed," is lifted out of ordinary melodrama into artistic significance by the brooding intensity of its pictorial effects. What a masterly touch is the suggestion of those disappearing feathers!

Scarcely inferior in its visualizing power and pictorial quality is the eerie bedroom scene in the "Dream Woman." Collins made quite a speciality of his bedroom studies and of "night nerves." Many of his novels are nocturnes; and just as Hawthorne loved the "brown twilight" for the weaving of his fantasies, so did Collins seem to find in the lamplight and shadows plenary inspiration.

But whatever the subject, rarely does Collins fail to paint his scene without the telling economy of the genuine artist. This for instance from "The Woman in White":

"A white fog hung over the lake. The dense brown line of the trees on the opposite bank appeared above it like a dwarf forest floating in the sky. The sandy ground, shelving downwards from where we sat was lost mysteriously in the outward layers of the fog."

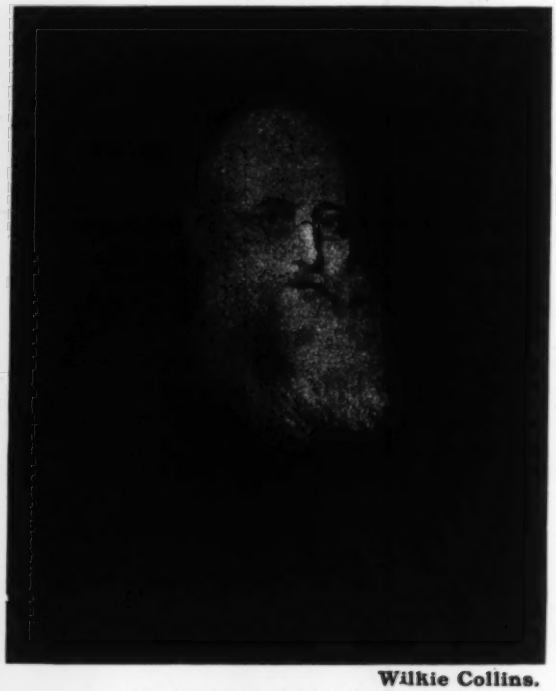
In quite another vein is this little etching of Castletown in the Isle of Man:

"In the central solitudes of the city, there was a squat grey building called "the castle"; also a memorial pillar dedicated to one Governor Smelt, with a flat top for a statue, and no statue standing on it; also a barrack, holding the half company of soldiers allotted to the island, and exhibiting one spirit-broken sentry at its lonely door. The prevalent colour of the town was faint grey. The few shops

open were parted at frequent intervals by other shops closed and deserted in despair. The weary lounging of boatmen on shore was trebly weary here; the youth of the district smoked together in speechless depression under the lee of a dead wall; the ragged children said mechanically, 'Give us a penny,' and before the charitable hand could search the merciful pocket, lapsed away again in misanthropic doubt of the human nature they addressed."—(*From* "Armadale.")

The sketch is not unworthy of Dickens.

And undoubtedly, it was through this pictorial power that Collins was able to make so many of his characters vivid and striking—no easy matter in a form of fiction where the characters exist for the story, and not the story for the characters, as in the novels of Meredith and Hardy.



Wilkie Collins.

After the painting by Rudolph Lehmann.
Photograph by special permission from the original in the possession of Mr. R. C. Lehmann.

How clear cut and distinctive is the personality of Fosco. He is worthy of Thackeray's Art, and for cleverness and *esprit* deserves to rank with Becky Sharp. "Two of a trade never agree," otherwise one might have been tempted to mate them!

Nor was the Count an isolated success. Lydia Gwilt is a singularly fresh version of the adventuress, considering she was invented at a time when green-eyed Becky was all the rage. In depicting her as in less ambitious studies such as the old scoundrel, Captain Wragge, the unscrupulous mother in "Jezebel's Daughter," or the sinister embodiment of "The Dream Woman," the same avoidance of the conventional and obvious is observed by means of the vivid pictorial touch.

Critics complain of Collins' characters that they are mere embodiments of tricks and mannerisms. "They are recognisable chiefly by their externals," said one critic, "they have no inner life." Well, "who deniges of it?" This must of necessity be so where characters exist for the story and not the story for the characters. In characterisation of this kind, how is it possible to give colour and form without the externalising process? The crucial point is not whether they are psychologically *complete*, but whether as they stand, they are *alive*.

On the whole, I should unhesitatingly say: Yes. The old House Steward with his touching confidence in "Robinson Crusoe," as a prophetic book, the brilliant sketches of the lawyers Pedgift, the easy-going, genial, though commonplace Allan Armadale, Marion Halcombe and Magdalen Vanstone, are not easily forgotten. Dickens externalized, but few nowadays would deny vitality to his characterisations. Collins lacked, of course, the amazing inventiveness of his friend: but he had a good share of his power to actualize a character with a few touches. And, considering the complicated plots with which he dealt, the wonder is that he was able to touch so many figures into life and significance.

And here limitations of space remind me that this apologia for Collins must draw to a close. Sufficient has perhaps been said to draw attention to a writer of fiction greatly under-rated at the present day. At his best he had no small measure of Poe's power to kindle the emotions of horror and suspense; and if he lacked the supreme artistic eclecticism of Poe, neither had he that tendency to sear rather than stimulate the imagination of the reader. Despite his insistent interest in pathological types, there is a wholesome sanity about his outlook, and something of the man's own sensitive and kindly nature expresses itself in everything he wrote.

"He was," says Mr. Watts-Dunton, who knew him very well, "the sweetest-tempered literary man I have ever met; without a spark of envy in his nature and modest to a degree."

Finally, let me add this notable tribute from our greatest living novelist to whom lately I addressed a query on the subject. Mr. Thomas Hardy, after a brief and pleasant reference to the man himself, writes thus: "He probably stands first, in England, as a constructor of novels of complicated action, that depend for their interest on the incidents themselves and not on character. Yet while he was writing he was scandalously ridiculed by the same critical papers that twenty years afterwards praised second rate imitations of his methods. . . ."

Certainly, not the least tribute to Collins' powers is to be found in the countless imitations his writings have evoked. One has only to compare the best contemporary work of this kind with the work of Collins, to realise that, whatever his limitations may have been, he was, along his own lines, a vital and original force in English fiction.

HEROES OF ARMAGEDDON.*

By Walter Sichel.

THIS title might well suit Pitt and Napoleon, for the Book of Revelation's divine battlefield, after the seventh vial was poured out, furnishes no inapt emblem of the later chapters in the Book of Revolution. And Armageddon is, if it may so be styled, the pet hobby of Professor Holland Rose. He surveys the ground from every standpoint, over and over again, minutely and exactly. He scrutinises the antagonists, nor does zeal outrun judgment, or colour over-disturb outline. He is eminently "sound," acting up to Lucian's advice in his "Way to write History" that the grandeur of a subject need not startle the hearer, and that, at times, it may be "best for the spirit to go a-horseback and the expression to run beside on foot, holding on to the saddle, so as not to be outstripped." In the subject there still is romance and poetry, though we have had the "Life of Napoleon," the "William Pitt and National Revival," the "William Pitt and the Great War"—each of them a new contribution, all most informing in their ways. And now we get his "Pitt and Napoleon: Essays and Letters" also compelling and informing. Its way, to be sure, is occasionally rather devious, for "British Rule in Corsica," though unique in its bearings both personal and political, offers a sidelight only on Armageddon. "Pitt and Relief of the Poor," too, interesting as it is respecting a problem from which Armageddon detained Pitt, applies with more point to modern junctures and the old experiment of a "minimum wage." In the main, however, much new light is shed, though Pitt is more illuminated than Napoleon, perhaps because more of unworn material is to hand, and also because, perhaps, Napoleon is so subtle and elusive. The thick volume divides itself into "Essays" and "Letters." Of the former, five concern Napoleon, while six deal with Pitt. Among the latter none are Napoleon's, though among the "Essays" one treats of England's arch-anti-Jacobin. Psychology is not Professor Rose's foible, and though Napoleon's temperament enters into "Did Napoleon intend to invade England"—as in 1804, with every allowance for the colossal gambler's demoralising bluff, Professor Rose maintains that he did—it does not specially enter into "Napoleon's conception of the Battle of Waterloo," or even the interesting review of "General Marbot and his Memoirs;" while "The True Significance of Trafalgar" can scarcely be held to involve temperament at all.

In the "Invasion" Essay, the author does find clues in one of the true Corsican's earliest pronouncements on the art of war: "He who stays in his entrenchments is beaten. Experience and Theory are at one on this point"; in his passion for taking the initiative in war; and in his dramatic *mot* to Latouche-Tréville: "Let us be masters of the Straits for six hours, and we shall be masters of the world." The episode of Napoleon's visit of triumph to Boulogne, ere Pitt's renewed activity and the unexpected coalition backing it had marred Bonaparte's plans is not very familiar. Professor Rose thus graphically depicts it: ". . . Along the street re-named 'Rue Impériale' were erected twelve triumphal arches, named after his chief victories; and further on was a portico leading to a Temple of Immortality. On reaching the quay an obelisk confronted him bearing an inscription which bade him vindicate the liberty of the seas, soon to be assured by the avenging thunderbolts flying forth from that estuary. . . . He urged the adoption of all possible measures for bringing up the flotilla from the Western ports; . . . and we may not unreasonably assign to the first part of this sojourn at or near Boulogne the order for the construction of the famous medal showing him as Hercules strangling a merman. The legend is as follows: 'Descente en Angleterre: frappée à Londres, 1804.' The fact that all possible copies of this medal were afterwards destroyed affords additional proof that he had at one time cherished the confident expectation of dictating terms of peace at London." The "Marbot" review, with its interesting analysis and exposure of the gasconnades in the Memoirs, the disquisitions on Trafalgar, with the paradox that its influence was restricted to the Mediterranean, the very able summary of the tragedy of errors on one side and the coincidences of luck on the other, that would seem to have decided Waterloo, are unusual themes handled with insight and penetration. But the most living of these Napoleonics is the "Interview with Napoleon in Elba," reprinted from the rare account by Major Vivian of his conversations with the Emperor in the January

* "Pitt and Napoleon. Essays and Letters." By Professor Holland Rose. 10s. 6d. net. (G. Bell & Sons.)

82, Wimpole Street,
Where Wilkie Collins died, 23rd Sept., 1889.

of 1815. Scenes and words stand out with Boswellian distinctness, and the past rises from the dead in dramatic moments. Here is the chief actor's first appearance: " . . . We found him standing by the fire, at the further end of a room adjoining the antechamber, and into which he had come on being informed of our arrival. This room was about the size of that we had left, and was fitted up with old yellow furniture, brought, as we understood, from the palace of his sister at Piombino. On our entrance he advances towards us, and we took our stations with our backs against a table that stood between the windows. Whilst he was advancing he began the conversation: 'Quel uniforme est celui que vous portez?' 'Celui de la milice.' 'De quel Comté?' 'De Cornouailles.' 'C'est un pays bien montagneux?' 'Oui, assez.' 'De quel hauteur sont les montagnes, comme celles-ci?' . . . " And then from the militia uniform (shade of Gibbon!) and these Cornish "mountains" the conversation springs off to the great continental roads which were the arteries of his system, to the Simplon and the Tessino Bridge, to the ramparts of Vienna and their substituted gardens at Frankfort, to the "Congress," to Blücher ("A brave man, but not a great general"), to the domineering instincts of the Canton of Berne ("There is no yoke so severe as that of a people"), to the Pope ("Who was always sacrificing his conscience to some miserable little piece of policy"), to the Americans who, being now "une nation de marchands" wanted a ten years' war to give them "a noblesse" and make them a nation, to—wonder of wonders!—an alliance between England and France, which this miracle of an enemy declared ought to take place—"pourquoi pas? le monde est assez grand"—adding: "There was a man, Fox, who could have effected it, but unfortunately he is dead," to Naples and the "magnificent Lazzarone," to the Julian Alps—and the "low bow" with which this master of sentences, as of services, "retired."

About the master of Parliament and the incarnation of Great Britain there is much enlightenment, especially in the later letters. That Pitt was a great statesman and a commanding, a delivering presence no one can doubt. That he was deemed a great orator in a generation of greatness is certain, though it may be doubted whether his oratory was ever supreme, or whether one of his sentences ever told on the public as did Sheridan's (blamed in connection with its object) regarding the Quiberon disaster: "Englishmen, it is true, have not shed their blood, but the honour of England has bled at every pore." But that he was a brilliant letter-writer or in any way a literary genius may, despite Professor Rose's Ciceronian citations, be flatly denied. The citations from Pitt form the best evidence to the contrary. Polish, classical balance, lucidity, intellectual distinction are usually present, Calmness, too, is a characteristic, and we learn from a striking episode

"He stopped at the place he had fixed on."
From "Hide and Seek" by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Sister Rose."
From "After Dark," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

(about Sir John Moore) in this volume how much Pitt disliked "the language of passion." Mentally he was a Grenville, nor did he ever resemble his father's less northern nature. He was self-complacent, as well as self-contained. Often, indeed, he inclined to platitude, as some of these letters attest, and many even of the speeches. His prim fluency (if the phrase may be pardoned) could be fatal, and it was Sheridan who once said of him that his brain was set in motion by the wagging of his tongue, as a clock is by the pendulum. Nor are his rhythms musical. Music is the soul of oratory, and this alone would justify scepticism anent his claims to the oratorical crown. Oratory should be the poetry of prose, or the prose of poetry. In Pitt it was neither; he lacked the sacred fire, and he was most deficient in imagination. His real afflatus was his patriotism, and character inspired that enthusiasm. In will and concentration dedicated to duty, in tenacity of action, he was superb. His best speeches are a fine character finely expressed, and he was always great on great occasions. The majesty was his, but not the graces, and we cannot but smile when Professor Rose instances a weak and ill-scanned couplet of *tu-quoque* as a specimen of "sprightly repartee" * and adduces an early and somewhat stilted rebuke to Burke as a proof that "he could vie with his opponent in wealth of imagination and grace of diction."† Not long before, he reproved the young Sheridan (an interlude which escapes these pages) and evoked the famous retort about the "angry boy," which stuck as only real wit can stick to the assailant all his life. As for the letter-writing, often interesting. always pertinent from the themes, it would be better, I submit, to say straight out, that from any literary standard Pitt was no letter-writer at all.‡ If he did not write poetically, however, none could write more practically than Pitt. There are admirable instances of his retorts both "courteous and crushing." And there is the very triumph of firmness combined with tact in the long epistle of November, 1794 (p. 230), in which the first Minister, in effect, disillusions the King as to his favourite son's military talents. "Nobody has ever written down anyone an ass with greater gentleness, point and caution than Pitt" here writes down the Duke of York. And George the Third was a real power to be reckoned with. He was a King indeed, who advised, as well as consulted, his Ministers. One of his sentences about the Ireland of 1785 will not be out of place now. Adverting to "a final settlement between the two Kingdoms," he writes: ". . . The justice of Ireland contributing to the general expense of the Empire, when by this measure (*i.e.*, Pitt's Commercial Proposition) she is to be greatly enriched, and whatever she gains appears to be at the expense of Britain, cannot be denied." And on the Earl of Fitzwilliam's conduct in Ireland of 1795—an episode where Pitt has been here most ably vindicated and Fitzwilliam has been shown to have contradicted his previous knowledge of the Cabinet's decision. "I cannot conclude," says the monarch straight out, "without expressing that the subject is one beyond the decision of any Cabinet of Ministers." If the Constitution meant anything it always meant that there were limits, and notwithstanding his honest and narrow obstinacy, George understood those limits perfectly well. He might spell as imperfectly as he spoke, and often thought, he might (did he mind Hannah Lightfoot?) call Quakers "Quackers," but he was perfectly well aware when statesmanship left off and quackery began. The new letters here first presented comprise, too, some fascinating ones from Burke to Windham, at a time when the former was nearing the close of his life and, as he feared, of Great Britain's glory. In one of these he says of Jacobinism what may well be said of its great-grandchild, Socialism —though now with less moderation and fewer exceptions: "The body of the people is untainted in all ranks, and is by far the most sound in the humblest of all. *But there is no rank or class into which the evil of Jacobinism has not penetrated, and that disseminated contagion is infinitely more mischievous than if it had seized upon the whole of any one description, for then the whole of some other would be enabled to act with union, energy, and vigour against it.* . . . They will produce other Bills, the children not of their strength, but of their weakness, and will multiply like those feeble animals who increase in proportion to their insignificance."

From each syllable of Pitt's correspondence, from every trace of action here revealed and investigated—his native and uncompromising honesty of purpose; his inherited hatred of corruption; his robust, if sometimes timid, commonsense; his uncommon courage, emerge. There is no space here to illustrate the behind-scenes, instances which Professor Rose has unearthed in his hero's justification concerning both the recall of Fitzwilliam and the Quiberon Expedition. The latter discloses a real drama, rendered with a power on which Professor Rose is to be congratulated. The summary of the brief British rule in Corsica well deserves perusal, aptly characterising the pattern Whig, Elliot, Moore's nascent impulsiveness, and the crossed, calculating, ill-starred Paoli. Pitt does not figure at his best in these transactions; and throughout them as throughout the Fitzwilliam *imbroglio*, the Duke of Portland's obstinate and blundering coldness is manifest. Perhaps the best-written of all these essays, if we may be allowed to say so, is that on "Pitt and Relief of the Poor." A soul is put into the figures. Pitt believed that "trade, industry, and barter will always find their own level," yet in November, 1796—that year of distress—he brought forward a "Poor Bill" providing in certain cases for a small allowance for children whose

* Professor Rose, remarking that Pitt's sallies were reserved for his private circle, cites the following case of his giving "fancy the rein" in public:

Fox, in December, 1782, had ironically quoted against Pitt a rather poor *distich:*

"You've done a noble turn in nature's spite;
For though you think you're wrong, I'm sure you're right."

which Pitt thus parodied:

"The praise he gives us in his nature's spite;
He wishes we were wrong, but clearly sees we're right."

Would either of these be accepted now by the Editor of *Punch?*

† "I rise, therefore, to bring back the House to sobriety and seriousness, and to tell them that this is neither a fit time nor a proper subject for the exhibition of a gaudy fancy, or the wanton blandishments of theatrical enchantment. It is your duty and business to break the magician's wand, to dispel the cloud, beautiful as it is, which has been thrown over our heads, and to consider solemnly and gravely the very perilous situation of the country."

‡ The letters of his boyhood are rather pompous and priggish. Take this short sentence (p. 95) as an example: "Papa's annotation is *inimitably charming*." Among his later effusions is one to Bishop Tomline about Mr. Trimmer's and Mr. Lancaster's schemes for education, which is the acme of a style parodied by Dickens in the person of "Sir Barnet Skettles."

father or widowed mother was entitled to poor relief, further empowering advances to buy a cow to maintain a family, enabling parish schools of industry to be founded with opportunities for employment, and for the conversion into such schools of the workhouses. More than all it contemplated the nucleus of an insurance scheme, supported partly by contributions and partly by the rates. The Speenhamland experiment of a minimum wage, and the "slipshod philanthropy," which Pitt "abetted" are also discussed, while John Harriott's scheme for Old Age Pensions will be new to most. Every one refusing to subscribe (though contribution was not compulsory) was to wear a badge with the word "Drone" upon it. Harriott evidently had some sense of humour.

Pitt among the philanthropists!—and he certainly had the abolition of slavery at heart—there was nothing that Pitt was not capable of mastering and adapting from emancipation to repression. And if his prosecutions were branded as tyranny, so much treason then stalked abroad that his action was provoked, largely welcomed, and frequently warranted. There are seasons when "freedom of speech" is incompatible with freedom itself, and for loyal freedom Pitt always stood.

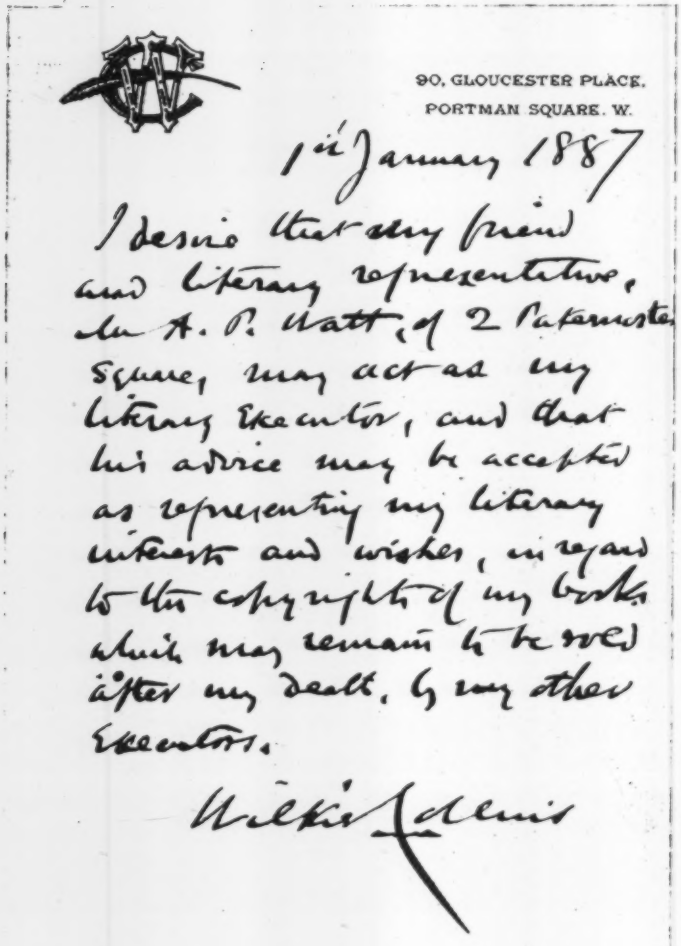
Once let freedom escape from discipline and loyalty, and she becomes a robber of the road calling on thrift and order to stand and deliver; while the black mask of grand causes only adds hypocrisy to the felonies that disgrace her, and veils the guilt inseparable from her gaze.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.



90, GLOUCESTER PLACE,
PORTMAN SQUARE. W.

1st January 1887

I desire that any friend and literary representative, Mr A. P. Watt, of 2 Paternoster Square, may act as my literary Executor, and that his advice may be accepted as representing my literary interests and wishes, in regard to the copyrights of my books which may remain to be sold after my death, by any other Executors.

Wilkie Collins

Facsimile of letter attached to the will of Wilkie Collins.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. A. P. Watt, Collins' literary executor.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original sonnet.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best pen-and-ink caricature of any well known living author.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—This Ballad Competition has met with an even larger response than last month's Lyric Competition, but the average merit of the poems sent in has not been so high. Some of the

ballads are simply bad; some start admirably but soon weaken and fall to pieces. After full and careful consideration we have decided to divide the PRIZE this month and are sending HALF A GUINEA to Mrs. H. SHARLAND, of 3, Overton Road, Bristol, and HALF A GUINEA to Mr. E. W. HIGGS, of 33, Thistlewaite Road, Clapton, N.E., for the following:

LEGEND OF THE FIRST ROSE.

The fields dipped down from Bethlehem,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
And there, in the low green sweep of them,
She stood like a frightened dove.

The people howled for the sacrifice,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
She had done great sin: she must pay the price,
Oh! shelter the trembling dove.

And now for the stake and the kindling wood!
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
Alone in her close white garb she stood,
O fluttering heart of the dove!

"All night I wept, and all day I prayed"
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
"Some sign from heaven for a guiltless maid,"
O spotless breast of the dove!

The sun burns yellow as beaten brass,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
The fierce heat scorches the trembling grass,
And mocks at the helpless dove.

Then strike the flints! Let the fire burn high!
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
'Tis thus that Justice bids sinners die,
O quivering flesh of the dove!

The quick fire curled up its tongues of flame,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
Then stayed and glowed in a ruddy shame
By the fluttering heart of the dove.

For there where the faggot-pile had been—
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
Fair rose-trees bloomed with the maid between,
As pure as a flawless dove.

Red buds for shame, and white buds for Truth,
(And the fair blue sky arched wide above),
Amidst, sweet rose in her lovely youth,
She stood like a frightened dove.

ROSE E. SHARLAND.

BEFORE SEDGEMOOR.

Two hours avore the dawn
Oor capten zays to we:
"Rize oop you men o' Zummerzet
Preepare to vollow me!"

No zound of bugle blown,
The whispered words wor vew;
Arl zilently us gäthered round
King Moonmouth's banner blue.

Ah! manny a gallant lad
As ztood along o' me,
Vor thik blue banner zpilt hes blood,
Or ved the gallas dree.

Zaid Parson: 'Let us pray,'
An' kneeled 'un on the zod,
Whiles he en zimple words an' vew
Commended we to God.

"Oh Lord, us do be wik
The zons o' Beelial ztrong,
Ztrengthun each arm thik dây to vight,
Help us to right the wrong."

Oor guns wor urd wi' rust,
An' urd wi' rust each zwoord;
Us trusted not in carnal thengs,
But rather in the Lord.

Captain Wragge meets Miss Garth.

From "No Name," by Wilkie Collins. (W. Collins, Sons & Co.'s *Illustrated Pocket Classics.*)

Thon vorward wor the word,
Zays Capten: 'Vollow me';
Us had no vear by day or dark
A vollowin' of he.

Now as us träpsed along,
Zaid Urchett Thorne to me:
"Oi'm longing vor the dawn," ur zaid,
"'Twill be the last," zays he.

Bevore us in the dark
A zudden goonzhot came;
An' in a twink the darkness broke
An' vlared, a hell o' vlame.

There ran a dreadvul cry:
"Oh God, us be betrayed";
But us wor Zummerzet an' zo
In death wor undizmayed.

E. W. HIGGS.

Next in order of merit come the BALLADS of G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), B. R. M. Heatherington (Carlisle), Ada E. Mann (Rhyl), Jean Wilson (Chippenham), and there is good work also in those received from Miss P. M. McCleverty (London, S.W.), Margaret Dickin (Wrexham), Wilfred Morris (Bodmin), Miss J. M. Pym (Oxford), Effie Philp (Edinburgh), W. J. Campbell (Edinburgh), Mary B. Gillespie (Denny), Marjorie G. Alexander (London, W.C.), Maud J. Findlay (Brighton), Eveline E. Ife (Plumstead Common), Leith Gordon (Birmingham), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), W. G. Priest (Norwich), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), R. B. Ince (London, N.W.), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), Margaret McIntyre (Ealing), Edwin Walters (London,

S.E.), H. Elrington (Monkstown), John Nisbet (Edinburgh), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), C. M. Walkerdine (Birmingham), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Alfred Victor Waller (Sunderland), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Robert White, Junior (Edinburgh), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Thomas Brown (Glasgow), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Fred Horsley (Hull), Geraldine Tatlow (Chippenham), Theodore Maynard (West Hampstead), I. Jackson (Greenock), E. Herbert Jones (Liverpool), Augustus Muir (Edinburgh), Ellen J. Clutterbuck (Bromley), Mark Anderson (Menstrie), Neil Ramsay (Coatbridge), E. Howard (Putney), Ivan Adair (Rathmines), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), C. G. Taylor (Heswall), Miss S. Poultney (Ulverston), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), C. L. P. (Edgbaston),

"She opened an invisible side door in the wall."

From "The Law and the Lady," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

"A male human being who wrote little poems in her praise."

From "Blind Love," by Wilkie Collins. (Chatto & Windus.)

Ernest A. Kersten (Thornton Heath), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Violet D. Dean (Bromley), Gertrude Pitt (Hampstead), E. J. Martin, Constance Goodwin (Clapham), J. Tarry (Richmond), Eleanor Gray (Whitby), A. E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), C. H. Whitby (Yeovil), Dorothea Anderson (Dumfries), John I. Leckie (Spennymoor), Mary Hughes (Banbury), M. A. Newman (Badingham), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), A. J. Dick (High Wycombe), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), Annie Clarke (High Wycombe), Mrs. E. K. Marshall (Merton Park), Albert Morrison (Glasgow), Florence M. Wilson (Bangor), O. J. Connolly (Brockley), J. Ewing, Rev. Archibald J. Ashley (Cannock), Miss H. Winter (Dublin), J. Charles King (West Hampstead), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), Evelyn Grace Lalonde (Bath), C. H. Chambers (Glossop), F. E. Briggs (Crown Hill), A. J. Briggs (Crown Hill), Lilian King (Dalhousie), R. H. Evans (Constantinople).

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to Mr. WILFRID M. APPLEBY, of 19, Pleasant Road, Southend-on-Sea, for the following:

CHANGE IN THE VILLAGE. By GEORGE BOURNE. (Duckworth.)

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year."

GOLDSMITH, *Deserted Village.*

We also select for printing:

THE SIGN. By MRS. ROMILLY FEDDEN. (Macmillan & Co.).

"He put his thumb unto his nose,
And spread his fingers out."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Ellen Webster, 6, Warrington Road, Ipswich.)

LITTLE INCIDENTS. By FREDERICK WATSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I've planned a little burglary, and forged a little cheque
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Marjorie W. Bostock, 52, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, S.E.).

THE SHADOW OF POWER. By PAUL BERTRAM.
(John Lane.)

"A rod
To check the erring!"
WORDSWORTH, *Ode to Duty.*

(H. Eleanor Pinnington, 25, Wellington Road, Brighton.)

THINGS THAT MATTER. By L. CHIOZZA MONEY.
(Methuen & Co.).

"We may live without friends—we may live without books,
But civilised man cannot live without cooks."
OWEN MEREDITH, *Lucile.*

(Miss M. Morton-Smith, Chin-wang-tao, N. China.)

COMMONERS' RIGHTS. By C. SMEDLEY.
(Chatto & Windus.)

"'Bother it!' I *may*
Occasionally say."
W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore*

(Charles Powell, "Dovedale," Victoria Park, Manchester.)

HAVOC. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

"He vaulted from the pulpit, like a tiger from his den.
They say it was a lovely sight to see him floor his men.
Right and left, and left and right; straight and true and hard;
Till the Ebeneezer Chapel was more like a knacker's yard!"
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE, *Bendy's Sermon.*

(James A. Richards, 10, Park Road, Tenby, S. Wales.)

"'Excuse my asking one question.'"
From "The Moonstone," by Wilkie Collins. (W. Collins, Sons & Co.'s *Illustrated Pocket Classics.*)

"Is that the road to London?"
From "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins. (W. Collins, Sons & Co.'s *Illustrated Pocket Classics*).

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best account of how a woman has acted chivalrously towards another woman or a man is awarded to the Rev. EDWIN C. LANSDOWN, of The Manse, Derby Road, South Woodford, N.E., for the following:

In a Perthshire monastery, James I. of Scotland had retired to his apartment with his Queen and a few attendants. Armed men approached. The ladies instantly endeavoured to secure the door, but found the bolts had been previously removed. Lady Catherine Douglas chivalrously thrust her arm through the ironwork to make a bolt, while James escaped by lifting a board in the floor. The delicate arm was soon broken by the pressure of the soldiers, but this brave act would doubtless have saved the king's life, had he not prematurely disclosed his hiding place before his foes had left the monastery.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. JOHN F. HARRIS, of St. John's College, Cambridge, for the following:

THE CENTAUR. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.
(Macmillan.)

Like Poe, Mr. Blackwood is a writer of "things on the margin." His is a mind wonderfully adapted to clarify into words the most subtle psychic experiences. His newest tale is founded on the theory of Fechner, that the earth throws off certain cosmic beings, emanations from herself. With its central figure, Terence O'Malley, the primitive being unspoilt by modernity, and its insistence on the necessity of escaping the complexities of civilisation, this book should undoubtedly be read in the Spring. Although it is somewhat pagan in conception, we follow absorbed the *adventure* of O'Malley until the "inner catastrophe" occurs.

Other good reviews received are :

HERSELF. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

For the atmosphere of this delightful story, the writer has caught the charm of Paris, the elusive pathos of Ireland and the sweetness of English gardens in summer. Herein move Harrie Clench, who "collected people," and Pat, her cousin, a beloved vagabond. And in the background waits the solid figure of Geoffry Horn, journalist and friend in need. We have to take Harrie's word for it that Horn is *collectable ;* for he is the one merely worthy man in a group of really human people, whose adventures are set forth in a pleasantly elliptical and altogether charming fashion.

(Hester Marshall, 83, Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court, S.W.)

IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM. By DEMETIA VAKA. (Constable.)

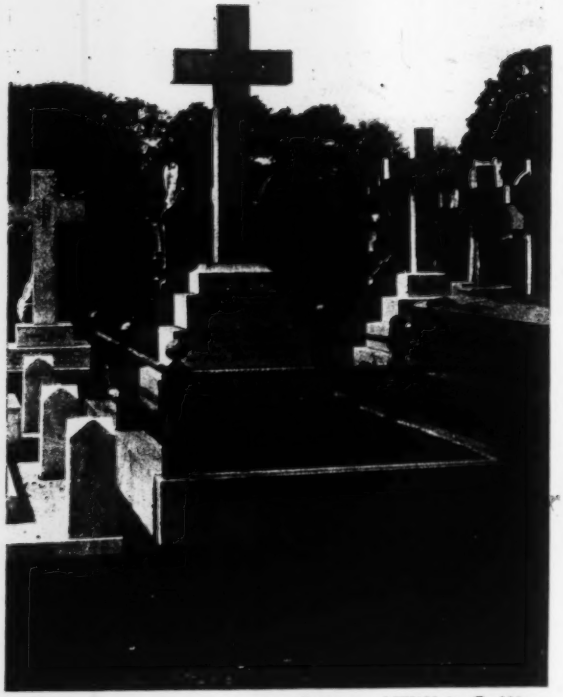
An interesting story about European and Asiatic life in Turkey. There are two plots—one concerned with the "Young Turks'" movement to free their country from a despotic rule, the other is the love affair of Orkan Effendi, one of the "Young Turks," and Millicent Grey, an American girl. The girl's brave struggle to overcome her love for this man, which she realises must result in unhappiness to both, is sympathetically told. Her adventure in the Sultan's palace, her escape, and the death of Niko, a young Greek who tried to rescue her, keep the attention riveted on this book.

(Mary Kingdom, Gilston Park, Harlow, Essex.)

IN COTTON WOOL. By W. B. MAXWELL. (Hutchinson.)

This book, though inferior in intellectual restraint to the previous novel, "Mrs. Thompson," shows Mr. Maxwell's well-known merits : his genuine interest in moral issues, his gifts of description and characterisation. It is a powerful study of a man's gradual deterioration, and of two women whom he sacrifices to himself. Some element of conviction is wanting Perhaps there is a certain lack of poetry in Mr. Maxwell. Perhaps he depends too much on wealth of detail, and describes what ought to be revealed. But the book is interesting throughout, and has throughout a meaning and a moral.

(Elizabeth F. Stevenson, 24, Brandling Park, Newcastle-on-Tyne.)



Grave of Wilkie Collins at Kensal Green.

THE PATRICIAN. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann.)

Curiously triumphing over his own defects, Mr. Galsworthy over-describes his characters, not letting them wholly describe themselves by speech and action, yet succeeds in making them live. One remembers that June lived, although absolutely dumb, in his "Man of Property." He splits an infinitive whenever he feels disposed to split one, yet achieves distinction and beauty in his style. He deals in the blanks of life, yet leaves his readers without an uncomfortable sense of depression. He draws characters who provoke antagonism, yet makes them awaken sympathy. "The Patrician" is a great book, and the best he has done.

(Mrs. H. H. Penrose, Deepcut Bungalow, Frimley Green, Surrey.)

THE INVIOLABLE SANCTUARY. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. (Nelson.)

It is long since we came across such a refreshing story. Frank Mannix the hero of the Lower Sixth is in great danger of becoming an unbearable prig when Fortune sends him to Ireland during the holidays, and his cousin Priscilla succeeds in transforming him into a normal schoolboy. Priscilla is a charming creation, and her skill with a boat is a revelation to Frank. Miss Rutherford is alive and adds to the enjoyment of the tale, while the Irish quayside characters and the German spies who turn out to be an eloping couple cause excitement to the very end.

(Marie R. Brown, 233, W. Regent Street, Glasgow.)

SOME REMINISCENCES. By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Eveleigh Nash.)

This book is Conrad's real voice, and the original, "That-reminds-me" construction is felicitously allied to its spirit. Romance is the sun round which his star revolves. He has those immemorial qualities which are the laurels of the great artist ; the tolerance, the detachment, the sincerity ; and, for crowning glory, that sympathy which gives life to the bare bones and naked structure of genius. He is our contemporary heir to Stevenson's charm, the royal dispenser of past favours ; and, when you hear his voice, pitched in such friendly accents, you can't give criticisms, only gratitude. You are the "gentle reader."

(Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.)

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Sybil Waller (Boscombe), Margaret Edwards (Salisbury), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford), Mrs. Fortescue (Worcester), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Maude Dale (Stretford), Albert Harrison (York), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Elsie Bird (Pinner), Margery Wilkins (Worcester), Geraldine Payne Gallwey (Thirsk), H. Elrington (Monkstown), W. F. Robinson (Cambridge), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor), R. B. Ince (London, N.W.), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone), Nina Coppinger (Wimbledon), Sidney E. Bell (Wandsworth), Alexander E. McGill, Junior (Glasgow), Lottie Hoskins (Birmingham), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Mrs. Severs (Scarboro'), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Margery Colman (London, W.), A. Gordon-Fletcher (Birmingham), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Mary C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), James Brenton (Tottenham), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), Miss E. K. White (Ravenscourt Park), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Brighton), Maurice A. McDermott (Abingdon), M. E. A. Phipps (York), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Isa M. Jackson (Glasgow), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), F. E. Briggs (Crown Hill), X. Y. Z. (Cambridge).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. R. G. Ken, of 1, Zion Road, Rathgar, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

THE CENTENARY OF JOHN FORSTER.

By Berric Twede.

TO nine out of every ten of the people one meets nowadays, John Forster—save and except that he was the biographer of his friend, Charles Dickens—is absolutely an unknown quantity.

John Forster's Library, Palace Gate House, Kensington.

From the drawing (now in the Forster Library, V. & A. Museum) by John Watkins, made shortly after Forster's death. Photographed by special permission of Sir Cecil Smith (Director).

And this is the more extraordinary when it is seriously considered who and what the man, John Forster, really was, and that his literary life-work was very far from being of the ephemeral sort; the thing of a day only, to be to-morrow forgotten.

His "Lives of the Men of the Commonwealth," for example, would alone serve to mark out their author as being head and shoulders above the crowd as a keen historical student, with a special bent towards the great social and political change-time of the seventeenth century. Born at Newcastle on the 2nd of April, 1812 (barely two months after his famous friend-to-be, Charles Dickens), Forster may be said to have literally come into the world with his "gift" in both hands.

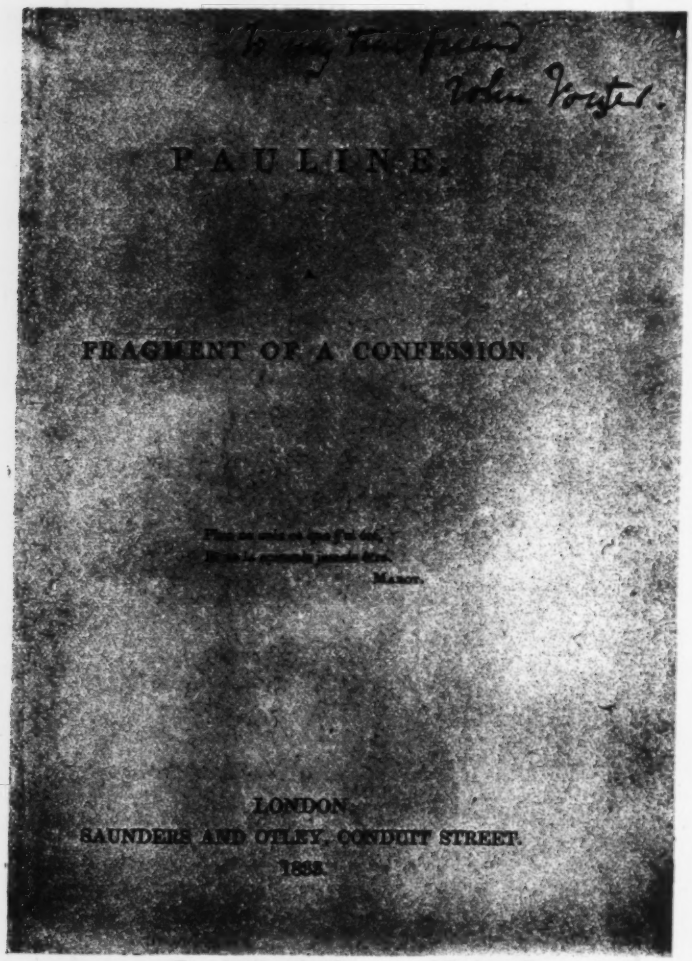
There is not a scrap of evidence procurable anywhere that he derived from either of his parents any advantage or hereditary influence which might have served him in the particular walk of life he was destined eventually to follow.

A born essayist, he, as a lad, proved, on more than one occasion, the power of the instinct that was in him. Like all true literary souls, his dramatic insight was as clear as it was undeniable. He knew, too, the value of it, and as a consequence, invariably regarded his work, and all things connected with it, from a dramatic point of view. In his case, the theatre was not merely a relaxation, it was a sheer necessity for the well-being of his intellectual existence. And, truly, there were theatrical giants in those days, with whom—the very greatest and most famous of them—he was on the closest terms of intimacy.

Macready, Kean, Harley, and a whole legion of others of like reputation, were friends whom he especially delighted to honour, and who honoured him in return. As a dramatic critic his honesty, as also his judgment, were above reproach, his conclusions, so far as I know and have been able to discover, never having been impugned, his theatrical friends always recognizing that with him "duty" meant "truth," even if the telling of the latter involved disapproval or censure. It may be—I am inclined to think it really was—that the one great reason why Dickens and Forster each so appreciated and—yes—loved the other, was this same presence of, and devotion to the dramatic in their respective natures. We know how, and in what large measure, the novelist possessed the instinct in question; that Forster had it also is, as I have said, likewise true. What more natural, then, that it should have contributed to strengthen and supercement the already strong bond existing between the two men? Many there were who, misunderstanding the man, too hastily, and certainly unjustly,

John Forster.

From the engraving by C. H. Jeens.



Facsimile of title page of Robert Browning's first book with his inscription to Forster.

From Forster Library, Victoria and Albert Museum. Photographed by special permission of Sir Cecil Smith (Director).

labelled Forster as being harsh, hard, uncouth, without feeling or capacity for affection. Never was a greater mistake made. Although we boys regarded him somewhat in the light of a "roaring lion" (by the way, we also in, I suppose, contradistinction to his "bigness," dubbed him, amongst ourselves, the "mouse," a distinctly unpardonable contraction, be it explained, of hippopotamus). We, or at least I, came to acknowledge, before his death, that he really had a heart, and that a large one. It was his peculiar misfortune to be judged by his husk, which required duly cracking before the kernel could be adequately appreciated. It was his manner, in fact, and his manner only, which was responsible for much of the adverse criticism which now, in my own old age, I am free to confess was altogether undeserved.

All things considered, I suggest that this year, 1912, the centenary of his birth, is a peculiarly appropriate time in which to tell, in necessarily brief fashion, the story of John Forster, historian, essayist, biographer, journalist, and *man*, for the benefit of those who have little or no knowledge of him—as the man he, in truth, really was—the clever writer of books, which undoubtedly are destined to live; the true and loyal friend (as Browning called him), which I, for one, knew him only too well to have been. Browning's affectionate regard for Forster was in degree second only to that of Dickens, as is proved by letters and inscriptive notes innumerable in the poet's handwriting, while there was this additional reason for it, in the deep sense of gratitude Browning always expressed for Forster's loyal faith in him, when nearly all the world doubted. Witness that touching inscription on the frontispiece of his original MS. of "Paracelsus," his gift to his friend, and which is now the "pearl of great price" among the priceless treasures of the Forster collection. In estimating the truly astonishing amount of work—literary work—Forster contrived to turn out during his none too lengthy career (he was but sixty-four when he died), it must never be forgotten that, up to the date of his marriage to Mrs. Colburn, the widow of Henry Colburn, the publisher, and an old and tried friend, he was not by any means a rich man. Thirty years of age when called to the Bar in 1842, his literary and journalistic life up to that event was a time of stress and struggle. As editor of the *Daily News*, and literary editor of the *Examiner*, things certainly improved with him. But journalism was not his first love, and it was not long before he finally, for all practical purposes, severed his connection with the Fourth Estate in order that he might devote the whole of his time and thoughts to the insistent call of literature. In 1855, this may be said to have taken place, after nine years' sole and absolute editorial control over the *Examiner*, he having succeeded Albany Fonblanque in the Chair in 1847. His "Life of Goldsmith," undoubtedly his greatest biographical achievement, appeared in 1848. But with his marriage came enhanced means, and the opportunity for leisure for his literary work. This was his "golden time," and though he did not live to realise all his hopes and ambitions, he succeeded in effecting much, without which the world of letters would be poor indeed. That death should have found him in the midst of his "Swift" labours is, if anything, a greater loss to posterity than it would have been a disappointment to himself. "Finished, and yet unfinished!" is the common cry of literary genius; infinitely sad, no matter how we regard it. The curse of Art, is, in its way, akin to the curse of Adam, and John Forster was to know no exemption. Had he been spared to see the completion of his "Swift," who knows? it might have tempered the bitterness of death; might have meant perfect soul-satisfaction.

It will doubtless be noticed that I have said very little about Forster's connection with Dickens, or made any, except the inevitable, allusion to the "Life." I have refrained for two amongst other reasons.

In the first place, I do not personally look upon the biography of his friend as by any means Forster's best literary achievement. When the book first appeared, the general opinion was that it was disappointing; too self-conscious; too much Forster, and too little Dickens. I must confess that I strongly incline to this opinion.

One junior member of his family (long since gone over to the great majority), even went so far as to say that it was "too full of the great big I." That, of course, was an extreme, and exceedingly foolish expression of opinion, but, though crude—savage almost, it, in a sense, hit the mark. My second reason for keeping Dickens out of the picture is because Forster is so largely associated, exclusively I may almost say, especially in these days, with the novelist; my great desire being to persuade people to believe, if I may, that John Forster's claim to a place on the literary roll of fame, and in the estimation of his countrymen, as a great writer worthy the name, rests on something higher, better, and more enduring than that with which his name is more or less popularly connected.

New Books.

RECENT HISTORY.

When King James, the Sapient and Sext, as he is commonly called on the other side of the Tweed, succeeded to the throne of England, he promulgated a decree annihilating the term Border. The Border, which had so long been the symbol and excuse for every kind of lawlessness, was to be henceforth as though it had never existed. Something resembling order was, as a matter of fact, with the aid of "Jeddart law," more or less rapidly established in Liddesdale, the country of the Armstrongs, and other disturbed districts. That was in 1603. In spite of all James's efforts, however, the Border continues to exist; it is no mere geographical abstraction like the North or South Pole, it marks an historical principle, and it is in fact nowhere more apparent than in the field of written history. England, it has been well said, in spite of its numerous and opulent possessions has never attained to one of Scotland's most priceless inheritances as a distinct country—namely, the rapture of having recovered its lost independence. That has proved an endowment which has coloured the Scottish point of view ever since. English patriotism has never had a patriot saint of flesh and blood quite like Wallace and Bruce. Alfred, though he has inspired poets and epic writers, has always lacked actuality, and is, besides, the hero of Wessex rather than of England as a whole. Waltheof and Hereward are pale and bloodless abstractions—embarrassed phantoms—beyond the power of resuscitation by literary genius, however pronounced. Similarly, England lacks a religious hero to compare with John Knox, and even in literature our greatest names are somehow deficient in national actuality. You might, of course, pit the massive figure of Doctor Johnson against Scott and Burns, but our very greatest figures in literature are somehow beyond the sphere of enlistment into any kind of territorial militia. George Meredith in a way is one of the most patriotic, he frequently strikes the heroic lyre, but you could hardly cite him as a champion of distinctively English civilisation, or even of British nationality, still less Empire. Scotland, then, has preserved its own view of, and way of regarding, the history of our diminutive island. It has never frankly or for long acquiesced in the historical generalisations, however conspicuous for moderation or politeness, of the predominant partner; it has accepted historical formulas like other free gifts from the Saxon with an unmistakable reserve. The question of homage has been assumed often enough by the south—never accepted or even tolerated by the north. English historians have not often obtained the freedom of the northern kingdom. It is remarkable, perhaps, how little they have used Scottish history in illustration of their own.

The Scottish antiquaries, on the other hand, from their vantage-ground of superior knowledge of Scots topography, genealogy and local tradition, have generally viewed English incursions into their territory with a profound mistrust and an only slightly humorous suspicion. Their semi-legendary mediæval and legal history are interesting, but obscure and difficult to aliens. The constitutional and economic sides of Scottish historiography are relatively unattractive. Everything has been rather inclined to favour the monopoly which our northern neighbours have set up. And yet, up to the present, with the exception of Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," it can hardly be said that North Britain has ever risen to the opportunity of providing the southrons with a satisfactory story of Scotland. The dearth of text-books at once interesting, well written, scholarly and abreast with the modern point of view, has tended to justify the southern indifference to the value of a Scottish commentary and reflex upon their own annals. The reproach, however, if reproach it be, to modern Scots historians, is clearly destined to be removed at short notice; for, as a consequence, it may be of the scholastic prizes recently offered in the form of Chairs of Scottish History at various northern universities, there has been a regular landfall of Scottish history during the past few months. Some very able books have been issued, far exceeding in synthetic power any popular Scottish histories of the past, and if Scotland does not yet possess a J. R. Green to compress its history into a single volume of a vivacity admitted to be the equivalent of that of a first-class romance, the defect is not attributable now as it has been in the past to the lack of either enterprise or industry on the part of its historians.

The two standard Scottish histories of recent years have, of course, been those of Mr. Andrew Lang and Professor Hume Brown. Mr. Lang[1] has now condensed his vast knowledge of the subject into a short birds-eye view in one compact volume, the most readable of its size in relation to this subject which we have yet encountered. It is admirably written, and though rather elliptical here and there in dealing with subjects unfamiliar to English readers, it is specially attractive by reason of its concise details of Scottish institutions, such as the estates, the heads of the Articles and the like. It is, in the main, singularly free from the obscurity due to the ultra-allusiveness and difficult quotations and references which so frequently impair the usefulness, if they do not actually mar the artistic effect of his bigger book. Professor Hume Brown's work[2] has always been recognised as an almost indispensable narrative outline, clear, scholarly, and organised with the most severe economy of space consistent with accurate statement. Its faults have been, I think, widely recognised also as a certain defect of historical glamour and warmth, a timidity in generalisation and a plentiful lack of picturesqueness—a dryness, in short, inconsistent with the enthusiastic vision that allures the student to subjects outside the regular schedule of "forced labour." His book, however, certainly appears to the greatest possible advantage in the present edition where its production is greatly enhanced by the provision of excellent illustrations, while the text has been revised, amended, and richly supplemented by a continuation of the narrative down to the present time. To the southern eye,

[1] A Short History of Scotland. By Andrew Lang. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

[2] "History of Scotland." By T. Hume Brown. 3 vols. 30s. net. (Camb. Univ. Press.)

it will be confessed, the history of Scotland since the Union really became operative (after 1745), is mainly statistical. This erroneous idea will be corrected by reference to Professor Hume Brown's third volume. It will be noticed, however, in justification of the English point of view, that in the case of the two very well written and interesting bids that have been made to emulate J. R. Green quite recently by Dr. Macmillan and Mr. Robert Rait, one ends practically with the '45, the other concludes rather abruptly with Sir Walter Scott.

Though the printing of the portraits is very inferior to that in the case of Professor Hume Brown's history, Mr. Rait's volume[1] of 312 pages is nevertheless attractively illustrated. The first chapters dealing with the blending of the races in Scotland, and the influence of Queen Margaret, seem to us to supply the clearest and most lucid short account of these remote happenings available. Some of the later portions appear, in comparison, a little more hurried, but the book, as a whole, is a model of lucid exposition and production, and its very moderate price must win it a very large circle of appreciative readers. Recent investigators have claimed that Margaret was daughter of Agatha and grand-daughter of a Hungarian king, and the evidence has recently been marshalled in a very learned paper, the substance of which was given before the Royal Historical Society by Dr. Felbermann. Mr. Rait is an original investigator of Stuart history, especially during the seventeenth century. Dr. Donald Macmillan's work[2] gives more the impression of a compilation from already well-ascertained and accessible sources. As a compilation it is highly skilled work, it avoids dulness and pedantic detail with marked success, and gives some good social pictures. A composite picture like this of Highland manners previous to the rebellion of 1745 would gain credibility by a reference to authorities. Would Doctor Johnson, one wonders, have confirmed the following account:

"The houses of the cottars were nothing more than huts. A little patch of ground here and there might be cultivated. The woman did most of the labour. The cattle and sheep reared were of the poorest quality. At Falkirk and Creiff trysts droves of black Highland cattle might be seen. They fetched anything from ten to forty shillings each. The sheep were diminutive and poor; they were kept under shelter in winter from fear of dying from the weather, and it was only by accident, about the middle of the century, that the discovery was made that they throve better in the open. The turf in the neighbourhood, and even round the doors, was used for building and roofing the huts, so that a stranger in Sutherlandshire was forced to remark that the 'Highlanders made their houses of grass and fed their cattle on stone.' When short of food, the clansmen bled the cattle, boiled the blood, and mixed it with oatmeal, and so made a hearty repast. Instead of clipping the sheep, the wool was frequently pulled off their backs, and then spun and weaved for use."

An extremely valuable addition to economic history is supplied by Professor Gonner's carefully compiled work on "Common Land and Inclosure."[3] This traces the history of the movement from champain or open land to inclosure during upwards of four centuries. The use of a Common now is regarded mainly from the point of view of recreation, but in early times the Common right was an essential part of agriculture. So long as arable land was absolutely pre-eminent, and the system of culture adopted was simple and uniform, the Common system worked well. The present work is mainly concerned with the change that came over these conditions, it explains how the change was effected and explains how, from an economic point of view purely, the change was often beneficial. The human and national aspects of the problem are treated in Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's interesting book about the peasantry in the eighteenth century. The present work supplies the economic, agricultural, and legal supplement and, to a certain extent, justification.

Among standard works in history reissued during the past few years, a high place belongs by prescription to Erskine May's "Constitutional History of England"[4] from 1760 to 1860. The original work was, it is believed, to a limited extent put in commission, chapters or parts of chapters having been committed to some of Lord Farnborough's colleagues in the House of Commons. The process has now been continued by Mr. Francis Holland, who has carried the exposition down to 1911 upon similar lines to those originally designed. He has thus written of Parliamentary Reform since the Reform Bill, with some brief remarks on modern developments, such as the Woman's Suffrage Agitation; he has given a capital narrative of party alternations since the first premiership of Disraeli; he has dealt with the evolution of the Home Rule movement in its later manifestations under the consulship of Mr. Parnell, together with local government, education, civil service reform, and the fruition of the Colonial Commonwealths, concluding with a slightly disproportionate but wholly judicious account of the Parliament Bill of last year. It is impossible to make a quite satisfactory book of Erskine May, owing to the polished evasiveness of its style, but Mr. Holland's attempt at least deserves success.

Among biographical additions to historical literature, the most interesting that we have encountered of late deal with the sixteenth century. An unpretentious narrative of the striking career of Jeanne d'Albret,[5] mother of Henri IV., by Mr. P. F. W. Ryan, is well written and illustrated. It supplies a master key to many of the lives of this period and will be found attractive by the general reader, while, as a genealogical link between Valois and Bourbon, it is invaluable to those who have not access to the larger works by De Ruble and others. Miss Freer's book of thirty or forty years ago on this subject is now at a big premium. Mr. F. M. Hueffer in his diverting work on "The Critical Attitude," forms a relentless and scathing estimate of the works by little ladies on naughty queens. Miss Winifred Stephens's new book on Margaret of France[6] certainly does not come anywhere near this category. It is a most scholarly investigation and study of the career of the patroness of Ronsard, daughter of François I. and wife of Emanuel Philibert, the effective founder of the present Royal House of Savoy. The production of this monograph, with its admirable bibliographic and other apparatus, entitles Miss Stephens to rank with Miss Jane Stodart and Miss Edith Sichel, among the most highly equipped scholars of this very thorny period. Margaret of Austria and Margaret of Angoulême, both contemporaries, have found biographers in plenty. This, I believe, is the first attempt in English to portray Margaret of France. Another work of real value to which more than passing reference is impossible, is Mr. A. W. Evans' excellent introduction to and excerpts from the Commentaries of Monluc, extracted from Cotton's translation of 1674, and edited with much judgment and taste for the increasingly popular and deserving Regent Library.[7] This book of nearly 500 pages, offered at half-a-crown, is a real boon to students and readers interested in the complicated times of the French Wars of Religion.

Of recent specialized work on the later career of Napoleon that has reached us, one volume at least deserves mention for marked ability. M. Albert Espitalier's "Napoleon and King Murat"[8] affords an unsparing picture of Gioacchino, king of the Lazzaroni. Anything more despicable ultimately than the dashing Murat's vanity and faithlessness, whether

[1] "The Making of the Nations: Scotland." By Robert S. Rait. 7s. 6d. net. (A. & C. Black.)

[2] "A Short History of the Scottish People." By D. Macmillan, D.D. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[3] "Common Land and Inclosure." By Prof. E. C. K. Gonner. 12s. net. (Macmillan.)

[4] "May's Constitutional History of England, 1760–1911." Edited with Supplementary Volume by Francis Holland. 3 vols. 12s. 6d. each net. (Longmans.)

[5] "Queen Jean of Navarre." By P. F. W. Ryan. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

[6] "Margaret of France." By Winifred Stephens. 15s. net. (Lane.)

[7] The Commentaries of Monluc. With Introduction by A. W. Evans. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

[8] "Napoleon and King Murat." By Albert Espitalier. 12s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

in regard to his benefactor, the treaty of Bayonne, or his wife Caroline, it would not be easy to imagine. Alternately cringing and sulking, dashing to Paris in eight days and back to Naples in even less, the king is exhibited as possessing far less responsibility and capacity to rule than an average boy-scout. He was a puppet, or should we say victim, of his Bonaparte marriage. The happiness he derived from his elevation was confined to the gratification of his personal vanity. Apart from vanity, selfishness and a blind discontent seem to have predominated—that at least is the impression left by M. Espitalier's pitiless analysis. Admirably translated by Mr. Lewis May, the book only suffers from its high degree of specialisation. Of Murat before Bayonne and between his flight to Cannes and the final catastrophe—not a word.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S POEMS.*

It is not easy to criticise the poems of Mr. John Galsworthy. One remembers the tragic intensity of feeling, the emotional force, the easy power and fine spirit of poetry that glow and live in his dramas and stories, and so cuts the leaves of "Moods, Songs and Doggerels" in the expectation of finding that same spirit singing here in golden cages of metre and rhyme. But though the same spirit is here it does not sing in that captivity so magically as it does in the bracing, free atmosphere of Mr. Galsworthy's prose. Which is, after all, nothing strange or unusual. No great novelist has ever been also a great poet—only one has been even an approximately great poet, and that one is Mr. Thomas Hardy. You cannot serve the Muses adequately in your playtime; unless you devote yourself wholly to them they will not give themselves wholly to you. The great poets rarely had much to say in prose; they put all their thoughts and imaginings into poetic form until that became the natural speech of their minds. Mr. Galsworthy chose the other way of utterance, and when he writes in verse does so with a certain constraint, as one speaks a foreign language; he is a little self-conscious, cannot forget he is writing poetry, and therefore is apt to be a little formal, a little artificial, and unable to let himself go in any rush of careless rapture. His songs do not sing themselves; and though, hammering them into shape, he now and then strikes out a strong and splendid phrase, a noble thought, a glittering fancy, he too often spends his energy in giving commonplace utterance to some ordinary idea, or mars some profound reflection or original image with a prosy line that he would never have allowed to pass in his prose writings.

The longest poem is "A Dream," in which God appears to the dreamer and beckons him to where a lonely tree "with ropes of yew-dark bough was bent," and there commands him:

> "O man! Confess thy faith!
> The word thou speakest saves or bars,
> For here are gallows of thy death."

The dreamer knows he must make a true confession, or

> "God would not spare but hang me dead
> Within that twine of yew-dark rope."

The perfume and grace of the earth touch him as he stands; he remembers past happiness, and the woman he loves; and in one picturesque, subtly imaginative verse he recalls the beauty of the world as he has known it:

> "I marked the pageantry of noon
> Once more with gold and music pass;
> I saw the silvery, cold moon
> Spill her last glamour on the grass;
> I hung once more above that stream,
> Whose twining waters draw me down
> And down from gazing, till I seem
> Myself to be that water brown."

Thus passionately in love with life, he nevertheless resolves to confess his unorthodox creed bravely and die:

> "And faint I spoke: 'I know my faith
> But shadows that required of man;
> Yet, O thou God! if only wraith
> Of creed I hold, 'tis all I can.
> For well I know that he is base
> Who hides in grey hypocrisy,
> And glib pretends, to save his face,
> And says: "I see," who does not see.'"

With how much more grandeur and dignity Mr. Galsworthy would have clothed that passage in prose, omitting the jarring "to save his face" into which the exigencies of rhyme betrayed him. Then in the setting forth of his creed, the thought is high and spacious enough, but moves in words that are not winged but walk with feet that are fettered, as thus:

> "All forms upswelling have within
> Their hearts a static decadence;
> In utter stillness does the thin
> Reverberation lose its sense;
> To ash the spark of spirit dies,
> Each revolution of each sphere,
> Each swoop of every bird that flies
> To its own stilly death draws near."

In the end, having spoken out of his heart boldly, the dreamer finds he has nothing to fear; the sinister shadows that threatened him vanish, the night clears, and all is well.

This courage to speak out honestly at all costs, to face the dark facts of life unafraid, is a characteristic note of these poems, and that mingling of large ideas with inadequate expression, and the sudden, intermittent rise into beauty or ringing harmony of phrase are also characteristic of them. Nothing could be more spontaneous, more alive with passionate sincerity than "Errantry," with its

> "Come! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,
> And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!"

there is music, too, a delicate fancifulness and a deep underflow of suggestion in "The Seeds of Light," and spontaneity again and a right living lyrical joyance in the "Cuckoo Song," where the cuckoo sings on the moor and the bells ring for church in the valley, but

> "I'll go worshipping the sun
> While the sun will let me."

If some of the poems in the "Doggerels" section are the least satisfactory in the volume, two of them are among the best. "The Devon Sage," is admirable both for its terse, homely philosophy and its cunning use of dialect; and "Rhyme After Rain," is a charmingly fresh and pagan song round the wistful sense of mortality that inspired Herrick's "Gather ye Rosebuds."

By K. Scott.

Mr. John Galsworthy.

From frontispiece in "Moods, Songs and Doggerels" by John Galsworthy (Heinemann).

* "Moods, Songs and Doggerels." By John Galsworthy. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

I think if Mr. Galsworthy had been more severe with himself and had left out some dozen or more of very slight bits of verse that have no virtue of thought or treatment to recommend them the total effect of his volume might have been greater, more impressive; as it is, its finer parts are obscured by the intrusion of so many waifs and strays and by the presence of such poems as "Deflowered," with its melodramatic presentment of a world-old tragedy; "The Moon at Dawn," with its strained daring in making the morning moon smile like a harlot; "Hetaira," with its rather cheaply sentimental telling of the woman who gave all her heart to a man, served him, lived for him only:

"Her care was fairy tale that never ends.
And when she died? Ah, would
They praise her? Never!
You see, she was not married to him, Friends!"

You might have made a little sketch of that and got a point or so in prose, without having to finish up with the word "Friends"; but to make points like that is not the way to make poetry.

It is a hateful thing to write anything but praise of Mr. Galsworthy, and I only do so because I have a real admiration of his rare creative power and great gifts as dramatist and novelist, and because, rightly or wrongly, I do feel that in publishing this book he does himself less than justice. But though I do not want the whole of it, there are things in it I am glad to possess, and not least among these is one of his shortest poems, "The Prayer":

"If on a Spring night I went by
And God were standing there,
What is the prayer that I would cry
To Him? This is the prayer:
'O Lord of courage grave,
O Master of this night of Spring!
Make firm in me a heart too brave
To ask Thee anything!'"

Compared with nine-tenths of the new poetry that is issued nowadays, "Moods, Songs and Doggerels," stands out loftily by reason of its individual note, its originality of style, its moments of insight, the authentic feeling and fancy and imagination that are here, but struggle cramped and hampered in strait-jackets of verse; it suffers chiefly by comparison with Mr. Galsworthy's own work in other kinds, for he writes his best poetry when he is supposed to be writing prose.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS.*

In that entertaining work, *The Schoolmaster*, Mr. A. C. Benson states that "an interesting teacher must have a mind resembling a number of *Tit-Bits*," and though his dictum startles an old-world pedagogue, it is, perhaps, not so wholly paradoxical as it appears. For unless he possesses many odds and ends of miscellaneous knowledge the specialist, however learned in his own department, is apt to become dull, dreary, and uninspiriting, and to make the most of life we all need to know much of one thing and a little of many things. The stress and strain of competition drive us remorselessly along a very narrow groove, and we all have delight in occasionally getting outside it. The boy feels the craving, and amid the routine of study relishes magisterial *Tit-Bits*, and within measure is the better for them. The average man looks for similar snacks and scraps of knowledge set out attractively in the columns of his daily paper. There are many, too, who with a more robust taste are healthily desirous of something more solid and sustaining. They have neither much money nor much leisure, but they want something which they can "read and inwardly digest" without great expenditure of either—a sort of intellectual "quick meal"—and for such "The People's Books" are designed to cater. Here busy workers in many fields have, as it were, gathered up honey, and hungry folk have only "to put forth their hand"—with sixpence in it—and, like Jonathan of old, "their eyes will be enlightened." Or rather, perhaps, such is the praiseworthy purpose of the publishers, but how far they have succeeded in their purpose is a somewhat different question. For in these little books, each of which contains some 80 or 90 pages, compression is carried to its extreme limits, and by a well-known law of letters a writer's difficulties increase, in a sort of geometrical progression, as the space allowed him diminishes. Give him 500 pages and he expatiates at ease; confine him to 100 and he chafes awkwardly against the barriers. And this is especially the case where he is not criticizing facts already known to his readers—for then terseness, though difficult, is at once possible and telling—but has to set out facts of which he must assume that they are almost wholly ignorant, while when those facts are in themselves highly complex, his task requires the highest gifts of intellect, judgment, and expression. To state a great theme shortly in plain words is perhaps the supreme test of mastery as a writer.

To pass, however, any single verdict on the manner in which the present writers have dealt with the difficulties they had to face, would be obviously unfair, because those difficulties have been very unequal. Take, for instance, the admirable study of "Shakespeare." It is "admirable" because Professor Herford is a good critic, and because he is able to be largely critical, so that when he says that in Shakespeare's great tragedies, "the interest always centres in the action and suffering of a man of a great but ill-balanced personality, under the stress of a situation which at once betrays his weakness, reveals his greatness, and thrusts him to his doom," we all, knowing for ourselves Othello, Hamlet, and King Lear, at once recognise the justice of his remarks, while he can say what he has to say sufficiently in a few lines. But turn to "Dante," and the case wholly alters. Here the English reader wants not so much criticism as information, but he will get the former rather than the latter, while the author's interest in Dante's sonnets and "Political Ideals"—on both of which he writes excellently—tempts him to leave only a third of his space for *The Divine Comedy*, which he discusses but does not illustrate, although discussion, when the subject matter is unknown, must obviously be incapable of conveying real knowledge. On the other hand where the subject is well defined, as in the volume on "Roman Catholicism," "Women's Suffrage," and "Mary Queen of Scots," the author has an easy task. In these cases it is possible to be at once clear, concise, and yet sufficiently complete, and all three writers have produced epitomes which fulfil their aim and are of real value. Indeed as *ex parte* statements of their case nothing could be better than the first two volumes, and that on Roman Catholicism is, perhaps, as accurate and succinct an account of Roman doctrine as has ever been published, while it has the striking advantage of being authoritative, and it gives the modern reader almost an uncanny feeling to take up a sixpenny book and find on the first page: "NIHIL OBSTAT, J. H. Strassonaier, S. J. *Censor deputatus*, IMPRIMATUR. Edmond Can. Surmont. *Vic. gen.*" It is rare nowadays to come across a book every word of which is officially certified to be correct.

But apart from a little collection of English poetry which almost justifies its rather ambitious title of "Pure Gold," the remaining volumes, which deal with "The Stars," "Botany," "Electricity," "Heredity," "Organic Chemistry," and "Henri Bergson," equally interest and perplex the critic. Here are six vast themes, and here are six tiny

* "Botany: The Modern Study of Plants." By M. C. Stopes, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S.—"Heredity." By J. A. S. Watson, B.Sc.—"Organic Chemistry." By Prof. J. B. Cohen, B.Sc., F.R.S.—"The Principles of Electricity." By Norman R. Campbell, M.A.—"The Science of the Stars." By E. W. Maunder, F.R.A.S., of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.—"Henri Bergson: The Philosophy of Change." By H. Wildon Carr.—"Roman Catholicism." By H. B. Coxon. With Preface, by Mgr. R. H. Benson.—"Mary Queen of Scots." By E. O'Neill, M.A.—"Women's Suffrage—A Short History of a Great Movement." By M. G. Fawcett, LL.D.—"Shakespeare." By Prof. C. H. Herford, Litt.D.—"Pure Gold—A Choice of Lyrics and Sonnets." By H. C. O'Neill.—"Dante." By A. G. Ferrers Howell. "The People's Books." 6d. net each. (T. C. & E. C. Jack).

books, that claim to tell us just what we all want to know about them. It is a large claim, and do they make it good? If they did then the path of knowledge would cease to be rough, and we should almost have levelled "The Hill, Difficulty"; but to understand hard matters must ever be a long and arduous task, and these books perhaps attempt too much. Instead of pointing as it were to the peaks, telling us what may be seen from them, and taking us a few experimental ascents of moderate attainment, they seem to put too heavy a tax somewhat hastily on our strength with the result that we lose heart and flag in our endeavour. A person, for instance, "of average intelligence but no special knowledge" will hardly be prepared, after reading 20 pages on "Organic Chemistry," for such a sentence as this: "A third repetition of the experiment gives a third compound, the liquid *chloroform* or trichloromethane, $CHCl_3$, and finally a fourth volume of chlorine will produce *carbon tetrachloride*, or tetrachloromethane, CCl_4, when the process ceases and no more chlorine is absorbed," although this sentence compared with many which immediately follow is of almost transparent simplicity. Nor, perhaps, will he find it easy to grasp at the very outset of his study of the subject that "the most widely accepted theory of 'Heredity' is the theory of *the continuity of the germ plasm*, the idea of which is that part of the germ plasm contained in the parent egg-cell, is not used up in the construction of the body of the offspring, but is reserved unchanged for the formation of the germ cells of the following generation"; while, when he comes to "The Stars," he will find (p. 20) that the ancients were acquainted with "the general character of the sun's movement, namely, that he not only moved day by day from east to west, as the stars do, *but also had a second motion inclined at an angle to the first, and in the opposite direction*," and that the difficult words here italicised are left almost wholly to his own interpretation. But, surely, to understand any of the three statements thus quoted, without considerable previous training, would need a very alert mind. To the expert who has had such training they are clear, but to the "average" person who has not, they can hardly be so, and it would seem—if a word of advice may be pardoned—that the series suffers from lack of a general editor. The abilities of the various writers are beyond question, and they each provide an excellent summary of their subject, but, like most experts, they hardly take a just measure of "the average intelligence." They estimate it too much by an unconscious reference to their own skill, and for "The People's Books" there is surely need of some one who can judge what "the man in the street" is or is not capable of understanding. The idea of the series is of the best; it contains material of extreme interest—and, indeed, the accounts given of Mendelism by Mr. Watson and of Bergson by Mr. Carr open up new realms of thought—but some of the volumes would certainly gain in value by simplification. The publishers have made a very striking effort to bring great subjects within the purview of the popular mind, and if they have erred in forming too high an opinion of its powers, it is a generous error which the public ought very readily to condone.

T. E. PAGE.

VICTOR HUGO.*

It sometimes happens that the originator of a great literary movement long survives its eclipse and lives on honoured and perhaps apotheosized, into a time which has wholly different ideals from his, and regards as a mere extravagance, when thinking of it at all, the cause with which his name was once associated. Victor Hugo is a case in point. In his old age he was universally recognized as the father, the uncrowned king, of French letters. As his last birthdays came round, as some fresh edition of his works was issued, all the schools paid common tribute to the patriarch's fame, and bowed the knee before a giant of genius and a champion of freedom, who in both aspects could be deemed typically French. The mere passage of years had made it possible for the violences of his art, the inconsistencies in his opinions and behaviour to be forgotten, and he had sufficiently retired from active politics for a legend, and not an untrue legend, to connect itself with his career. His interventions in public affairs became so rare, and were so nicely calculated, that more and more could he be considered a representative democrat and the mouthpiece of the young Republic, as well as the best of the world's poets. And so in this final phase, enthusiasm, which stopped little short of idolatry, marked the attitude alike of his fellow-craftsmen and of his compatriots towards the author who had gone into exile on a matter of principle, and had denounced despotism with all the fervour of his unequalled rhetoric. Victor Hugo sat as it were in triumph, removed from the range of criticism and exalted to the dignity of a demi-god. But, in point of fact, his was to some extent a false position, and the homage he received was accorded less to the talents and achievements on which he prided himself than to the age and general reputation of the veteran. In one respect no mistake could be made; Hugo was the premier poet of France—nay, of Europe. But in other ways he was the exemplar of an outworn tradition. Long before his own death that burst of romanticism with which his first blaze of popularity synchronised, was exhausted beyond the hope of revival, a Rostand or so notwithstanding. Drama, poetry, fiction had travelled miles away from his aims and conventions, and it is difficult to believe that his most respectful colleagues knew much or could esteem much of his work apart from his lyrics. "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas" might be reproduced during this or that hour of Hugo-worship, but they were already virtually on the shelf as stage-classics, their rhetorical exuberance, their sentimentality, their melodrama making little appeal to a public among which the problem-play was in vogue. "Les Misérables" and companion stories might claim their tens of thousands of readers, but the naturalistic novel was even then winning its brief spell of favour, and though a reaction was bound to follow its excesses, that reaction was not to take as its motto any such cry as "Back to Hugo." No, romance as he understood it is dead, and we need not regret that Victor Hugo left no real school behind him. For, entertaining as "Hernani" still is as a piece of literature, by reason of its gusto and its note of youthful defiance, magical as is the fantastic atmosphere of "Notre Dame de Paris," there is no denying that this style of art lends itself to insincerity, exaggeration and the striving after effect, vices only too easily developed. The one side of Hugo's invention which is immune from criticism is just the one which could not be imitated, the side which reveals itself in his exquisite lyrics. Fortunately all through his career he poured these out with inexhaustible profusion. Posterity may ignore some of his romances, it may cease to read his dramas, it may turn away from that section of his verse in which he is inclined to pose and be pontifical, but this Hugo at least, Hugo the *lyrical poet*, will never be allowed to die.

One of the fairest estimates of Hugo, the author, ever published in this country is to be found in a biography which the late Mr. A. F. Davidson just completed, but was not allowed to correct in proof. Fate prevented him from seeing the reward of his labours, but he has left behind him a worthy example of English scholarship. The sound judgment displayed again and again in this appreciation is its most notable feature. If Mr. Davidson had no illusions as to the extravagance of the French romantic movement he is whole-hearted in his esteem of the fecundity of Hugo's imagination, his mastery of the grotesque and the fantastic, his generous humanity and the richness of his more emotional poetry. And while the biographer preserves the balance scrupulously in weighing the merits of the artist he is no less just in his study of the man. He does not make too much of the foibles of the poet's character, but he refuses to ignore them. Especially does he draw attention to the unreliability of the poet in matters of autobiographical detail. Not only did he romance about his birth, creating for himself an aristocratic pedigree, and

* "Victor Hugo: His Life and Work." By A. F. Davidson. 15s. net. (Nash.)

then subsequently apologising for the ancestors he had invented; his trick of inexactitude was carried to much further lengths. It became habitual with him to credit himself with such behaviour and opinions in a crisis as he might have exhibited had he always had the courage of his views or always been consistent. Thus, he belittles his monarchist phase and antedates the growth of his republican sentiments; he attributes to himself heroic attitudes on occasions such as the time of the Commune, and again of the Coup d'Etat, when he was very far from acting the hero. Comparing Hugo's own statements with extant documents, Mr. Davidson is able to convict him frequently of making assertions that are untrue, of manufacturing fine poses for himself, and of covering up his blunders by forgetting them altogether. The poet's career was not all of a piece, nor was his disposition quite so generous and large-hearted as he wished the world to imagine. There was a large element of egoism in him, and he could be petty and envious. As Mr. Davidson points out, he quarrelled with Dumas *père*, merely because the latter was more successful in the theatre than he, and he found it hard as the years went on to mix socially with literary rivals. In the days of "Hernani" his friends were his colleagues, but gradually his circle narrowed down into a little coterie of satellites who listened while the Master talked and read his own works. Of Hugo's friendships and of his relations with women Mr. Davidson writes tactfully and with due restraint. He makes no more of Sainte-Beuve's siege of Mme. Hugo and his repulse than he should make, and he mentions, as it were incidentally, the prolonged *liaison* which existed between the author and the actress, Juliette Drouet. But all these matters—the posturings, the little vanities, the self-absorption and the philanderings of Hugo—his biographer sees in their right perspective, and he never fails to insist that the poet's love of freedom was sincere, his humanitarianism very genuine, his devotion to children absolutely natural, and that even his egoism had the excuse of his preoccupation with noble and disinterested thoughts.

F. G. BETTANY.

CRISPI.*

The "Memoirs" which Signor Palamenghi-Crispi has compiled for the vindication of his uncle's memory do not constitute a biography, but rather lay before us the materials for one. They are, in fact, a collection of documents strung together by a thread of narrative which, though slight, is sufficient for its purpose. Many of them have never before been published, and many were written by Francesco Crispi himself, who thus, as his nephew points out in an Introductory Note, speaks to us from nearly every page. No student of the Italian *Risorgimento*, or of Italian diplomacy during the last quarter of the 19th century, can possibly afford to neglect them.

The first volume deals with the Expedition of the Thousand, and opens with Crispi's flight from Palermo, after the failure of the Revolution of 1848. For more than a decade he trod the "hard road" of exile, in Piedmont, in Malta, in London, and in Paris, earning a scanty livelihood with his pen, and conspiring continually against the Bourbon tyranny. In 1859, he travelled through Sicily, visiting Messina, Catania, Syracuse and Palermo, under the very eyes of the ubiquitous Bourbon police; and, a few months later, he, perhaps more than any other, was instrumental in persuading Garibaldi to take up arms for the liberation of Sicily. We have the testimony of so bitter an enemy as La Farina that Garibaldi himself declared that the Expedition of the Thousand was "largely due" to Crispi.

After the landing at Marsala, Crispi became sole Secretary of State, and, from thenceforward, was always either a member of the revolutionary Government or at Garibaldi's side. "He overthrew the Bourbon administration by means of his decrees, and, stripping it of that favour it still enjoyed among those whose interests were at stake, organized the new State." The title of *King of Italy* for Victor Emmanuel was first suggested by him; and "to him we also owe the formula, 'the people wish Italy to be One and Indivisible,' which confirmed the solemn obligation to achieve union and sanctioned, not the annexation of one province by another, but the creation of a new State." He remained ever faithful to this principle, and, on the death of Victor Emmanuel "stood his ground against the traditionalists of the House of Savoy, and succeeded in inducing the second King of Italy to assume the title of Humbert the *First*." But, though his abandonment of his republican prejudices was complete and final, he none the less steadfastly resisted Cavour's short-sighted demand for the immediate annexation of Sicily: a demand which, had it been yielded to, would have prevented Garibaldi crossing the Straits of Messina and indefinitely postponed the liberation of Central and Southern Italy. The debt of gratitude which his native Sicily owes him is well nigh as heavy as the debt which she owes to Garibaldi.

Of his subsequent conduct in Naples hard things have been said. Mr. Trevelyan, in his "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy" does not hesitate to characterise his opposition to the plebiscite as "essentially factious"; but there is much to be said in defence of the motives of that opposition. Crispi had practised as an *avvocato* in Naples, and he knew the Neapolitan character; he can, therefore, hardly have failed to foresee the evils which must follow "the rigid and mechanical application of the Piedmontese laws and administrative system to a state of society very different from that of the sub-Alpine populations"; and he, no doubt, felt that the conditions of annexation should be carefully considered. Moreover, he profoundly distrusted Cavour, and, in view of the facts disclosed by the documents before us, we do not see how he could have done otherwise. There was a time when Sir James Hudson and Lord John Russell doubted whether Cavour would "run straight."

If, in the first volume, we see Crispi as conspirator and revolutionist, in the second we see him as diplomatist and statesman, labouring to build up the nation he had helped to create. This task he accomplished mainly through the instrumentality of the Triple Alliance. From the hour of her birth, United Italy was endangered by the hostility of France and, in a lesser degree, by that of Austria. Even after Rome had become the Italian capital, France, though now reduced to a state of impotence, "tolerated the new conditions without accepting them." For years a French man-of-war rode at anchor off Civitavecchia "as a permanent protest and sign of the protectorate France still pretended to exercise over the Holy See." The Republican Government had inherited the traditions of its imperial predecessor, and "instead of seeking to dispel ill-feeling and gain the friendship of the Italians, insulted us, scorned us, and threatened us, thus adding fuel to the fire of hostility."

In 1877, Crispi, now President of the Chamber, was sent on a confidential mission, nominally to open negotiations with the various European governments with regard to the status of Italian citizens abroad and of foreigners in Italy, but really "for the purpose of rendering the friendly relations between Germany and Italy more intimate," and of obtaining "a treaty of alliance which should represent the interests of both countries and provide for all contingencies." For the moment, all that he secured was a promise of "eventual alliance in case France should attack"; but he had established confidential relations with Bismarck, and, although the Triple Alliance was not actually concluded till 1882, his mission was fruitful of future gain to Italy.

Unfortunately, however, Crispi's domestic relations served as a handle for the malice of his enemies, and, in 1878, he fell from office with disastrous results. With regard to her foreign policy, Italy became "as changeable as a child at its play," and her consequent isolation subjected her to continual humiliations. At the Berlin Congress her interests

* "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi." Translated by Mary Prichard-Agnetti from the Documents collected and edited by Thomas Palamenghi-Crispi. Two Vols. 16s. net each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Letters and Recollections of Mazzini." By Mrs. Hamilton King. 5s. net. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

were ignored; the French occupied Tunis and England's invitation to intervene in Egypt was refused. Only after Crispi's return to Office, in 1887, did things change for the better. In April, he became Minister of the Interior in the Depretis Cabinet and, on Depretis' death, in the following July, succeeded him as President of the Council. Thenceforward, the foreign policy of Italy was in competent hands, and her interests were safeguarded with statesmanlike foresight. Had Crispi remained longer in power, the annexation of Tripoli would probably have become a *fait accompli* before the close of the last century. It is certain that, at different epochs, all the great Powers had recognized the superiority of Italian claims in that region: France in 1884 and 1888; Austro-Hungary in 1890, and England in the same year. In July, Lord Salisbury declared that "the interests of Europe demand this occupation that the Mediterranean may be prevented from becoming a French Lake. The only point to be further considered is whether the present moment be the best suited for putting this undertaking into execution.'

In the course of his various diplomatic missions, Crispi became acquainted with most of the leading statesmen of the day; and there are a hundred passages we should like to quote. It is curious to read of Lord Salisbury that "he belongs to the type of timid Englishmen," and of Leo XIII. that he was "entirely in the power of a handful of intriguers and agents of Cardinal Monaco's, 'that bumpkin with coarse boots and a cunning head-piece,' who intimidates the Pope with threats of the sufferings of hell." Our space is, however, limited, and we can only assure the reader that in these two bulky volumes there is not a single dull page from the first to the last. They are as interesting as they are instructive.

In his foreword to Mrs. Hamilton King's "Letters and Recollections of Mazzini" Mr. G. M. Trevelyan writes:

> "The little volume needs no apology. It is a peculiarly genuine, and personal record of the more intimate side of Mazzini's life during those sad latter years, when his cause was triumphing in the eyes of others, but not in his own; it contains some of his most characteristic letters and a description of his last imprisonment at Gaeta, and of his death at Pisa, by the women who witnessed those closing scenes. Comment of mine would be an impertinence, for it is not an argument but a record."

This is no doubt perfectly true; but we are frank to confess that it seems to us rather a record of the authoress's devotion to Mazzini than of any new facts which will be serviceable to the historian. Mrs. Hamilton King's letters are almost as numerous as those of her hero, and no mediæval nun, kneeling in adoration before the shrine of her patron saint, ever poured out her soul in words of stronger yearning:

> "I think of you when I pray, and when the sun shines; and I shall think of you when I die, and after that I shall see you. You have made God's ways clear to me through your voice. You have supported my faith, and kept me from despair so often; you do not know all you have done for my soul; and doubtless for many other souls whose blessing follows you through Eternity. May God bless you for ever, great Prophet and Martyr!"

So she wrote, in 1863, before she had even seen the object of her devotion, and, when at last she met him some nine months later, her marriage had, as she tells us, "in a manner placed a barrier between Mazzini and myself, only removed by his death." Almost speechless with admiration she "could only utter a few words of devotion and thankfulness"; but Mr. King was equal to the occasion, and "sustained the conversation," while his wife and Mazzini "gazed at one another." He had, we are informed, "a peculiar gift of being able to talk fluently about anything and to anyone without having the slightest acquaintance with either." We wish that we could have heard more of Mr. King. To live continually in an atmosphere of red-hot enthusiasm is an exhausting experience. Mr. King's occasional appearance is a relief.

The Salute.

After the painting by William van de Velde the younger. From "Individuality and Art" by Herbert E. A. Furst (*Macmillan*).

INDIVIDUALITY AND ART.*

One wants to praise Mr. Furst's fresh and fiery little book—but one must begin with some cold-blooded abuse of it. There are books which are vicious because they slip dangerous doctrines into the mind as smoothly and slyly as a conjuror. The special wickedness of this one is the ostentatious way it trumpets and flaunts a wholesome truism. Its base is the purest of platitudes—the honest axiom, agreeable to us all nowadays, that a picture, no less than a thunderstorm—or a field or a fountain pen or a battleship—is the one product of infinite forces, the logical link in a chain, a bright cross-section of an endless ray; and that Turner's hand (for instance) when it painted "The Fighting Temeraire" was being guided by the hands of dead masters and swayed by countless current forces and doing nothing more, *au fond*, than intercept the ray, catch it on a canvas, let it dapple it with bright stains: that "The Fighting Temeraire," in fact, like everything else in life, is only a precipitate of the past. Now this, of course, is a good and a sound Law, and one it is thoroughly salutary to realise: not, to be sure, because it affects the Turner in the least or alters its value by a ha'porth, but simply because it is itself a kind of kindling picture. Vividly projected, switched suddenly upon a page, it would make something as stirring as the "Temeraire" itself. And that, I feel pretty certain, was Mr. Furst's first fine intention. He would take this single canvas of Turner's and enumerate all the forces which converged there. Starting from the brilliant patch their meeting makes on that wall in Trafalgar Square, he would work out and out, through Space and through Time, along these pouring beams, breasting the stream of evolution, till he climbed to the last inscrutable source. He would stem, first of all, the purely technical tributaries, run up the pictorial pedigree: van de Velde, Claude Lorrain, Tassi, Paul Bril: testing his progress as he went by taking sample cross-sections, showing us those premature pictures—Claude's "Seaport" and van de Velde's cloudy naval "Salute"—which are really "The Temeraire" in embryo,

* "Individuality and Art." By Herbert E. A. Furst. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

the "Temeraire" some stages further back. Next, he would search out the plot in the chapters of accidents which brought Turner and his subject together on that ripe August evening near Greenwich, "with the summer sun setting astern of the flagship in the north-north-west." That would lead him far afield, through wars and inventions, steam-tugs, Acts of Parliament, and white-bait suppers. The queer chemistry of Turner's blood would follow the allotment of its constituents—so much to mother, grandmother, misty forebears—so much to "Puggy Booth's" taproom life. And the chemistry of his colours would come too, the endless causes which collected them; and the very shape of the two ships in the picture would have to be traced to their origins—back through Armadas, through endless reversed modulations, till it reached that aboriginal skin-coracle which was really their tightly-twisted blind bud. There would be nothing coldly scientific or destructive about this peeling away of cause after cause. It would be a thrilling progress, immensely romantic, immensely reassuring, pressing home, not the individual's impotence, but the royal consequence of his lightest deeds—and converting the "Temeraire," in particular, from an ornament hung on a hook to a focus for eternal forces—slung securely in the centre of a web of widening causes whose ultimate filaments are caught among the stars.

That is the book Mr. Furst meant to write, making us his companions on a happy pilgrimage. But as the main idea worked in his mind it began to ferment; and the fumes made him see blood. It is a way ideas have. Even the mildest text, if you tease it about, will begin to look like a battle-cry; sooner or later the placidest pilgrim begins to feel he is on a tremendous Crusade. So with Mr. Furst. Essentially, I am sure, the very sweetest and most charming of persons, he has chewed this genial proposal of his back and forth until he has worked himself into the belief that he is a ruthless iconoclast, an æsthetic Ishmael—oh, the very devil of a chap. He tears his argument to tatters to make missiles of; he uses the "Temeraire" as a red flag; he flourishes and jeers and pirouettes like a matador. You might think he would have found some difficulty in discovering an adversary—but your really keen crusader can always find an infidel. Mr. Furst imagines two. One is the gentle creature whom he dubs "the infatuated anti-materialist," mocking his "soulfully transcendental transports," and thrusting something he calls a "dissecting-knife" under his diffident nose. The other band is composed of us poor fools of hero-worshippers, the deluded creatures who offer up what he calls "tribute to the individual." He will expose our idols—show us that Turner was, not a master at all, but a servant—and that "The Fighting Temeraire" is "as much to his credit as the rotation of the earth on its axis." Unhappy human nature! The result, of course, will be realised. Inevitably, his anger spoils his aim, blurs his sight; inevitably, the moment he begins to use it for cut-and-thrust work that dissecting-knife of his loses its beautifully cold, clear, scientific edge. One instance. Carried coolly out to its logical end, this process of stripping away all the influences that formed him would in one sense destroy Turner altogether, but it would not in the least demolish his magnificence. He would become an ambassador, a symbol for vast powers—a kind of arbitrary hierolgyph, if you like, which we use to indicate the point of intersection of endless impersonal forces; but none the less to be worshipped—indeed all the more: for now when we bow the knee to him we are really paying homage, through their representative, to those universal powers. But it is just these obeisances that Mr. Furst has pledged himself to deride, and from this final dissolution of Turner the private party he is therefore compelled to shrink. He has got to keep a melancholy shred of him to fling contemptuously down among us hero-worshippers with a terrible "That's all your Turner truly was." And so we actually find him, dissecting-knife and all, engaged in the comically sentimental and anti-scientific task of dividing the honours between J.M.W.T. and the forces that produced him. He gives Turner credit for something he calls "instinct" and decides that we may properly praise him for "his manner of suppressing facts": failing utterly to see—or rather forced to avoid seeing—that these "instincts," these "suppressions," are just as much a mere inheritance as his borrowed tricks or traceable knowledge.

But there! To hit a man violently, without warning or excuse, is, after all, one way of making him see stars; and regarded as dephlegmatising influence—not as a work of science, that is, but as a piece of art—the value of Mr. Furst's outburst is real. There are touches of real strength in it, too, touches even of beauty, phrases of fire; these ought not to be forgotten. And humanly one of the main results of our irritated denial of the heresy of his notion, our eager assertion that we are every bit as unconventional and ruthless as he is, and more so—is to make us immensely zealous supporters of his idea. Which, no doubt, is exactly what Mr. Furst most desires.

DIXON SCOTT.

STIRRING TIMES.*

Although the first eighteen years of her existence were spent in something of the solitary dignity of the great House on the West Indian island of Nevis, yet that the times of Julia France were really stirring times is abundantly proved before the reader reaches the close of this really fascinating study of modern life. We are too ready to assume that stirring times belong to some period that looms heroic through the distorting mist of history, or to the dateless days of old romance, but here, by one of the keenest and clearest intellects expressing themselves in fiction, we may recognise that we have been living, are still living, in stirring times, for the time of Julia France is the time of many who will delightedly read her story and who are resentful of the fact that they are coming to be regarded as middle aged! It is, indeed, a remarkably clever study of present day life that Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has given us, especially clever in its presentation of women, it may be said, for she is least genial in her selection of masculine types. There may be degenerates of a maniacal tendency, such as Harold France, in the families of our old aristocracy, there may be newly rich men of the city as objectionable as James William Jones, who marries the daughter of an impoverished peer that he may get into Society, but somehow the reader feels that the author has chosen more exaggerated types of men than she has of women in developing the thesis which she has selected. That her characters, engaging or repellent, are presented with a kind of remorseless faithfulness is only what Mrs. Atherton has taught us to expect in her novels. Julia herself is introduced to us as an innocent child who has been brought up on the island of Nevis by a domineering old mother who, guided by astrology, has learned as she thinks exactly what the girl's fate is to be. Thus when Lieutenant France, presumptive heir to a dukedom, appears and is at once impressed with Julia, Mrs. Edis loses no time in bringing about the fulfilment of the first stage of the girl's foretold progress to greatness. There is a hurried marriage; France goes off with his ship and Julia is sent to the care of a worldly aunt in London to await the husband of whom she knows but little, and whom she likes not at all. France is a man of over forty, a roué, a gambler, a drinker, and—to the observant—with hints of the coming event of insanity. In London, and at the Duke of Kingsborough's castle, Julia developes rapidly; circumstances seem to work towards her taking her place as wife of the heir to a dukedom—and had the heir been a shade better that might have been her fate—instead, however, she awakens, or is rudely awakened, to a sense of her position, and at length while agreeing—for a friend's sake—to appear as France's wife, to continue living in his house, she only does so with a pistol ever within reach. The pistol scene is a trifle theatrical, and yet, given the characters concerned, and the situation that has arisen, it is not unreally so.

* "Julia France and Her Times: A Novel." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Murray.)

The times of Julia France bring us up to the Suffragette demonstrations of recent years, and the heroine—victim of a mother's ambition, of a man's selfishness and pride and of effete laws—bears a very prominent part in the movement. Whether as an innocent child, an avidly learning woman, as leader in a great cause, as friend, or as lover she is always possessed of an irresistible charm, and long and bitter as is the road she travels from the hasty marriage in Nevis, the reader would have felt something of a hurt if Mrs. Atherton had not taken her story to a more or less conventionally happy ending. But if Julia France fascinates us—as she fascinated people as widely different as Harold France, Nigel Herbert and Dan Tay—it is not only by the story, but by her thoughtful and illuminating treatment of some of the serious problems of modern life that the author at once attracts and holds us. The novel is indeed a big piece of work, one that may incidentally be commended to the thoughtful consideration of all Anti-Suffragists, as well as Suffragists, though some of the latter may think that Julia should not have accepted happiness with one out of sympathy with her cause, but in making her do so the author has only subtly stressed the fact that woman would be not less a woman for being a better citizen. The story of Julia France is a book that deserves to rank with the best works of fiction of the day, one that can be but inadequately discussed in a short review.

WALTER JERROLD.

CHARLES LAMB.*

"'Elia' did not reach a second edition in Lamb's lifetime," Mr. E. V. Lucas reminds us in this latest, amplest and most satisfying edition of Elia's works—"that is to say, during a period of twelve years—although the editions into which it has passed between his death and the present day are legion." In his lifetime, Lamb was overshadowed and rather patronised by many of his friends; Southey, for example, would have scouted the bare suggestion that a day could ever come when Elia as a personality or as an author would rank above himself; but ever since he passed out of life Lamb's popularity as an author has been surely and steadily increasing and his unique and delightful personality has been growing upon us until at length we know him more intimately, have a vivider idea of him, and are probably more really interested in him than in any of his great contemporaries. He is alive to us as Johnson is, and as Coleridge and Wordsworth are not; and this is because he was not only so quaint and lovable and utterly human a creature in himself that there is a perennial pleasure in reading whatever of fact anyone has to tell us about him, but because he has in the most literal sense put himself into everything he has written. His essays are not merely an utterance of his individual opinions and idiosyncrasies; he puts into them also sketches and stories of his relatives and friends; fashions them out of recollections of his childhood and youth, out of the joys and sorrows and odd events of his past, and the casual, everyday incidents of his present. George Dyer calls to see him, and going away walks short-sightedly into the New River, and one of his most whimsical essays grows out of that; a friend goes abroad, and you have "Distant Correspondents"; he recovers from an illness and writes "The Convalescent"; he is pensioned off from the India House and one of the best of his papers, "The Superannuated Man," is the result. If nobody had told us a word about him we could have gathered all the necessary material for a full biography from his essays and letters.

Johnson has a life apart from his writings, but the best life of Lamb is bound up with what he wrote, and yet to know him perfectly you must read, too, the anecdotes and odds and ends of information about him that many others have added to what he has told us of himself. And he has never had a more painstaking, more conscientious, more understanding editor than Mr. E. V. Lucas. Mr. Lucas's edition of Lamb's works originally appeared in seven more expensive volumes, and is now re-issued in six at five shillings each. This new issue has been "revised and amended and arranged in more companionable shape. Some new matter is included; some doubtful matter has been removed; and the notes, although occasionally enriched, have been reduced in number and often condensed." These copious, concise notes at the end of each book make an ideal concordance; they are a biographical dictionary of all the people Lamb refers to; some of them are essays in little on the underlying truths that Lamb has handled fantastically in several of his dissertations; all of them are interesting and essential for they do add something to our knowledge of Lamb, or his circle, or the world that he lived in. This cheaper edition, too, has the advantage of being the right size for the pocket; it is well printed, very tastefully bound and each volume has a frontispiece portrait. Three volumes are now ready, and when the sixth is out one has a pious hope that Messrs. Methuen may be moved to round off their enterprise with a re-issue of Mr. Lucas's admirable "Life of of Lamb" in the same cheap and attractive form.

S. J.

* "The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb." Edited by E. V. Lucas. Vol. I.: Miscellaneous Prose. Vol. II.: Essays and Last Essays of Elia. Vol. III.: Children's Books. 5s. net each. (Methuen.)

"HUMAN, WARIOUS."

It is very pleasant to find Mr. Balfour among the optimists, but we doubt if he was quite justified in describing modern fiction as gloomy and deeply tinged with pessimism. Such a description certainly applies to many new novels, as it applied to many old ones, and will apply to many yet to be written, until the world becomes perfect and to-morrow is no longer unsure. It is profitable for us that even in our fiction we should look upon life as it is, and not too complacently close our eyes on all but the sunny side of it. All our most popular novelists—those who sell by the hundred thousand—are unfailingly optimistic and see to it that virtue invariably triumphs and the end is a happy one, and for the rest—you could count the pessimists among them on the fingers of your two hands, but the optimists are too numerous to be so readily numbered.

Apart from other considerations, it is not good for a man to go through life ignoring everything that may trouble him and make him sad. You have the evil effects of such a selfish course of living admirably illustrated both in "In Cotton Wool,"[1] and in "Blinds Down."[2] Mr. W. B. Maxwell presents you in Leonard Calcraft with a man who is, at the outset, despite his little vanities, a charming and likeable personality. He is a strong, healthy, handsome, nearly middle-aged idler, taking infinite care of himself, sensitively shrinking from the ugly facts of existence and whatever might endanger his comfort or disturb his emotions, devotedly attached to his invalid father, walking daily by the side of his bath-chair up and down the parade of a little seaside town, highly respected, looked to for advice by men younger and older than himself, popular with the ladies, but averse from the responsibilities of marriage, anxious to stand well in everybody's opinions, but secretly thankful that the pleadings of his father enable him to pose as a dutiful, self-sacrificing son when he refrains from rejoining the Yeomanry and going out to the Boer War. He is a wonderful blend of the conventional gentleman and the absolute cad. Mr. Maxwell draws him mercilessly, with insight and a subtle skill in psychology that go far to make this the most brilliant of his books. Lenny sacrifices even the woman he loves to his own comfort and selfish pleasure; on the eve of marriage with a rich, infatuated young widow, he runs away, fearing that marriage and a change of habits at his time of life may be unwise and dangerous to his health, and in the end, for all his watchful care of himself and his avoidance of the stony

[1] "In Cotton Wool." By W. B. Maxwell. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
[2] "Blinds Down." By H. A. Vachell. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

ways of the world he degenerates into a condition that is tragically pitiful. The art of this story and the tonic quality of its philosophy are finer and more moral things than any mere short-sighted cheerfulness.

Mr. H. A. Vachell reads you a similar lesson in "Blinds Down." His sketches of mid-Victorian life and character are very subtly and delicately finished work. Here it is two elderly spinsters, the Misses Mauleverer, who live wrapped in cotton wool, so resolute to see nothing evil or nasty around them that they always keep the blinds down over their southern windows that overlook Hog Lane, the slummy corner of their country town. They have the upbringing of their half-sister, Rosetta, a lively, pretty girl much younger than themselves, who finds their narrow outlook and prim conventions sometimes amusing and nearly always irksome, but because she loves them, obeys them, with occasional revolts. They will not discuss nor allow her to discuss any but the most decent, agreeable topics of human concern; they try to close her eyes as they close their own against whatever might shock or offend them; and what is the outcome of this scrupulous turning away from all but pleasant truths? Loving Rosetta passionately as they do, they nevertheless make wreck and ruin of her life, and a day comes when she returns to them, and, to keep them from leading her daughter into a loveless but highly respectable marriage, tells them plainly how, having kept her in ignorance of the hard facts, the sorrows and dangers of existence, they had sent her out into a world where those hard facts and sorrows and dangers had to be faced and her ignorance was no protection to her, and that if in her training they had thought more of large realities and less of petty proprieties she might have been happy now instead of miserable. Before you decide that literature should be always cheerful, you would do well to look around you a little, and to read these books.

Which is not to deny that one may be both cheerful and truthful. Mrs. Wemyss achieves that unity in "A Lost Interest"[1]—a cleverly developed witty comedy that runs lightly now and then along the edge of tragedy, but never slips over. Violet Egerton, a charming young married lady, almost as winsomely innocent as Mr. Vachell's Rosetta, attracts the admiration of a personable, middle-aged Cabinet Minister. He contrives to dispatch her husband on a lengthy foreign mission, and in his absence sets himself to enliven the loneliness of little Mrs. Egerton. He is a born philanderer. So long as she shrinks from him, half-afraid, he is keen in the pursuit, but as soon as she is glad to see him and begins to find pleasure in his company he loses interest in her. His interest thus revives, slackens and revives again, and at last it is only the intervention of the kindly, worldly-wise old Lady Blatherwaite that, covering the complacent Minister with ridicule, snatches the flattered, fluttered little wife back into safety in time. It is a capital story, punctuated with good epigrams and alive with shrewd comments on modern society.

This problem of the wife and the other man is dealt with in widely differing and more sombre ways in "Between Two Stools,"[2] in "Wings of Desire," and in "The Dewpond." In these cases the trouble arises not from the mere absence of the husband, but because the wife has ceased to love him. Miss Rhoda Broughton handles the theme with a freshness and vigor that are amazing when you look back on her long record of achievement and note the date of her first book. One does not hesitate to place this as the best of her many novels; the style is easy, concise, interesting, and the characterisation clear-cut and true, and the story of the patient wife, mated to a man who has for ten years been paralysed and has, by his harshness and brutalities of speech, worn down her compassion and forfeited her affection; watched by a precocious daughter and fearful of being betrayed by her; drifting into love with her husband's close friend, whom she had disliked until after her husband perversely compelled her to tolerate him—all this is unfolded with sympathetic understanding and a ripe narrative skill. Both she and the man are too inherently honourable to do more than own their love of each other, and to feel secretly ashamed of the knowledge that they are waiting wearyingly for her husband to die. For his own sake she even sends her lover away from her, at length, and nearly drives him into marrying one of the least sophisticated, most oddly charming girls we have met in recent fiction, but fate is kinder to them after all than they had intended to be to themselves.

There is a good rascally romance of a hidden treasure hunt in "Wings of Desire,"[3] but this only serves to lend a little additional colour and a spice of adventure to a story whose main interest gathers about Sara Bellew, her extraordinary father, her emancipated sister, her husband, Archer, the great novelist, and Captain Billy Knivett, the quiet, large-minded man who understands her and loves her, keeps a doggedly faithful guardianship over her, and is always ready to spend himself in her service. She has all her life been in subservience, first to her father, a genial, eccentric domestic tyrant, and now to both him and her husband, for he shares their household; and she is fretting with all the modern woman's impatience of restraint, reaching out vainly after freedom and a larger life. She had been ambitious of a musical career, but marriage has put a stop to that; she has no children; and her husband has so often given her cause for jealousy that she has grown indifferent to him. A bitter resentment against woman's being "bound by the tyranny of bygone centuries to the vile service of sex" sounds intermittently through this poignantly human story, that lays bare the weaknesses of mankind and of womankind frankly, but with a right artistic reticence of phrase and keen imaginative sympathy.

Once again in "The Dewpond"[4] there is the woman unhappily married and meeting when it is too late the man who should have been her husband, but the story is so entirely different in method, in style, in its types of character, that it is as utterly unlike the other three that revolve round this central idea as any story well could be. The wife here might have lived resignedly in decorous respectability to the end of her days, but for one casual, petulant act of hers that chanced to have an unseen witness. Out of this trivial incident Mr. Charles Marriott ingeniously, plausibly, draws a chain of little happenings which links on naturally at last to his final catastrophe—if catastrophe that can be called which makes two people happy and leaves the third too priggishly self-centred to be really miserable. Its very slightness is part of the plot's cleverness; you are interested in the book mainly because its varied characters are in themselves abundantly interesting, and because it is written with delightfully deft touches of fancy, and an airy, slightly cynical humour.

But if, like Mr. Balfour, you prefer novels that will cheer you, you cannot do better than get "The Family Living,"[5] "A Bachelor's Comedy,"[6] and "The Inviolable Sanctuary."[7] The two first are concerned with clerical life, and the third is written by a clergyman. Mr. Lacon Watson's humour has a saturnine streak in it and sharpens now and then into satire, but it is as urbane as it is shrewd. The follies of mankind do not exasperate him—they amuse him, and though he shoots them smartly as they fly his arrows are not poisoned. He knows the life of the country parson and the schoolmaster from the inside, and he traces his irresolute, self-distrustful hero, Algernon Ridley, through those careers with realistic forcefulness and a quiet whimsicality that is delightfully entertaining. Algernon asserts

[1] "A Lost Interest." By Mrs. George Wemyss. 6s. (Constable.)

[2] "Between Two Stools." By Rhoda Broughton. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

[3] "Wings of Desire." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (John Lane.)

[4] "The Dewpond." By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

[5] "The Family Living." By E. H. Lacon Watson. 6s. (John Murray.)

[6] "A Bachelor's Comedy." By E. H. Buckrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

[7] "The Inviolable Sanctuary." By George A. Birmingham. 2s. net. (Nelson.)

himself sufficiently to have a love affair of his own, and to get splashed by a scandal; and on the death of his father he thankfully throws over the family living and goes seeking adventure abroad, but the pull of early associations lures him back, and after all he not only succeeds to his father's vicarage, but marries the very girl his father had chosen for him.

Mrs. Buckrose's bachelor is a young vicar of a country parish, who suffers under the name of Andrew, because when people get friendly with him they have an instinctive aptness to wound his dignity by calling him Andy. His comedy is the best of good fun, played out amongst a motley collection of quaint parishioners, and gradually taking into its scope a very pretty love affair, that has its moments of anxiety and hints of heartbreak, but is more often in the sun than the shadow, and has never a memory of any shadow left upon it at the close.

The spirit of comedy presides over Mr. George A. Birmingham's pages also, and makes occasional excursions into the realm of farce. A runaway honeymoon couple, hiding among some small islands in remote wilds of Ireland, are suspected of being German spies. It was a little unkind of Mr. Birmingham to make the bridegroom, a clergyman, such a laughable nincompoop; but Priscilla would make amends for more than that. Priscilla is not the bride; she is a fascinating, tomboyish flapper, who looks after her cousin Frank Mannix, a self-important public schoolboy, when he comes north on a holiday, and soon snubs and crushes all the starchy pride out of him and reduces him to a state of almost primeval savagery. Boating among the islands, they sight the tent of the honeymoon couple, put them down at once as German spies and proceed to dog them, and keep a troublesome watch upon them; till the bride's father coming in pursuit is the guest of Priscilla's parent, and directly she learns the truth her sympathies go out to the fugitives—she constitutes herself their protector with the result that she considerably increases their discomforts in her anxiety for their safety, but shapes their fortunes to a highly satisfactory finish all the same. Its breezy, rollicking, irresponsible humour is simply irresistible. If it is a cheerful book you are after, here it certainly is; there is nothing serious anywhere about it except its title, and even that is not serious when you know what it means.

Richard Nash, Master of the Ceremonies at Bath and Tunbridge Wells.
From "Society at Tunbridge Wells" by Lewis Melville (Eveleigh Nash).

GHOSTS OF THE WELLS.*

This book should have been got up in dainty form for the pocket of those who to-day seek the salubrious air of Tunbridge Wells, where they can be far from the madding crowd and recall the memories of the past as well as satisfy the soul with the vision of the blue distances. The author does not stay to enlarge on the picturesque in landscape; but he has provided us with a book that is something to dip into at one's leisure, and is as companionable as it is essentially unpretentious. He repeats himself, as gossips have a way of doing, but his repetitions are not of the nature of the things to be resented.

With its three hundred years of history, Tunbridge Wells provides a splendid topic for the gossip; but apart from the pages of Thackeray and Meredith, old rhymes, old letters and memoirs, Mr. Melville is on virtually new ground. He has been anticipated by only two historians—Thomas Benge Burr, in 1766, and Paul Amsinck, in 1810. The references in Waller and Congreve are not particularly important, though they are not forgotten.

The Royal patronage of the place, by Henrietta Maria and Catherine of Braganza, was, perhaps, more useful than particularly interesting. One is much more attracted by the stories of Richard Cumberland and Beau Nash, of both of whom Mr. Melville finds much to say and says it well. Gramont (or should we not say Gramont's brother-in-law?) provides the first description of the Wells, which the Duc de Cominges declared should be called "The Wells of Scandal." Defoe, to whom Mr. Melville is specially indebted, entered a warm defence of the ladies in this connection. He found the men much more to blame than the fair sex; and if, as Mr. Melville says, in the century in which the Wells enjoyed its greatest period of prosperity, "gallantry flourished in inverse ratio to athletics," this may possibly placate some of the critics of our contemporary wicket and goal, especially when it is remembered how the gallantry was accompanied by reckless gaming.

Mr. Melville has drawn largely on the correspondence of Lady Jane Coke, Mrs. "Bluestocking" Montagu, Dr. Arbuthnot, John Gay, Gilbert West, Samuel Richardson, and the autobiographies of Madame D'Arblay and Richard Cumberland. One of the best of his liberal supply of anecdotes is about Nash and the equally autocratic Sarah Jennings. There is a very interesting passage about the early residents moving their houses about from one spot to another. This sounds rather like an anticipation of transatlantic enterprise; and even when we gather that the houses in question were built on wheels or sledges, we are not altogether disappointed of a modern parallel, because the object in view was to evade taxation.

In taking us down to the Wells, Mr. Melville devotes some space to the touting for custom by

* "Society at Royal Tunbridge Wells in the Eighteenth Century—and After." By Lewis Melville. Illustrated from rare prints and portraits in the collection of A. M. Broadley. 10s. 6d. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

tradesmen who met the travellers en route. This practice was in force on the Epsom as well as on the Tunbridge road. There are some doggerel verses, of which the following lines form a part :

"Now this, please your *Honour*, is what we call *Tooting*,
A Trick in your Custom to get the first Footing."

These lines suggest a dreadful thought about a certain Scottish custom. But this by the way. Mr. Melville seems to think that the suburb of Tooting derived its name from the practice alluded to by his rhymester. But Tooting is described in the Domesday Book as "Totinges," and in olden times a family resident there were known as the Totingas. Among other gossipy notes one may include the references to the way in which Dissent seems to have settled in Tunbridge in advance of the Establishment, which leads Mr. Melville to remark, when writing about the three hills in the vicinity of the Wells, that the third hill was called Mount Pleasant "perhaps to emphasise the fact that it had no connection with Dissent." Another point in passing may be mentioned: Defoe's statement that at the Wells "few drink physically," meaning medicinally.

In a sense Tunbridge Wells has had its day, together with Epsom and Bath; but it will always have its admirers—(unless in time a coal seam is discovered there), and Mr. Melville's most readable volume will surely add to their number.

W. F. A.

RUTHERFORD AND SON.*

"Rutherford and Son" is an impressive play made out of an evening and morning in the life of a north country manufacturer's family. Old Rutherford, owner of the works, gave his son John a year at Harrow to make him a gentleman, but John, like his elder sister Janet and elder brother Dick, the parson, is a repressed, sullen rebel against his father. John has made a discovery which will save the business from decline, but he refuses to give it up without a price, not seeing the necessity of putting everything into "Rutherford's." He has been a failure himself, marrying "common," and forced to come and live at home with his wife and baby. Dick, the parson, has decided to give up the parish because he can do nothing with a population which is entirely under his tyrannical father and the ideal of "Rutherford's." Janet is getting on for forty, and endures life because she has a love affair with Rutherford's right-hand man, a workman named Martin. Martin is John's confidant in his discovery. Old Rutherford hears the story of Janet and Martin just after a row with John over the giving up of the discovery. He sends for Martin, who is so overcome by the power of Rutherford and "Rutherford's" and perhaps by a fear that he is suspected with Janet, that he gives up the secret of the process, or promises to on the following morning. In the morning Martin gives up the secret and is dismissed for his pains. Martin dismissed, the old man sends for Janet, and, betraying her into a confession, tells her she must go next day and never come back. John is wild at Martin's unfaithfulness, and goes off with all he can find in his father's till, leaving his wife and child to follow when he has made a position for himself. Martin and Janet, and, perhaps, a baby, have to be off to begin life away from "Rutherford's." John's wife has little reason to expect John to do any good, so she makes a bargain with Rutherford :

"You're alone now and getting old, with no one to come after you. When you die Rutherford's will be sold—somebody 'll buy it and give it a new name perhaps, and no one will ever remember that you made it. That'll be the end of all your work. Just—nothing. You've thought of that. I've seen you thinking of it as I've sat by and watched you. . . . From you I can get what I want for my boy. . . . I want to undo the wrong we've done him, John and I. . . . You can give me all this—you've got the power. Right or wrong, you've got the power. . . . That's the bargain. Give me what I ask, and in return I'll give you him."

The child also is to become part of "Rutherford's." Old Rutherford is satisfied. As for the wife :

"And there'll be a woman" she says slowly, "living in the house, year after year, with the fells closed round her. She'll sit and sew at the window, see the furnace flare in the dark; lock up, and give you the keys at night."

Rarely does the author allow herself so much explicit poetry. It is a bleak, northern play, almost saved from sordidness by its bleakness, and so simple and free from waste and exaggeration as to attain on the whole, as well as in many of the parts, a lyrical intensity—a lyrical intensity equal to that of Mr. Edward Garnett's "Breaking Point," but co-operating with a greater depth and richness.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Rutherford and Son": A Play in Three Acts. By Githa Sowerby. 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Novel Notes.

QUEEN OF THE GUARDED MOUNTS. By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The French Revolution has furnished matter for many romances, but rarely for one of more stirring and varied interest or more charm than fill the romance that is unfolded in the pages of "Queen of the Guarded Mounts." Mr. John Oxenham has not taken the usual ways of giving you pictures of the lurid doings in and around Paris during the reign of the Terror; he introduces you to a little party of fugitive aristocrats who come over to England and are drawn to finding a haven of refuge on St. Michael's Mount off the Cornish coast because of its resemblance to Mont St. Michel on the shore of Brittany, where their ancestral home had been. This little party consists of the Marquis de St. Aubin, his daughter Renée and his son Michel, and it is not long before the chief interest of the story centres on the delightful Renée. The Marquis and his son return to Brittany to play leading parts in a rising for the restoration of the Bourbons, and mainly through the mean duplicity and weakness of their exiled king all their loyal efforts are frustrated, and when their followers are in hiding and they in prison in that Mont St. Michel that had formerly been their home, Renée and certain of her English friends follow them out to Brittany in the hope of rescuing them. Meanwhile, on the English St. Michael's Mount, where she and her father and brother had won the hearts alike of the rugged fisher folk and the admirable little great persons of the village, Renée herself had found two lovers, who prove the manliest and most generous of men in their rivalry. The sketches of Cornish fishermen and Breton peasantry are very vividly realised, and we meet among these people many sturdily likeable and quaintly humorous personalities. The characterisation throughout is, indeed, excellent; the story bristles with adventure and dramatic incident, and is cunningly threaded with one of the most glamorously interesting of love idylls. The descriptions of the country round about the two Mounts are minutely and graphically picturesque, and the sixteen photographic illustrations add to the attractiveness of the book. "Queen of the Guarded Mounts" is a fresh and cleverly written novel that will enhance Mr. Oxenham's reputation with the general reader and is certain to enjoy as lasting a local popularity in the neighbourhoods of the French and English Mounts as "Lorna Doone" does in the Doone country.

Photo by Lawson Taylor.

Mr. W. Hope Hodgson.

THE NIGHT LAND. By W. Hope Hodgson. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

You may say that in "The Night Land" Mr. Hope Hodgson's reach exceeds his grasp, that his story in some of its details is obscure and difficult to follow, that he tells it in a quaint, archaic language that does not make for easy reading, but at least you cannot say he has not aimed at doing a big thing. He has set himself to unfold a love tale that is not bounded by the limits of a lifetime, but continues and is renewed again at last in a strange dream-life after many centuries. His hero is a man of two hundred years ago who loses the woman he loves not long after she is married to him; in utter grief and despair all his thoughts go yearning after her—they carry him far on down the ages yet to be, and he seeks her and cries out for her through new and newer phases of existence until, at length, in a miraculous trance state he finds himself at the close of some million of years living in the latter days of the world when the powers of evil have grown so potent, so aggressive, so almost all-conquering that the survivors of the human race are gathered for self-defence into one enormous pyramid, building their city tier above tier within it, and on every hand all around this Last Redoubt stretches the Night Land, inhabited by primeval, material giants and loathsome monsters and sinister, dreadful immaterial things of the spirit world that have power over the souls of mortals. Here, in this place of refuge, that man of two hundred years ago is continually sending his eager thoughts out across the grim wastes of the Night Land in search of the woman he had loved and lost; and a time comes when out of the vast and unknown darkness her thoughts answer him, and after some broken fashion they are able to communicate with each other. Suddenly this communication fails; he tries in vain to renew it; and fearful that she may have set out across that fiend-haunted dayless wilderness to find him, he takes all due precautions, arms and fits himself for his enterprise, quits the shelter of the Pyramid and begins to make his way in the direction whence he believes she may be coming. From this point onwards the story grows rapidly in power and interest. Whatever Mr. Hodgson lacks it is not imagination, and his description of that fearsome journey by trackless ways and through perils undreamt of before, and of the meeting of those two lovers, and the adventures, by turns grim, terrible, charmingly idyllic, through which they passed together give him scope for painting some of the most eerie, wildly horrible and pleasantly dainty pictures that have ever come from his pen. We shall not attempt to give any full outline of Mr. Hodgson's romance; it runs to nearly six hundred pages and is crowded with incident and alive with inner significances and undercurrents of meaning. You may read it as a cloudy and elusive allegory, if you have a liking for that form of literature, but in its allegorical aspect it is not simple enough, it needs too much explaining, and you will do better perhaps to read it simply as a daringly imaginative love story, and as such you will find it a very original and sufficiently remarkable book.

THE GOLIGHTLYS: FATHER AND SON. By Laurence North. 6s. (Secker.)

"The Golightlys" is a brilliant and a disappointing book, which could only have been written by a singularly able man. It is witty, it is in many ways profoundly true, and it is certainly a book that is capable of giving very keen enjoyment to all who care for good things. The character of Potiphar Golightly stands out clear as a cameo, seen unerringly by a mind that is both penetrating and rich in experience; and there is here to be gathered, more surely than has been possible in stories which have more steadfastly laboured to present it, a distinct impression of the journalistic world. Through the intrigues that provide the main interest, one may catch little gleams of personal histories, which fall into their due place, and give the book a great air of real doings and comprehensive knowledge. There are vivid and unusual pictures of undergraduate life at Oxford; the impressions one gets of every person in the story are unhesitating, full of suggestion and knowledge; and the book is, in the highest sense, entertaining. But it lacks momentum. It is Thackerayan in this as in other respects, indescribably scattered, so that although one actually perceives the design, and appreciates the subtlety of the mind that could so deliberately project a story which just catches these various lives at the point of contact, one's final impression is of the author's capacity. It is the supreme test of a novel that the author's ability should not be apparent.

IN THE VORTEX. By Clive Holland. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Take a young artist of Puritan upbringing and somewhat plastic character, shake him up, and put him in Montmartre—the capital of Bohemia—and what will happen? Pretty much, we imagine, what happens in "In the Vortex." He will be shocked at first, but afterwards his conduct will lack the restraint of even his more level-headed and worldly-wise companions. This is the case with Elbert Glynn, who finds the contrast between Primrose, Pennsylvania, and Paris too much for his stability. He deceives his mother with stories of his brilliant success, consumes a large quantity of absinthe, and gets entangled with his model, Jeanette. As it happens, the last of his faults turns out to be the making of him, for Jeanette's love is perfectly sincere, and it outlasts some very trying experiences. To tell the truth, the attractive model is far too good for Glynn, who is rather a backboneless person and may be accounted singularly lucky in his love affair. Mr. Clive Holland knows his Bohemia very thoroughly, and he contrives to put a good deal of its glitter and fascination into this long and entirely readable book, which is particularly noteworthy for numerous excellent studies of character. "In the Vortex" is a clever and very likeable piece of work, and well deserves the popularity which is certain to come to it.

THE FEN DOGS. By Stephen Foreman. 6s. (John Long.)

It is a surprising thing, when one thinks of it, that the period of the Peninsular War has been so little used by our novelists. For in its singular mixture of chivalry and savagery, there has been no historical drama since to equal it. The sound instinct which has led Mr. Stephen Foreman to this subject in "The Fen Dogs," has resulted in a tale of very unusual interest and undoubted ability. The Fen Dogs are two Lincolnshire soldiers, who deserted from Moore's army during the retreat on Corunna. The one recovered his manhood and rejoined his comrades, and found on his return to England that his baser brother-in-arms had betrayed the girl who had inspired his own resolution. An exciting story centres round the deterioration of the deserter, over whom a cloud of suspicion begins to gather, and who, from moral weakness, is ultimately led to murder. Condemned to death, the murderer makes use of an ancient statute and claims his right to trial by combat, a challenge eagerly accepted by his erstwhile comrade. We have said enough to show that the plot proceeds on novel and enthralling lines. It is only fair to add that it is well-managed to the last, and that the characterisation is no whit inferior to the management of the plot. It is a pleasure to say that the book is one of the best-planned and most skilfully wrought books of the season.

VIEWS AND VAGABONDS. By R. Macaulay. 6s. (Murray.)

Nearly all the qualities that go to make a successful novel are to be found in this book. The writing is uniformly of a very high standard, and there is abundance of shrewd wit, natural dialogue, and faithful characterisation. And yet it may be doubted if the book be entirely successful in its subtle and somewhat ambitious intention, to wit, a mordant satire of idealism. Benjie Bunter, after a brilliant degree at Cambridge, threw in his lot with the "working classes," setting up first as a blacksmith and then as a carpenter. As no half-measures ever sufficed for the unhumorous Benjie, he married Louie Robinson, a mill hand, whose brother 'Arry was a weak-chested spouter of socialism. In the end, Benjie is dragged down to the drab level of the Robinson family, supporting by his industry a tribe of somewhat disreputable relatives, including his new-found father, Captain Prittie, an ancient and thirsty mariner. A second group of characters is drawn from Benjie's aristocratic relatives on his mother's side, who represent the matter-of-fact point of view, with the exception of a couple of amateur idealists who stop short of Benjie's thoroughness. But the real contrast to Benjie, the man of views. is supplied by Betty and Tommy Crevequer, two joyous vagabonds who have no philosophy beyond gathering rosebuds while they may. Neither the idealists nor the vagabonds are very convincing, the latter, particularly, suggesting Dickensian exaggeration. Miss Macaulay's gifts are seen to much better advantage in her brilliant handling of the minor characters, such as the entirely fatuous Lady Lettice, and the pathetic figure of the unsatisfied Louie, and her unspeakably common parents. It is a clever book a little over-laboured.

THE CITY OF LIGHT. By W. L. George. 6s. (Constable.)

There is a fresh spontaneity about this tale of French family life which successfully invests an old theme with new interest. Mr. George's plot is simplicity itself. He takes two typical middle-class Parisian families, and shows us to what lengths parental authority can be exerted in order to discourage or encourage, as the case may be, a match between the respective son and daughter. As the Bernay parents are not more than mildly acquiescent in the love of their daughter Suzanne for Henri Duvernoy, it is, of course, necessary for the purposes of the story that Henri should be a faint-hearted lover, fearful to marry against his parent's wishes a girl who has not an adequate *dot*. And so we watch with something almost of satisfaction the various forms of tyrannous pressure that are put upon Henri—all, be it said, with the best intentions—till at last even he is driven into rebellion, and goes boldly to claim the patient girl who has so long waited for him. Mr. George has considerable facility in the delineation of character. His people are living individuals, each with a distinct personality of his own, and they are handled by him with no little literary skill. It is obvious in every page that Mr. George has an intimate acquaintance with the life he is describing, and, in fact, one can detect at times a phrase or two which indicate that the author was thinking in French rather than in English when he was writing this story.

THE COMMON TOUCH. By Austin Philips. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.).

Mr. Austin Philips is now fairly well known as a writer of short stories, and in this, his first novel, he displays an uncommon amount of talent for the larger and different kind of work. Not only is the tale well told and illustrated with quite a remarkable gift for swift and brilliant character study, but it is inspired by an idea, fiercely and passionately expressed, which will kindle the sympathies of a large body of the public. Mr. Philips stands up savagely for the so-called Philistines, against the school of advanced thought once led by Grant Allen, but now directed by a novelist of high genius and a playwright of satirical wit. With a fine skill in staging his dramatic exposure of the vice and folly that masquerade under a certain kind of artistic socialism, Mr. Philips sets his story in the post office of a small provincial English town. So we get a rich background of amusing types of small townfolk, all possessing the common touch so distressing to persons lifted up on the last and most fashionable movements of modern thought. A decent girl, wearing the latest thing in art dresses and the newest fancies in intellectual revolt, arrives from London to work behind the counter of the post office. She is a very advanced young lady, who thinks that a new era for mankind opened when Nora banged the door on "The Doll's House." To the horror of her London friends, this child of light begins to find some of the provincial Philistines companionable and interesting, and the Philistines get to like her, and make an effort to save her from ruin by endowing her with the common touch of sanity. There is a moving struggle for the soul of the girl, in the telling of which the author gets in all he wants to say about the characters of some of the leaders of the present revolutionary movement in our literature. His views are strong, and very strongly stated; but he has cleared the air in a way that no other writer has done.

THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT. By Frances Hammond. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

A girl, charming of manner, with a face "as dainty and exquisite as a Greuze picture," an heiress—and a hunchback, such is the central character of Miss Frances Hammond's story. Her physical deformity, magnified by the natural sensitiveness of her mind was the "fly in the ointment" of Theodora Hope's life. Tragic and pitiful are the disillusionments that result from her craving for that higher love of a man for a woman that pays no regard to bodily infirmity, and the effect of these experiences on the heroine's character are worked out with skilful analysis. Sombre as it is in its main aspect, the book has no lack of animation and the dialogue is often witty and vivacious. The minor characters are well-drawn, and if the authoress is a trifle melodramatic on occasion it will doubtless be imputed to her for righteousness by lovers of the strong meat of fiction. The psychological side of the novel, in fact, is subordinated to its action in the external world. From the treachery and malice of secret enemies, the faithlessness of a weak-kneed lover, the loss by death of loyal friends, Theo Hope emerges at last, purified by suffering, and comes into her spiritual inheritance, saved in spite of herself from the warping of character that threatened her more than once in the course of a life of bitterness.

A SEMI-DETACHED MARRIAGE. By Margaret Legge. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

We take this to be a first novel, at least, we confess to no previous knowledge of the author's work, and therefore, it is not to be judged harshly. Against the altogether unconvincing "plot" of the story, and the glaring improbabilities that occasionally confront the reader, may be placed some considerable powers of observation, a sympathetic attitude towards mankind, an entirely creditable restraint that keeps writer and reader out of the dirt, and a good sense that will not permit any unnecessary tragedy. More than that, it is a readable book—this "Semi-Detached Marriage"—it is not without touches of humour, and it improves as it goes on. That Janet with such a mother, and such a husband, should have developed into a brave and sensible woman, strong and self-reliant, is the real right thing. That Dick Hadow could only be made tolerable by the destruction of his pride is equally good. Nevertheless, we cannot share Janet's admiration for Dick's literary dreamings. It is to be hoped he dropped that kind of writing after the reconciliation, for it won't do at all. We rejoice at the discomfiture of Hilary Curtiss and Mrs. Willersby, at the happiness of Marcia—a fine character—and Sir Reginald, and are impressed far more by the suffering of Evie than by the death of Gerald. For, whereas Gerald's death is not necessary to the story, there are many Evie Pennythwaites of wasted lives in country places. We may reasonably look for better things to come from the pen of Margaret Legge.

THE SIGNAL AND OTHER STORIES. By W. M. Garshin. 6s. (Duckworth & Co.)

Wsewold Michailovich Garshin is known to Russian literature as the author of some twenty short stories the bulk of which are contained in the volume before us. The translator, Captain Rowland Smith of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, has done his work well, although we imagine the volume has lost something in translation from a language so complex as Russian. The stories are various in type, but each gives an illuminating glimpse of life as seen through the sensitive, melancholy Slavonic temperament. The opening story, "The Signal," tells in graphic fashion a tragic episode in the life of a linesman on a Russian railway, and in "Four Days" Garshin draws on his experiences in the Russo-Turkish war, and describes the sensations of a wounded soldier overlooked by the ambulance corps. "Coward" is another war story full of the elemental stuff of life. "The Frog who Travelled," a fable, reminiscent of Hans Andersen, is not new to us; possibly some version of this story has been given in English before. Garshin sees life more subjectively than Gorky, but the racial affinity between the two writers is clearly visible. And although Garshin's work is at times slight in texture it is so distinctively national that it will prove a welcome addition to the representative literature of Russia as translated into our tongue.

WAR AND THE WOMAN. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Max Pemberton's latest novel, while no less successful as a story than any of its predecessors, has a serious purpose behind it. It advocates nothing less than a scheme for the Federation of Europe, which shall ensure the benefits of universal peace. It may be noted here that "the scheme has obtained favour at the Courts of the Continent and is warmly approved by many in this country, who realise how inseparably the Peace question is allied to that of the national finance." Commerce, we are told, is the key. "When I can throw down the commercial bias, I can cast out war," are the words put into the mouth of the leading (fictional) advocate of the scheme. And again we are told that "the day when any European nation disarmed for reasons of sentimentality would be the last day of its freedom. We must deal with facts as they are; we cannot run ahead of the great company of men, for assuredly we shall fail if we do." It must not be supposed, however, that because "War and the Woman" is a novel with a purpose, it is not also pre-eminently a readable book. Lovers of the bustling tales at which Mr. Max Pemberton is an expert will find plenty of material for excitement in its pages, while an effective love-interest serves as the link between the book's purpose and its plot. John Faber is the "big man" of the book—an American millionaire who has made his money by the manufacture of rifles and the impedimenta of war. Of war in the abstract he approves; he regards it as human nature. But a taste of its horrors, experienced during some Albanian fighting, of which Mr. Pemberton supplies several graphic descriptions, helps him to change his mind. The other compelling factor in the metamorphosis of Faber is Gabrielle Sylvester, the daughter of a Congregationalist minister, who has distinguished himself in the Peace movement. The reader must discover for himself the ingenious manner in which the author contrives a properly happy ending to a dramatic story, to which labour troubles, rumours of the invasion of England, and the freezing of the North Sea contribute their quota. And he will be well rewarded, for "War and the Woman" is one of the best books that Mr. Pemberton has ever written.

JACQUINE OF THE HUT. By E. Gallienne Robin. 6s. (Hurst & Blackett.)

As a setting for such a picturesque romance as this it would be hard to find a more ideally romantic place than the Island of Sark. On that wildest and loveliest of the Channel Islands, in the later years of the eighteenth century, Jacquine lived with her undesirable father in an isolated hut on a hillside. Secretly she has grown to love Ricart de Carteret, but she is a poor fisherman's daughter and Ricart is of the old aristocracy of the Island; she follows him jealously of a night, thinking he goes "to meet some girl," and lights upon the fact that he is one of the leaders of a thriving gang of smugglers. He discovers her spying on him; and is angry till she confesses her reason for doing so and simply reveals that she loves him. He is rough with her; tells her with brutal frankness it is not likely that one of his standing can have much to do with one of hers, but when he is satisfied that she has no thought of betraying him he bids her lend a hand at rolling and lifting casks in the cavern where he is hiding them, and she is glad so to serve him. How this love affair, so strangely begun, develops, and brings sadness and humiliation and despair to Jacquine, and in the end happiness, are matters to be read of in the book itself, which wonderfully captures the atmosphere of the Island and pictures the lives of its people. It is a delightfully human story, full of colour and adventure, and written with that easy charm of style that is one of the best gifts in the story-teller's armoury.

EVE'S SECOND HUSBAND. By Corra Harris. 6s. (Constable.)

Eve's first husband was a negligible quantity as he died early; her second was Adam West, editor of the Booneville *Banner*, Congressman, and eventually Governor of Tennessee. The story is slight, but that is more than balanced by its homely humour, its apt American way of putting thoughts and feelings into words, mixed up with philosophical axioms, intended to reveal the inner reasons for emotions. Adam is an attractive man, often liable to drink too much, yet so charmingly boyish that Eve never could resist the temptation to believe him when he would swear never to take another drop as long as he lived. For two years Adam has another wife in Washington, while Eve is bringing up the family at Booneville, and Eve, finding this out, thinks it better "to bankrupt her husband than to economise so much that he can afford extravagances for another woman," so she runs up bills for several thousand dollars. The whole story is an amusing record of the way in which Eve surmounts difficulties in her life with a husband whom she loves. The author generalises somewhat too much upon the assumed moral difference between men and women; thus: "a man's moral nature is very nearly a fiction anyhow"; "there is something in every man to which no good woman appeals"; and again, "being a good

woman does not pay, except in goodness." This is not only a clever story, but a very human and cheerful one, which might furnish solace and words of wisdom to many a perplexed young wife.

THE COST OF IT. By Eleanor Mordaunt. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The hero and heroine are so high-spirited that we read this story with unusual interest; and they are both so fearless and so impulsive that quite a series of little shocks pleasantly reward us. Thus the orphaned little Clare Thorold tells her unsympathetic aunt, in borrowed language, that she is "a devilish bad-tempered slut," and Henry Mostyn, learning that for nineteen years his mother—of mixed French and Creole extraction—has been deserted by her husband and left in the island of Monterracine, tells his father that he is an unnatural blackguard and cad, after which he leaves the ancestral home for the life of a sugar-planter with his mother. The exigencies of story-telling demand that these two fiery young creatures should meet and claim affinity; and later comes the consideration of the cost of it, with which Miss Mordaunt mingles a further consideration as to the cost of producing human life. The pictures of Monterracine and its inhabitants are vivid, while the emotional and adventurous incidents are highly persuasive of the importance of finishing the story once it is begun. Clare gets terror into her soul lest in her child the far-back taint should reappear, a terror which surrounds the birth with extra horrors for all around her. It is possible that the attempts so prevalent in recent years among the anti-feminists to belittle woman are resulting in the desire on the part of sympathisers with the other point of view to show woman at the height of her endurance and courage, for several recent novels have dealt with child-birth, generally so decorously avoided.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE. By Margaret Böhme. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. 6s. (Appleton.)

Readers in search of a story will be well advised to pass over "The Department Store," which is a very long and deadly serious piece of work, of considerable value in some respects, but with no spark of amusement for the frivolous reader. A more serious matter, however, lies in the fact that, while it interests, it does not win the reader's sympathies. Possibly the responsibility for this rests with the translator (who, however, seems to us to have fulfilled her duties with much success); more probably it may be attributed to the enormous number of characters introduced by the author, and their confusing abundance of action. As soon as one realises that the action of the book is entirely inchoate and disconnected and that it is intended to bear only upon the development of character—that, in fact, there is no plot or story whatever—Miss Böhme's novel will produce the impression that she intends. "The Department Store" is simply a very generous slice of life as it is lived in modern Berlin; any one of its numerous sets of characters has very little to do with any other set; and the whole book has been planned in accordance with as vivid and as life-like a presentment as possible. Depressing at times, as are all realistic novels, "The Department Store" affords ample material for reflection, and no reader can entirely miss its import or fail to be impressed by its author's patience and industry.

The Bookman's Table.

DRAKE IN CALIFORNIA. By Herman Scheffauer. 2s. 6d. net. (Fifield.)

THE MASQUE OF THE ELEMENTS. By Herman Scheffauer. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

There is a certain stately music and breadth of vision, a cloudy, darkling sense of mystery and height and spaciousness in the series of songs that make up "The Masque of the Elements"; there are subtly imaginative descriptive touches, sombre or rapturous dreamings over the endless drama of life and death and rebirth as sun, moon, earth, the four elements personified, and the spirit of chaos pass in glorious pageantry across the limitless stage of Time and Space. And if of these two books we prefer "Drake in California" it is because here Mr. Scheffauer comes right down to earth and is vigorously and poignantly human; he is no longer singing among the stars about cosmic forces and the miracles of matter and spirit, but his song is all of man in the flesh and the good hard, common life he lives on the homely earth. For sheer grimness and force of imagination "The Ballad of the Battlefield" is worthy of Kipling, but it sings the horror and the misery of battle instead of its glory; there is a fitting bluffness and breezy strength, too, in "Drake in California," and vividness and pathos, and an inherent story-telling gift in "The Ballad of the Friar"; and the muscular, sinewy, clinching vigor and swiftness of movement of "The Viking's Death Song" grip and thrill you like the sound of a great voice singing. The work in these two volumes covers a wide range of thought and feeling and proves that Mr. Scheffauer has the root of the matter in him. If he fulfils the promise that is in these poems he will go far.

ON THE BACKWATERS OF THE NILE: STUDIES OF SOME CHILD RACES OF CENTRAL AFRICA. By the Rev. A. L. Kitching, M.A. With 57 Illustrations and a Map. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

There is a jollity about Mr. Kitching's book which is peculiarly attractive, and adds very largely to its readability without in any way detracting from its more solid qualities. It is also very much unlike the usual record of missionary experience. The author has had the good fortune—from the point of view of the writer of books—to have been stationed in out-of-the-way parts of Uganda, and he has come into daily contact with some of its lesser known peoples. His book is divided into two sections, the first and shorter descriptive of his life and experiences in Uganda, and the second to a study of the social life, dress, food, pastimes, and so forth of several of the native tribes. This latter portion of the book is possessed of an obvious value, which is increased by the humour and facility of the author's writing. There are many illustrations from photographs reproduced from Mr. Kitching's negatives.

CHIEFS AND CITIES OF CENTRAL AFRICA. By Olive Macleod. With 151 Illustrations from Photographs, 61 in the Text from Drawings, and 3 Maps. 16s. net. (Blackwood.)

Miss Macleod's beautifully-produced volume is a pleasant and chatty record of a very interesting journey. Starting from Forcados, on one of the mouths of the Niger, she and her companions, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Talbot, travelled through Nigeria and the German Kamerun into the Chad Territory of French Equatorial Africa, whence they returned to Kano and Lagos by a circuitous route down the River Logono and across Lake Chad—which last, of course, is practically unexplored territory. The greater part of this lengthy journey was made by river, but the writer and her friends were on shore sufficiently often to make an elaborate collection of botanical specimens and many other curios, which have been presented to the British Museum, while a couple of lion cubs were brought safely from the Chad region to the London Zoological Gardens. Miss Macleod shows a pleasant sense of humour in her accounts of the dealings of her party with the natives, of which the story of the Jēggara, or Sultan, of Gulfei, near Lake Chad, may be taken as typical. "He came in and sat with us, attended by one courtier only, who acted as interpreter. We craved permission to visit the palace, which the Jēggara granted readily; but still he sat on, conversation flagged, so in default of anything else to say we offered him the hospitality of tea, as an offer of spirit might, we thought, be taken as an insult by one professing the Mahommedan faith. Instantly he rose and took his leave, and Mastaba told us he had been frightened and had said to his companion, 'Why do the English wish to kill me? Why do they offer me grass?'" Admirers of travel books—and, indeed, the reading-public generally—will find plenty to interest and amuse them in the pages of "Chiefs and Cities of Central Africa." The illustrations are also well worthy of attention.

Fulani Musician.
From "Chiefs and Cities of Central Africa" by Olive Macleod. (Blackwood.)

THE SETTING SUN. By "Anonymous." 1s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

Among the scanty list of poets who are published now by Mr. Murray we remember very well Sir Ronald Ross who, a year or two ago, presented us with twins: the one a scientific monument, the other—which alone the present writer may appreciate—a slender and delightful book of poems. It is not a secret that he is the author of "The Setting Sun," a most vivacious satire and, since Byron's day, more interesting in its way than any which has come from Albemarle Street. Yet more than Byron, it resembles "Hudibras," which is to say that there is unavoidable monotony in metre. But the non-scientific writings of a great scientist allure us all, and when the author speaks of his discoveries the interest is really breathless. As to the transmission and the subsequent cure of malaria, which the Italians tried to claim the honour of discovering:

"One mission theirs—to find the stuff;
And all's not much, nor much enough.
With talon'd hands and shaggy hair
Each struggles in his burrow there;
His head is buryd subterrene;
Only his jerking heels are seen.
If haply fortune one consoles,
The rest run shrieking from their holes,
Snatch at the prize and fighting round it
Declare each one 'twas he who found it. . . ."

* * * * *

"My loss no longer I repine;
I have my humble fig and vine;
Content—my robbers sit in state;
Content—'twas I who made them great."

Sir Ronald's poem makes upon you the impression that it was composed from dawn to dusk of a wet Sunday in a country house and, to all appearance, it afforded great diversion to its author. Near the end, when he has flung his arrows at a multitude of frauds and solemn frauds and follies, as, for instance, national sloth:

"Because our fathers, victories won,
Think that our day will ne'er be done;
Because the ocean is our wall,
Forget that Watts has made it small;
Engrosst in getting nobly fat,
Detest the drummer's rattattat;
From arms allow our youth to shrink,
But let them slink and drink and sink. . . ."

He deprecates his own attempt to wear the singing robes, for in Athene's service he has less to win, says he, and less to try:

"No heights allure, no depths appal;
Tho' less the triumph, less the fall.
Here in her deep and dusky dell
The silent cypress groweth well.
Along the lawns of level grass
The tinkling streamlets pause and pass
Pierian, nor thy Hippocrene
More bubbling—beautous to the scene.
To their low notes the nightingale
Enlargeth her long-linked wail
Of tongue-deprived Philomel,
What time the lone star looms his light
Upon the purple brows of night,
And fragrant pine-odours embark
Within the deep-endonjon'd dark,
Like memorys. In her high eyes
No passion shakes the still surmise;
The tho't awakens, the man dies

* * * * *

"Who never dies no tears embalm,
In tho't, like death, eternal calm.

* * * * *

"I follow her. The Ages lapse,
And passing sigh one word—Perhaps. . . ."

THE FUTURE OF POETRY. An Essay by F. P. B. Osmaston. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

After paying some little attention to that dispute about the functions and future of poetry in which Shelley broke a lance with Peacock, Mr. Osmaston proceeds to express his own views on the subject by making an examination of Matthew Arnold's essay on the Study of Poetry, an essay which he attacks as being "essentially a criticism of form rather than content." He complains that while Arnold makes frequent reference to Aristotle's profound observation that poetry possesses truth that is more philosophical and of a greater seriousness than history, he mistranslates φιλοσοφώτερον in rendering it as "higher truth," that he makes no attempt to define in what this "higher truth" really consists, and that he merely contents himself with citing examples of poetry in which the quality of supreme excellence indubitably appears. Affirming then that while "in the supreme effort of poetry, as in all other works of art, form and content are indissolubly fused together," Mr. Osmaston goes on to claim that despite this, "neither technique, execution, nor expression is the same thing as the fullness of the content," and he goes to Shelley and then to Wordsworth to discover what this "fullness of content," what this profounder truth really is. "According to Shelley," says the essayist, "poetry is a movement of the soul of man as a whole, as itself an ideal Unity, into a yet more complete and comprehensive Unity, within which all reality subsists." This ideal the poet expresses in many ways, as the Unseen Power of several poems, as the Intellectual Beauty of the Hymn, as the Vision of "Alastor," as "That Light whose smile kindles the Universe." And this same "visionary power," this soul of Love and social communion which unites all the children of men and "steals from earth to man, and man to earth," is precisely the "fountain-light," the deeps of the poet's own soul-life itself, which, Mr. Osmaston rightly says, "gives the touch of sublimity, or at least, the spiritual atmosphere to Wordsworth's simplest poems." At this point we must with regret take leave of Mr. Osmaston's most suggestive essay, merely remarking that while the Shelleyan and Wordsworthian "fullness of content" thus expressed will give the clue to much of the "profounder truth" to be found in the poetry of Vaughan, Traherne, Blake, and Rossetti, it contains far too strong a mystical and theosophical tincture to be safely used as the touchstone of such great poetry as, say that of Milton on the religious, or of Browning on the secular plane. In conclusion we should like to congratulate the essayist on the ease and success with which he attacks and crushes that deadly heresy to which John Davidson died a martyr, "that the poet of our present day-time or night-time should accept without reserve the eye of the man of science and should pull off from his poetry all assumption, assertion or hypothesis" that cannot find shelter under the latest and craziest theories of the cosmogony. Most heartily do we recommend Mr. Osmaston's little volume to all lovers of poetry.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL.

We have met the name of Mr. Gilbert Thomas from time to time in various periodicals, and always at the foot of something it has given us pleasure to read. Some of these scattered poems he has now gathered into his first book, **Birds of Passage,** (2s. 6d. net), but most of the lyrics and sonnets in this dainty volume are new to us. In a day when so many of our poets are going out after bizarre or sordid themes and setting the Muses to bedraggle their garments in very ordinary mud, it is good to come upon a restful, thoughtful little book such as this, that opens the magic door for us into that old world of the spirit that is "full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing." A note of sincerity runs through all Mr. Thomas's verses; he has no affectations, no ambition to be merely startling, but is one who simply looks into his heart and writes—writes of his own emotions, ideals, aspirations, sings of the commonplace life about him with an insight and a sympathy that enable him to see the soul of beauty that dwells within it all. It is a gracious, charming little book that should make many friends who will look with interest to see Mr. Thomas fulfil the happy promise of this his earliest work.

MR. T. N. FOULIS.

We have received from Mr. T. N. Foulis the first four volumes in the **Maxims of Life** series (6d. and 1s. net each) compiled and arranged by Alfred H. Hyatt. These charmingly produced booklets contain views and experiences of life gathered from the writings of Napoleon, Madame de Sevigne, La Rochefoucauld and George Sand. Mr. Hyatt has made and arranged his selections admirably, and each little volume is beautifully illustrated by Frederick Carter with decorative sketches in colour and in black and white.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT.

From its opening scene where, in an Italian graveyard, on a beautiful Eastern morning, the young Duca di Fiorestanni places wreaths upon the tombs of his relatives, and spares one wreath for the lovely drowned, American lady he remembered as a child, Miss Edith MacVane's novel, **Tarantella** (6s.) moves forward on lines which, if familiar, are generally very charming in their blending of American and Italian natures and views. The heroine of this story is the daughter of the drowned lady; the hero is the young Duke who as a child had endeavoured to save her mother. But Cynthia Godfrey is already married when she meets the young Italian—married to a rich but undesirable American—and the course of true love does not run smoothly. To mingle with Cynthia's life comes Cherubina, the young Sicilian wife of the gardener, Tonino, a wildly passionate and jealous girl; and quick tragedy mingles at times with the soft charm of Italy. The story is well and attractively written.

MR. JOHN LANE.

Mr. F. Inglis Powell has a satisfying knowledge of the strange superstitions and beliefs of the Indian peasant, which he puts to excellent account in **The Snake** (6s.), a story of the occult. But the book will be read rather for its drama than for its contributions to folk-lore, for the author contrives a strong and exciting plot, at the same time presenting a character of more than ordinary interest in Diana Kaye, who makes a highly efficient villainess. The book is one that can be recommended only to those with fairly strong nerves, but the genuine lover of the horror-story should be pleased with it.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

There are some gruesome moments in **The Radium Terrors** (2s. net), but on the whole Mr. Albert Dorrington is hardly in his best form. Nevertheless the story of the inception and failure of Dr. Tsarka's brilliant scheme for making money out of a guileless and defenceless public is well worth reading, and the book contains a detective of a kind quite new to fiction, but, perhaps, not uncommon in real life. The book will give you some pleasant thrills, but it is never quite convincing.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Mr. Harold Owen has written a book named **Woman Adrift** (6s.), with a sub-title "The Menace of Suffragism." So all readers may know fairly well what to expect as to the author's views. But though Mr. Owen has taken the narrow view where the subject of the women-who-*must*-work-because-they-have-no-one-to-work-for-them is concerned, accusing them of wresting the labour field from men, he is very wise in exposing many of the wrong and exaggerated utterances of the extremists on the suffrage question. Many persons object to the talk of woman's unfair competition, in the labour world, for as long as men are to be found measuring off yards of ribbon in drapers' shops, and filling such like feminine posts, the cry of "Tu quoque!" is allowable. But this volume is one to be read by suffragists and anti-suffragists, for it should bring reason and sanity to both points of view.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

Palgrave's **Golden Treasury** has been issued in many forms, but we know of no more sumptuous edition of it than this that has just been issued by Mr. Werner Laurie (12s. 6d. net). None of the numerous poetical anthologies that have appeared in the last four decades have succeeded in ousting Palgrave's from its pride of place as the finest anthology of songs and lyrics in the English language. Palgrave was himself a poet, as well as a sensitive and discriminating critic of poetry, and in making his selection he had the high advantage of Tennyson's judgment and advice, and it is not surprising that the result of his labours has satisfied the taste of several generations of readers and arrived at a popularity beyond that of any other book of its kind. This latest edition of it makes a large and handsomely bound volume that is enriched with pictures in colour beautifully reproduced from paintings by Maxfield Parrish.

"Thou shalt at one glance behold
The daisy and the marigold,
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-row primrose that hath burst."—*Keats*
Reduced reproduction from a colour illustration by Maxfield Parrish in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." (Werner Laurie.)

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Mr. Louis Calvert is an excellent actor. The most jovial and unctuous of Falstaffs, the most inimitably complacent of Broadbents. How finely he played a kind of Angelo part in Mr. Eugene Walter's striking drama "Paid in Full!" Pity it is, therefore, that having got a bee in his bonnet to the point of thinking Hamlet mad he should have rashly published his notes on the subject in **An Actor's Hamlet** (2s. 6d. net). Some of these notes are quite interesting, and a few are really luminous; but many of them seem written not so much because they embody points which struck their author as valuable, as because he hoped by stressing them to bolster up his particular thesis. It is, indeed, astonishing to find an actor of Mr. Calvert's ability assisting to revive one of the most pestilent of Shakespearean heresies. The whole point of Hamlet's character, as depicted by Shakespeare, consists in the delicate equipoise of mentality whereby the Prince, feigning madness the better to achieve his ends, and hovering in sympathy perilously near the verge of distraction, yet manages, thanks to his histrionic sense, his capacity for getting outside himself, never to upset the balance of his reason. Sometimes, through over-acting his part, Hamlet utters wild and whirling words; but this is merely the vent he makes use of to work off his own nervous excitement. None of his big speeches, properly considered, convey the least hint of a mind disordered.

KEATS-SHELLEY

THE BOOKMAN MEMORIAL SOUVENIR

CONTAINS

PRESENTATION PLATE PORTRAITS OF SHELLEY AND KEATS AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS, INCLUDING MANY REPRODUCTIONS OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS.

Literary Contents:

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY By D. G. Rossetti
TO THE SPIRIT OF KEATS By J. Russell Lowell
TABLE TALK
KEATS TO SEVERN By Marie Corelli
KEATS AND SEVERN IN ROME
FROM SHELLEY'S "ADONAIS"
KEATS. A Sonnet By A. C. Benson
ON THE VICISSITUDES OF KEATS'S FAME By Joseph Severn
RUSKIN ON SEVERN
ARTHUR SEVERN
JOHN KEATS By D. G. Rossetti
SHELLEY AND KEATS IN THE TWENTIFTH CENTURY By H. Buxton Forman
SHELLEY AS POET By William Watson
NOTES ON SHELLEY'S BIRTHPLACE By W. Hale White (Mark Rutherford)
MEMORABILIA By Robert Browning
SHELLEY'S PRELUDES By Jane Barlow
THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY By Leigh Hunt
LINES ON THE DEATH OF TRELAWNY By A. C. Swinburne

KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL MATINEES

PORTRAITS OF

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE, Duchess of Argyll, President of Committee;
The MARCHIONESS of CREWE and Mrs. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, Vice-Presidents.
H.E. the MARQUIS IMPERIALI, Italian Ambassador; H.E. the Hon. WHITELAW REID, American Ambassador; H.E. Sir RENNELL RODD, G.C.V.O., British Ambassador at Rome. Sir LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., Sir HUBERT PARRY, Mr. S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, Mr. NORMAN O'NEILL, Miss ELLEN TERRY, Mme. KIRKBY LUNN, Miss GENEVIEVE WARD, Miss MARIE LÖHR, Miss INA PELLY, Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, Mr. E. LYALL SWETE, Mr. E. S. WILLARD.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(Inscription for the couch, still preserved, on which he passed the last night of his life.)

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

'Twixt those twin worlds,—the world of Sleep, which gave
  No dream to warn—the tidal world of Death,
  Which the earth's sea, as the earth, replenisheth,—
Shelley, Song's orient sun, to breast the wave,
Rose from this couch that morn. Ah! did he brave
  Only the sea?—or did man's deed of hell
  Engulf his bark 'mid mists impenetrable? . . .
No eye discerned, nor any power might save.

When that mist cleared, O Shelley! what dread veil
  Was rent for thee, to whom far-darkling Truth
  Reigned sovereign guide through thy brief ageless youth?
Was the Truth *thy* Truth, Shelley?—Hush! All-Hail,
Past doubt, thou gav'st it; and in Truth's bright sphere
Art first of praisers, being most praiséd here.

TO THE SPIRIT OF KEATS.

By James Russell Lowell.

Great soul, thou sittest with me in my room,
  Uplifting me with thy vast, quiet eyes,
  On whose full orbs, with kindly lustre, lies
The twilight warmth of ruddy ember-gloom:
Thy clear, strong tones will oft bring sudden bloom
  Of hope secure to him who lonely cries,
  Wrestling with the young poet's agonies,
Neglect and scorn, which seem a certain doom:

Yes! the few words which, like great thunder-drops,
Thy large heart down to earth shook doubtfully,
Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,
Serene and pure, like gushing joy of light,
Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny
After the moon-led pulse of ocean stops.

THE BOOKMAN KEATS-SHELLEY MEMORIAL SOUVENIR

Table Talk.

The Keats-Shelley Memorial Matinees to be given at the Haymarket Theatre on June 25th and 28th, will count among the most interesting and the most important events of the London season. Their Majesties the King and Queen are to be present at one of the Matinees; the list of patrons comprises many of the most prominent leaders in present-day art, literature and society, including H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, who is President of the Committee, and the Marchioness of Crewe and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, who are Vice-Presidents.

Photo by W. & D. Downey.

H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

It is eminently fitting that also among the patrons should be The Marquis Imperiali, the

Photo by Madame Lallie Charles.

The Marchioness of Crewe.

Photo by Val L'Estrange.

Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild.

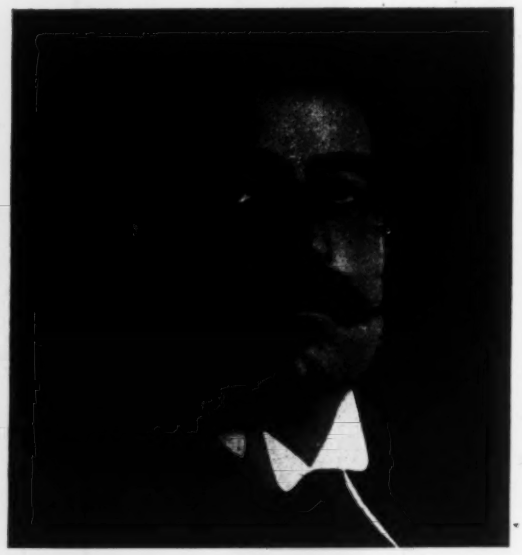


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **The Marquis Imperiali, the Italian Ambassador.**

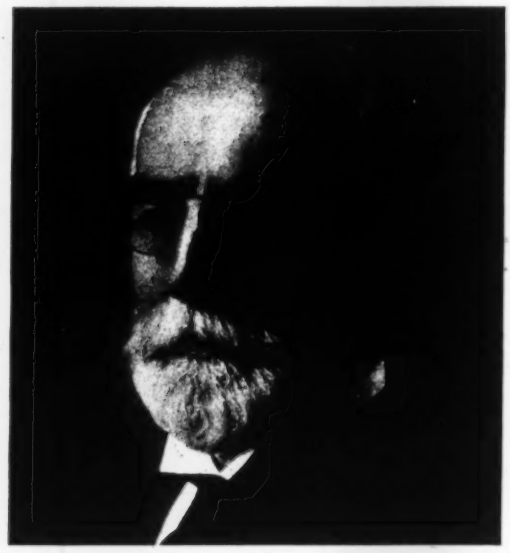


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **The Hon. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador.**

Italian Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, and Sir Rennell Rodd, the British Ambassador at Rome, for it was the timely intervention of a group of American citizens, who elected Sir Rennell Rodd their chairman and enlisted the sympathies of the King of Italy, that resulted in securing the house in which Keats died at Rome as a permanent Memorial to the poet; and so far most of the money towards paying off the debt on the house has come from America.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour have promised to attend the first matinee, and Sir John Shelley will be present, as representative of the Shelley family.

The matinees will commence with a prelude composed by Mr. Arnold Bax, and the recital by Miss Genevieve Ward of seven stanzas from "Adonais."

The Marchioness of Crewe has taken a very active part in the preparations for the matinee performances, and with Miss Ina Pelly has arranged the tableau for Shelley's "Song of Proserpine while gathering flowers on the Plains of Enna," for which and for the dance of attendant maidens the music has been specially composed by Sir Hubert Parry. The part of Proserpine will be taken by Miss Pelly and of Pluto by Mr. Thomas Wegüelin, and Sir Hubert Parry will himself conduct the performance of his work.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Sir Rennell Rodd, G.C.V.O., British Ambassador at Rome.**

Mr. Forbes Robertson will recite Keats's great narrative poem, "The Eve of St. Agnes," for which a prelude has been written by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, and the recital will be illustrated by a series of tableaux, arranged by Mr. Lyall Swete. This will be Mr. Forbes Robertson's only appearance on the London stage this season.

Keats's "Where be ye going, you Devon maid?" and "Think not of it, sweet one, so," will be recited by Miss Ellen Terry; and Madame Kirkby Lunn will sing Shelley's "When Passion's Trance" and "The Widow Bird."

Mr. E. S. Willard, in the classic garb of ancient Greece, will recite Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn," amid scenery that has been arranged by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema and painted by Mr. Joseph Harker.

Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" will be recited by Mr. Frederick Austin as the Knight, with Mr. Frederick Ranalow as a Woodman.

Miss Marie Löhr, in a charming forest glade scene, is to recite Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark."

A hundred years ago next month Shelley appeared side by side with Daniel O'Connell, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, to address a meeting, and the following is a contemporary report of his speech: "Towards the close of the meeting a slender English youth, with mild blue eyes, supported a resolution in measured terms, and met with a curiously variegated reception. Cheered for his blunt expression of goodwill towards a downtrodden people, he was hissed for his contemptuous reference to Christian dogma." Nowadays we know that Shelley's "atheism" was not a disbelief in God, but in the crude orthodox conception of God.

We are greatly indebted to the authors who have contributed articles and poems to this Souvenir; to Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Messrs. Chatto & Windus, who kindly allow us to reprint Swinburne's poem on the Death of Trelawny; to Mr. A. C. Benson and Mr. John Lane for permission to reprint Mr. Benson's Sonnet on Keats from the volume of his collected poems; to Messrs. Ellis for permission to reprint the two sonnets by Rossetti; and to Messrs. Macmillan for permitting us to republish Mr. Hale White's article on Shelley from *Macmillan's Magazine*. For much help with the illustrations our thanks are due also to Mr. H. Buxton Forman; Mr. Roger Ingpen; Mr. B. W. Matz; Mr. A. Rischgitz; Mr. W. E. Doubleday, Chief Librarian of the Hampstead Central Public Library; and to Mr. C. W. F. Goss, Chief Librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema.**

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Sir Hubert Parry.**

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor.**

The valuable collection of Keats relics bequeathed by the late Sir Charles Dilke to the Hampstead Libraries is now on permanent exhibition at the Hampstead Central Public Library, and is the subject of an admirable illustrated handbook prepared by Mr. W. E. Doubleday.

Mr. H. Buxton Forman has edited several editions of the works of Keats and Shelley, and written biographies of both; he has edited also the Letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne; the Letters of Keats; and editions of Keats and Shelley in Dent's Temple Classics. Mr. William Michael Rossetti is another famous editor of both Shelley and Keats, and has written an admirable biography of the latter. There is Professor Dowden's monumental Life of Shelley; William Sharp's monograph in the Great Writers Series, and Addington Symonds's in the English Men of Letters Series; and there are of course the earlier and invaluable memoirs and records of Lady Shelley, Trelawny, Medwin, and Jefferson Hogg. For a fine study of certain aspects of Shelley's poetry one should go to W. B. Yeats's "Ideas of Good and Evil."

But it is impossible here to give any adequate list of the books and essays that have been written on Shelley and Keats. The later biographies mentioned above have largely superseded Monckton Milnes's (Lord Houghton's) Life and Letters of Keats, but that earliest biography will always be valuable for the amount of first-hand information it

contains. Sir Sidney Colvin contributed the volume on Keats to the English Men of Letters Series, and perhaps one of the best brief critical memoirs is that of James Russell Lowell in his book of essays on "The English Poets." One remembers his scornful defence of Keats against his detractors, the brutally personal critics of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's*: "It is not pleasant to be talked down upon by your inferiors who happen to have the advantage of position, nor to be drenched with ditch-water, though you know it to be thrown by a scullion in a garret." And one feels the shrewdness and the truth of this comparison: "To Wordsworth composing was a healthy exercise; his slow pulse and imperturbable self-trust gave him assurance of a life so long that he could wait; and when we read his poems we should never suspect the existence in him of any sense but that of observation, as if Wordsworth the poet were a half-mad land surveyor, accompanied by Mr. Wordsworth, the distributor of stamps, as a kind of keeper. But every one of Keats's poems was a sacrifice of vitality: a virtue went away from him into every one of them; even yet, as we turn the leaves, they seem to warm and thrill our fingers with the flush of his fine senses and the flutter of his electrical nerves, and we do not wonder he felt that what he did was to be done swiftly."

Photo by Dover Street Studios.

Madame Kirkby Lunn.

The poems of Keats and Shelley are included nowadays in most of the cheap series of reprints: they are in Bell's Aldine Series, in Blackie's Red Letter and Dent's Everyman's Library; in Frowde's World's Classics; Jack's Golden Poets Series; Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series; Newnes's Thin Paper Classics; Routledge's Muse's Library; Scott's Canterbury Poets; Ward Lock's Favourite Classics and Standard Library; Warne's Chandos Library; Collins' Pocket Classics; the Langham

Photo by Lizzie Caswall Smith.

Miss Genevieve Ward.

Photo by E. O Hoppé. **Mr. Norman O'Neill.**

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. E. S. Willard.**

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Ellen Terry.**

Mr. Forbes-Robertson.

Booklets, and many another; and of recent more expensive editions of Shelley and Keats, and of new books and new editions of books about them, the following readily occur to one :—

"Shelley's Prose Works." 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Shelley's Poems." Edited with Notes by C. D. Locock. 2 vols. (Methuen.)

"Shelley's Poems published in 1820." With Introduction and Notes by A. M. D. Hughes. (Frowde.)

"The Sensitive Plant." With illustrations in colour by Charles Robinson. (Heinemann.)

"Shelley's Nature Poems." Illustrated in colour by W. Hyde. (Hutchinson.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Ina Pelly (Mrs. Christopher Lowther).**

"Shelley's Prose in the Bodleian MS." Edited by A. H. Koszal. (Frowde.)

"The Romantic Life of Shelley." By Francis Gribble. (Eveleigh Nash.)

"Shelley and his Friends in Italy." By Helen Rossetti Angeli. (Methuen.)

"With Shelley in Italy." By Anna S. McMahan. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Keats's Poems." With illustrations in colour by Averil Burleigh. (Chapman & Hall.)

"Keats and his Poetry." By W. H. Hudson. (Harrap.)

"Poems of John Keats." Illustrated by E. J. Sullivan. (Newnes.)

When the Keats-Shelley Memorial House was opened by the King of Italy, on April 3, 1909,

Photo by Dover Street Studios. **Miss Marie Löhr.**

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Lyall Swete.**

among the many distinguished persons present were Sir Rennell Rodd, Mr. Lloyd Griscom (the American Ambassador at Rome), Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Professor Martini, the Rev. Mr. Esdaile (Shelley's grandson), and Mr. Arthur Severn, R.I., son of Keats's devoted friend, Joseph Severn, and in the course of his speech on that occasion Mr. Arthur Severn remarked that this brilliant ceremony was taking place in the very room in which his father had spent those two sad months with his dying friend, the poet Keats. "My father often spoke of the poet, and the anxious time he had during those two months, not only on the poet's account, but on account of the dread the Italians had of infection; often it was necessary to let down a basket and haul things up, as the people who brought them would not come in or even upstairs—not so with the man from the *trattoria*, who always brought the usual tin box containing their dinner into the room—but the meal was not always well cooked, and, as no attention seemed to be paid to their complaints, one evening when the box arrived, Keats, I suppose having tasted the soup, ordered the man to wait, and, taking each dish out of the box, went to the window here in the next room and threw the contents on to the steps below. After this, I was told, their dinner greatly improved. . . .

"It may not be generally known that when my father died he was buried in the new Protestant Cemetery; but a few years after there was an outcry in England that he ought to have been buried by the side of Keats. My brother and I were sounded on the subject, and a petition to the Italian Government was made, asking permission for the body to be taken up and placed by Keats in the ancient cemetery; the Government consented, and the re-burial took place in the old cemetery, where no burial had taken place for a very long time; in fact the place had been closed." Mr. Arthur Severn mentioned that he had known the Keats House from the outside as far back as 1862 and 1863, when his father was British Consul at Rome.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.
From the painting by Miss Curran in the National Portrait Gallery.

KEATS TO SEVERN.

BY MARIE CORELLI.

John Keats

"Severn—lift me up."
(*From Keats's last words.*)

Lift me up, friend!
Higher—still higher!
To the world without an end,
Where the flames of my soul's desire
May gather and glow in one
Resplendent, perfect sun,
With light that shall not be eclipsed again
And glory burning through the bars of pain!

Lift me, brave hand
And heart sublime!
Lift me that I may stand
Beyond the grasp of Time—
Help me to break away
From this chrysalis of clay
Wherewith my spirit holds perpetual strife,
And let me breathe a new, diviner life!

Write me my name
In water clear,—
Perchance from the heights of fame
It may fall on the listening ear
Like drops that trickle slow
From a glacial world of snow,
And widen to a river bold and free
Sweeping untrammelled to the open sea!

Lift me! Thy love
Hath Angel's wings;
It hath borne my soul above
The torture of earthly things,—
Thou art my stepping-stone
To God's eternal throne,—
Fulfil the final task that He hath given—
Lift me to Him!—Lift me as high as Heaven!

KEATS AND SEVERN IN ROME.

KEATS:

"Mr. Keats had a very manly as well as delicate spirit. He was personally courageous in no ordinary degree, and had the usual superiority of genius to little arts and the love of money."—LEIGH HUNT.

"His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had the expression as if it had been looking on some glorious sight."—WRITTEN BY ONE WHO KNEW KEATS TO LORD HOUGHTON.

SHELLEY:

"The best and least selfish man I ever knew."—LORD BYRON.

"I cannot help thinking of him as if he were alive as much as ever, so unearthly he appeared to me, and so seraphical a thing of the elements."—LEIGH HUNT.

IT was a group of enthusiastic Americans who first honoured Keats at Hampstead, where he spent the best years of his life, by erecting a bust of him in the old parish church; and it was a hastily formed committee of eight Americans in Rome, in 1903, who interposed to save from possible destruction the house in the Piazza di Spagna in which John Keats died. They invited Sir Rennell Rodd, the *Charge d'Affaires* of the British Embassy at Rome, to act as their chairman; he took up that office with enthusiasm; the sympathies of the King of Italy and of King Edward were enlisted, and the immediate result of the committee's efforts was that not only was an option for the purchase of the house secured, but the local authorities were induced to divert the course of a new road they had planned to drive through the old Protestant cemetery, and that would have necessitated the removal of the monuments and levelling of the graves of Shelley, and of Keats, and of Trelawny, the friend of Shelley, and Joseph Severn, the friend who nursed Keats through his last illness and was with him in the house of the Piazza di Spagna when he died.

The Frontage of the Keats-Shelley Memorial House at Rome, in the Piazza di Spagna.

From a photograph by Robert W. Hatswell.

Committees were promptly formed in England and America, but the option on the house at Rome was only obtained, after much negotiating, in 1906; a sum of 6,000 francs was paid down, a mortgage given for the balance, and the house was duly vested in the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association. Two thousand six hundred pounds has since been privately subscribed, and nearly two thousand pounds is still required to clear off the mortgage. A very influential English committee has, at length, set to work with the purpose of raising this money, and in addition a sum sufficient to endow the house and to pay for the due keeping in order of those four graves in the Protestant cemetery; and to help towards the achievement of this object the Keats-Shelley Memorial Matinees are being given at the Haymarket Theatre on the 25th and 28th of June.

Shelley was in no way connected with the house in

the Piazza di Spagna; nevertheless, it is every way fitting that it should be dedicated to his memory as well as to Keats's. The names of the two poets are inseparably associated, and Shelley lived long enough to write in his glorious elegy on the death of Keats, the "Adonais," one of the greatest of his poems. Moreover, Shelley was a lover of Italy and made his home, from time to time, in several of her cities. Most of his "Prometheus Unbound" was written in Rome; and it was off the coast of Leghorn that he was drowned when his yacht went down in the storm. His body was washed ashore at Viareggio, and a copy of Keats's "Lamia" was found clasped in his dead hand. The book had been lent to him by Leigh Hunt and he had promised emphatically: "I will return it to you with my own hands." When the body was burnt on the sands of Viareggio, with Byron, Leigh Hunt and Trelawny standing by, Hunt threw the book into the flames on the funeral pyre. "Shelley said he would return it with his own hands into mine," he remarked afterwards, "and so he *shall* return it."

Fanny Brawne.
From a silhouette by Edouart.
Fanny Brawne lived with her mother next door to Keats at Wentworth Place, Hampstead, and Keats first met her in 1818.
(By courtesy of Mr. W. E. Doubleday).

Only two rooms in the Memorial House at Rome were occupied by Keats and Severn, and in these rooms are brought together now numerous editions of Keats's and Shelley's works, and of the works of Byron and Leigh Hunt, many valuable original letters and documents, portraits, and busts, and a growing collection of books having reference to the lives and writings of the four poets. Perhaps the most poignantly interesting of these memorials are the letters that Joseph Severn wrote in these same rooms whilst he sat watching by the death-bed of Keats. The story of that wonderful friendship of theirs is one of the most touchingly beautiful things in English literature. When Keats left England, heart-broken at parting from Fanny Brawne and dying of consumption, Severn put aside his own interests, sacrificed his own prospects, to go and winter with him in the milder climate of Italy, and stood by him loyally to the last, the tenderest of nurses, the bravest, most self-forgetful of friends. You can have no more vivid picture of the anxious months that he and Keats passed together in those two rooms of the house at Rome than Severn gives in the letters to his English friends from which we take these extracts:

"*December 17th*, 1820, 4 *a.m.*—Not a moment can I be from him. I sit by his bed and read all day, and at night I humour him in all his wanderings. He has just fallen asleep, the first sleep for eight nights, and now from mere exhaustion. I hope he will not wake till I have written, for I am anxious that you should know the truth; yet I dare not let him see I think his state dangerous. On the morning of this attack he was going on in good spirits quite merrily, when, in an instant, a cough seized him, and he vomited two cupfuls of blood. In a moment I got Dr. Clark, who took eight ounces of blood from his arm—it was black and thick. Keats was much alarmed and dejected. What a sorrowful day I had with him! He rushed out of bed and said: 'This day shall be my last'; and but for me most certainly it would. The blood broke forth in similar quantity the next morning, and he was bled again. . . . His imagination and memory present every thought to him in horror: the recollection of 'his good friend Brown,' of 'his four happy weeks spent under *her* care,' of his sister and brother. Oh! he will mourn over all to me whilst I cool his burning forehead, till I tremble for his intellect. How can he be 'Keats' again after all this? Yet I may see it too gloomily, since each coming night I sit up adds its dismal contents to my mind. . . . I have just looked at him. This will be good-night."

From the painting in the National Portrait Gallery executed at Rome in 1821 by Joseph Severn.
From the collection of Mr. Augustin Rischgitz

John Keats.

"*January 11th*, 1821, 1 *o'clock morning*.—I said that 'the first good news I had should be for the kind Mrs. Brawne.' I am thankful and delighted to make good my promise, to be able at all to do it, for amid all the horrors hovering over poor Keats this was the most dreadful—that I could see no possible way, and but a fallacious hope for his recovery; but now, thank God, I have a real one. I most certainly think I shall bring him back to England. . . . Little did I think what a task of affliction and danger I had undertaken, for I thought only of the beautiful mind

of Keats, my attachment to him, and his convalescence. . . .

"For three weeks I have never left him—I have sat up all night—I have read to him nearly all day, and even in the night—I light the fire—make his breakfast, and sometimes am obliged to cook—make his bed, and even sweep the room. I can have these things done, but never at the time when they must and ought to be done—so you will see my alternative; what enrages me most is making a fire—I blow—blow for an hour—the smoke comes fuming out—my kettle falls over on the burning sticks—no stove—Keats calling me to be with him—the fire catching my hands and the door-bell ringing: all these to one quite unused and not at all capable—with the want of even proper material—come not a little galling. But to my great surprise I am not ill—or even restless—nor have I been all the time; there is nothing but what I will do for him—there is no alternative but what I think and provide myself against—except his death—not the loss of him—I am prepared to bear that—but the inhumanity, the barbarism of these Italians. So far I have kept everything from poor Keats; but if he did know but part of what I suffer from them and their cursed laws, it would kill him. . . . News was brought me the other day that our gentle landlady had reported to the police that my friend was dying of consumption. Now their law is—that every individual thing, even to the paper on the walls in each room the patient has been in, shall without reserve be destroyed by fire, the loss to be made good by his friends. This startled me not a little, for in our sitting-room where I wanted to bring him there is property worth about £150, besides all our own books, etc.—invaluable. Now my difficulty was to shift him to this room, and let no one know it. This was a heavy task from the unfortunate manner of the place; our landlady's apartments are on the same floor with ours—her servant waits on me when it pleases her, and enters from the adjoining room.

Keats on his Death-bed.
Painted by Severn, 1821.

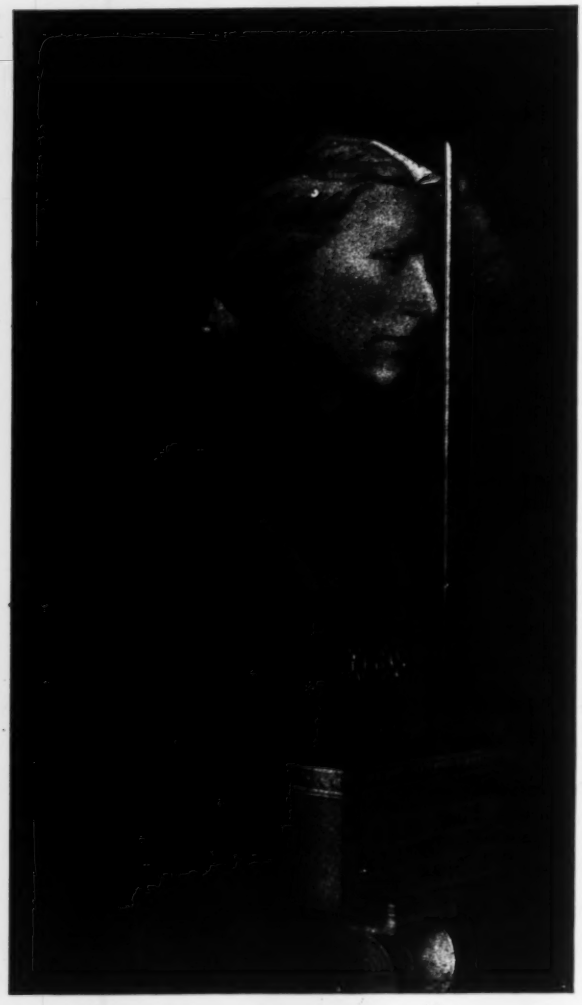
"I was determined on removing Keats, let what would be the consequence. The change was most essential to his health and spirits, and the following morning I set about accomplishing it. In the first place I blocked up the door so as they could not enter, then made a bed on the sofa and removed my friend to it. The greatest difficulty was in keeping all from him; I succeeded in this too, by making his bed, and sweeping his room where it is—and going dinnerless with all the pretensions of dining, and persuading him that their servant had made his bed and I had been dining. . . .

"3 *o'clock morning*.—P.S.—I have just looked at him—he is in a beautiful sleep; in look is very much more like himself."

"*Rome. 12th February*, 1821.—I have just received your letter of the 15th—the contrast of your quiet friendly Hampstead with this lonely place and our poor suffering Keats brings the tears into my eyes. I wish many, many times that he had never left you. His recovery must have been impossible whilst he was in England, and his excessive grief since has made it more so. . . . I have not been able to leave him; that is, I have not dared to, but when he slept. Had he come here alone he would have plunged into the grave in secret—we should never have known one syllable about him. This reflection alone repays me for all I have done. It is impossible to conceive what the sufferings of this poor fellow have been. Now, he is alive and calm. If I say more I shall say too much. . . .

"*February 14th*.—Little or no change has taken place in Keats since the commencement of this, except this beautiful one that his mind is growing to great quietness and peace—I find this change has its rise from the increasing weakness of his body, but it seems like a delightful sleep to me. I have been beating about in the tempest of his mind so long. To-night he has talked very much to me, but so easily that he at last fell into a pleasant sleep—he seems to have comfortable dreams without nightmare. This will bring on some change—it cannot be worse, it may be better. Among the many things he has requested of me to-night this is the principal, that on his grave shall be this:

'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'"



Bust of Keats, by Anne Whitney, Erected by Americans, in the Parish Church at Hampstead,
By courtesy of the Rev. E. Koch, M.A.

From a painting by Walter Crane

La Belle Dame Sans Merci.

From a painting by Sir J. E. Millais.

From the collection of Mr. Augustin Rischgitz.

Isabella and Lorenzo.

Well Walk, Hampstead.

Cowden Clarke says he saw Keats, shortly before he sailed for Italy, sitting on the seat at this end of Well Walk "coughing his life out into a handkerchief."

"*February*, 1821.—Poor Keats has just fallen asleep. I have watched him and read to him to his very last wink; he had been saying to me: 'Severn, I can see under your quiet look immense contention—you don't know what you are reading. You are enduring for me more than I would have you. O! That my last hour was come!' He is sinking daily; perhaps another three weeks may lose him to me for ever. . . . Torlonia, the banker, has refused us any more money; the bill is returned unaccepted, and to-morrow I must pay my last crown for this cursed lodging-place. . . . But, above all, this noble fellow lying on the bed and without the common spiritual comforts that many a rogue and fool has in his last moments; if I do break down it will be under this; but I pray that some angel of goodness may yet lead him through this wild darkness. If I could leave Keats every day for a time I could soon raise money by my painting, but he will not let me out of his sight, he will not bear the face of a stranger. I would rather cut my tongue out than tell him I must get the money—that would kill him at a word. . . . He cannot read any letters; he has made me put them by him unopened. They tear him to pieces. . . ."

"*February 22nd*, 1821.—O, how anxious I am to hear from you! I have nothing to break this dreadful solitude but letters. Day after day, night after night, here I am by our poor dying friend. My spirits, my intellect, and my health are breaking down. All run away, and even if they did not, Keats would not do without me. Last night I thought he was going . . . he bade me lift him up on the bed or he would die with pain. I watched him all night, expecting him to be suffocated with every cough. This morning, by the pale daylight, the change in him frightened me; he has sunk in the last three days to a most ghastly look. . . . I am still quite precluded from painting, which may be of consequence to me. Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend; he opens his eyes in great doubt and horror, but when they fall upon me they close gently, open quietly and close again, till he sinks to sleep. This thought alone would keep me by him till he dies; and why did I say I was losing my time? The advantages I have gained by knowing John Keats are double and treble any I could have won by any other occupation."

"*Rome. February 27th*, 1821.—He is gone—he died with the most perfect ease—he seemed to go to sleep. On the 23rd (Friday) at half-past four the approach of death came on. 'Severn—S—— lift me up, for I am dying—I shall die easy—don't be frightened—thank God it has come.' I lifted him up in my arms, and the phlegm seemed boiling in his throat—this increased until eleven at night when he gradually sunk into death—so quiet that I still thought he slept—but I cannot say more now—I am broken down beyond my strength. . . ."

Keats's Grave in the Old Protestant Cemetery at Rome.

From the collection of Mr. Augustin Rischgitz.

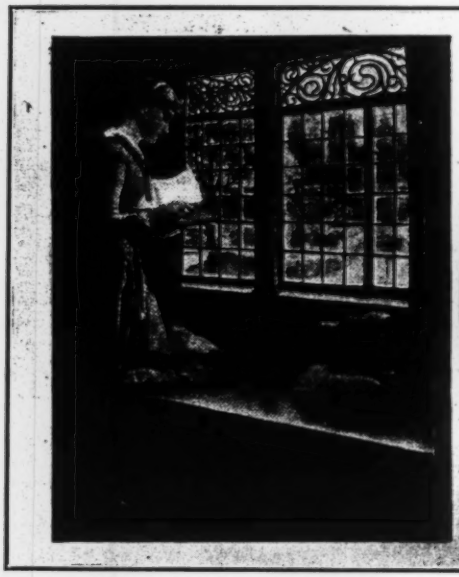
ADONAIS.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS,

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

. . . He has outsoared the shadow of our night—
  Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
  Can touch him not and torture not again.
  From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
  A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
  Mourn not for Adonais—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
  The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!
  Ye caverns and ye forests cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains! and thou Air,
  Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!



Bertha reading the Legend of St. Mark.

Mary Tighe
who is alluded to in some of Keats's early poems.

La Belle Dame Sans Merci.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

"And there she lullèd me asleep.
And there I dreamed . . . ."

La Belle Dame Sans Merci.
From the painting by Henry M. Rheam.

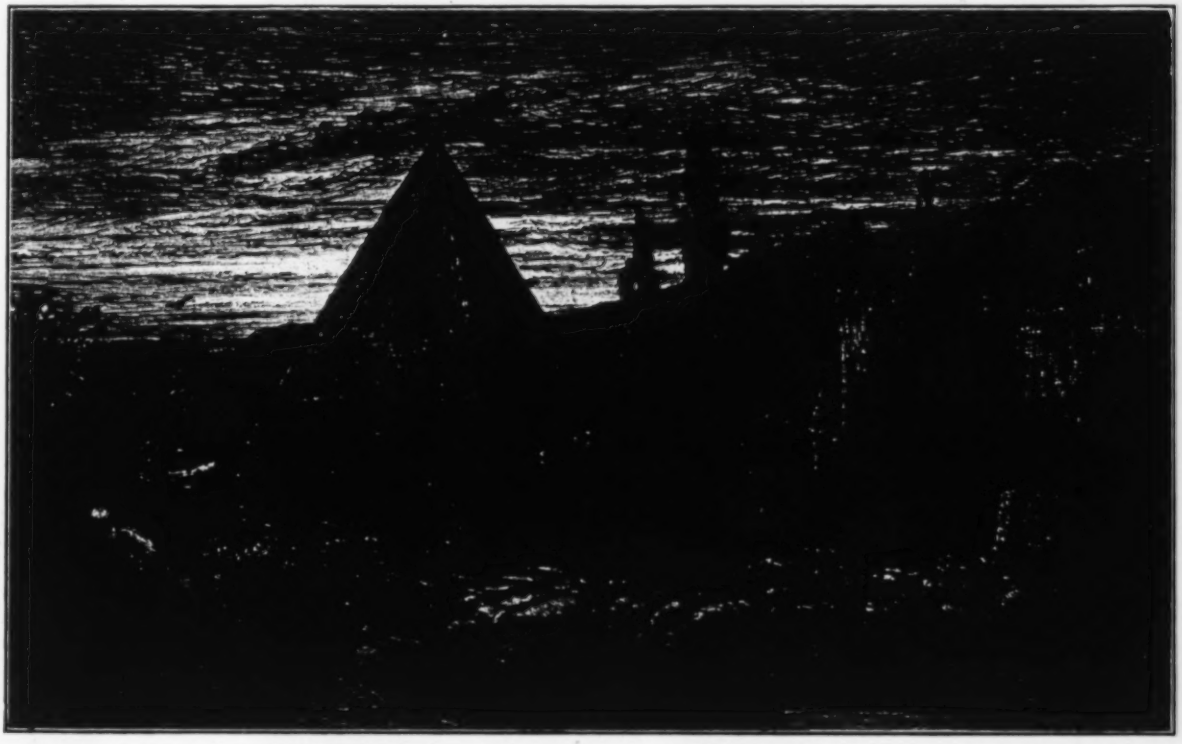
UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

He is made one with Nature. There is heard
  His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
  He is a presence to be felt and known
  In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
  Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
  Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress
  Sweeps through the dull dense world; compelling there
  All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,
  To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light.

The splendours of the firmament of time
  May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb,
  And death is a low mist which cannot blot
  The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
  And love and life contend in it for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there,
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
  Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought
Far in the unapparent. Chatterton
  Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
  Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought,



After an etching in the possession of Mr. Buxton Forman.

The Old Protestant Cemetery at Rome,
Showing the Pyramid of Caius Cestus, near which Keats is buried.

And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
  Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved;—
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

And many more, whose names on earth are dark,
  But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
  Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou are become as one of us," they cry;
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
  Swung blind in unascended majesty,
Silent alone amid an heaven of song.
Assume thy winged throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

Who mourns for Adonais? Oh! come forth,
  Fond wretch, and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous earth;
  As from the centre, dart thy spirit's light
  Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
  Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light, lest it make thee sink,
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre,
  Oh, not of him, but of our joy. 'Tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions, there
  Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
  For such as he can lend—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
  And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

Go thou to Rome—at once the paradise,
  The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
  And flowering weeds and fragrant copses dress
  The bones of desolation's nakedness,
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
  Thy footsteps to a slope of green access,
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

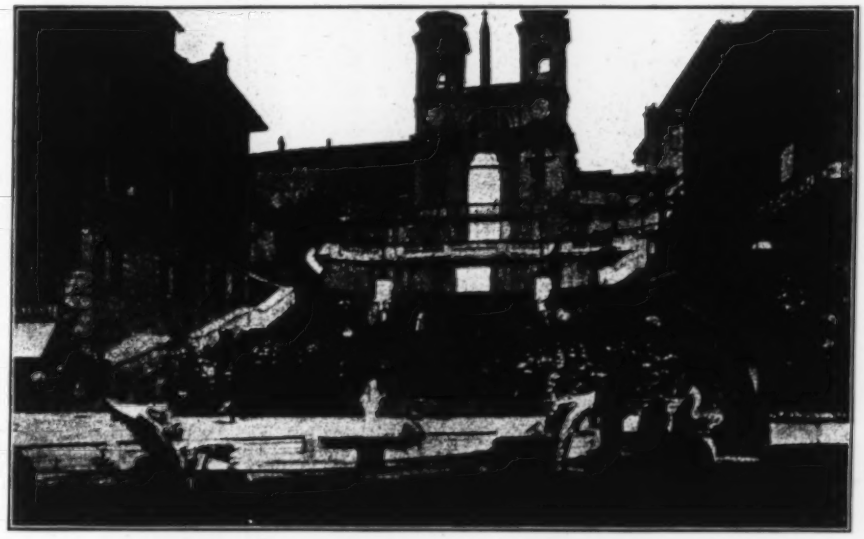
And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
  Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
  Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
  This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
  A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause. These graves are all too young as yet
  To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set
  Here on one fountain of a mourning mind,
  Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
  Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is why fear we to become?

"Soft closer of our eyes!
Low murmurer of tender lullabies."

From a painting by Averil Burleigh.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall from one of Miss Averil Burleigh's colour illustrations to their edition of Keats's Poems.



Santa Trinita dei Monti, Rome.
The house in which Keats died is on the right hand side of the steps.

The One remains, the many change and pass;
  Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
  Stains the white radiance of eternity,
  Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou would'st be with that which thou dost seek!
  Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music,—words are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
  Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou should'st now depart!
  A light is past from the revolving year,
  And man and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
  The soft sky smiles, the low wind whispers near:
'Tis Adonais calls! Oh! hasten thither!
No more let life divide what death can join together.

That light whose smile kindles the universe,
  That beauty in which all things work and move,
That benediction which the eclipsing curse
  Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
  Which, through the web of being kindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
  Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst, now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
  Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
  Whose sails were never to the tempest given.
  The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar!
  Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

KEATS.

By A. C. Benson.

Laughing thou said'st, 'Twere hell for thee to fail
  In thy vast purpose, in thy brave design,
  Ere thy young cheek with passion's venomed wine
Flushed and grew pale, ah me! flushed and grew pale!

Where is thy music now? In hearts that pine
  O'erburdened, for the clamorous world too frail,
  Yet love the charmed dusk, the nightingale,
Not for her sweet sake only, but for thine.

Thy name is writ in water, ay, 'tis writ
  As when the moon, a chill and friendless thing,
    Passes and writes her will upon the tide,
  And piles the ocean in a moving ring:
And every stagnant bay is brimmed with it,
    Each mast-fringed port, each estuary wide.

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF KEATS'S FAME.

By Joseph Severn.

[From an article on Keats which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1863.]

"Keats was accompanied to Rome and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, 'almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect, to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend.' Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my full tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' His conduct is a noble augury of the success of his future career. May the unextinguished spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against oblivion for his name!"

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

HERE in Rome, as I write, I look back through forty years of worldly changes to behold Keats's dear image again in memory. It seems as if he should be living with me now, inasmuch as I never could understand his strange and contradictory death, his falling away so suddenly from health and strength. He had that fine compactness of person which we regard as the promise of longevity, and no mind was ever more exultant in youthful feeling. I cannot summon a sufficient reason why in one short year he should have been thus cut off, "with all his imperfections on his head." Was it that he lived too soon—that the world he sought was not ready for him?

* * * * *

Joseph Severn.

From a pencil drawing by Seymour Kirkup. Rome 1822.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., from "The Life, Friendships and Letters of Joseph Severn," by William Sharp.

In Italy he always shrank from speaking in direct terms of the actual things which were killing him. Certainly the "Blackwood" attack was one of the least of his miseries, for he never even mentioned it to me. . . . He felt crushed at the prospect of being cut off at the early age of twenty-four, when the cup was at his lips, and he was beginning to drink that draught of delight which was to last his mortal life through, which would have insured to him the happiness of home (happiness he had never felt, for he was an orphan), and which was to be a barrier for him against a cold and (to him) a malignant world.

* * * * *

Those bright falcon eyes which I had known only in joyous intercourse, while revelling in books and Nature, or while he was reciting his own poetry, now beamed an unearthly brightness and a penetrating steadfastness that could not be looked at. It was not the fear of death—on the contrary, he earnestly wished to die—but it was the fear of lingering on and on, that now distressed him; and this was wholly on my account. Amidst the world of emotions that were crowding and increasing as his end approached, I could always see that his generous concern for me in my isolated position at Rome was one of his greatest cares. In a little basket of medicines I had bought at Gravesend, at his request, there was a bottle of laudanum, and this I afterwards found was destined by him "to close his mortal career," when no hope was left, and to prevent a long, lingering death, for my poor sake. When the dismal time came, and Sir James Clark was unable to encounter Keats's penetrating look and eager demand, he insisted on having the bottle, which I had already put away. Then came the most touching scenes. He now explained to me the exact procedure of his gradual dissolution, enumerated my deprivations and toils, and dwelt upon the danger to my life, and certainly to my fortunes, from my continued attendance upon him. One whole day was spent in earnest representations of this sort, to which, at the same time that they wrung my heart to hear and his to utter, I was obliged to oppose a firm resistance. On the second day, his tender appeal turned to despair, in all the power of his ardent imagination and bursting heart.

(*National Portrait Gallery.*) **Keats.**
From a plaster mould taken from life in the Studio of B. R. Haydon, and under his superintendence.
From a photo by E. O. Hoppé.

From day to day, after this time, he would always demand of Sir James Clark, "How long is this *posthumous* life of mine to last?" On finding me inflexible in my purpose of remaining with him, he became calm, and tranquilly said that he was sure why I held up so patiently was owing to my Christian faith, and that he was disgusted with himself for ever appearing before me in such savage guise; that he now felt convinced how much every human being required the support of religion, that he might die decently. "Here am I," said he, "with desperation in death that would disgrace the commonest fellow. Now, my dear Severn, I am sure, if you could get some of the works of Jeremy Taylor to read to me, I might become *really* a Christian, and leave this world in peace." Most fortunately I was able to procure the "Holy Living and Dying." I read some passages to him, and prayed with him, and I could tell by the grasp of his dear hand that his mind was reviving. He was a great lover of Jeremy Taylor, and it did not seem to require much effort in him to embrace the Holy Spirit in these comforting works.

* * * * *

Whilst this was passing at Rome, another scene of the tragedy was enacting in London. The violence of the Tory party in attacking Keats had increased after his leaving England, but he had found able defenders, and amongst them Mr. John Scott, the editor of the *Champion*, who published a powerful vindication of Keats, with a denunciation of the party-spirit of his critics. This led to a challenge from Mr. Scott to Mr. Lockhart, who was then one of the editors of "Blackwood." The challenge was shifted over to a Mr. Christie, and he and Mr. Scott fought at Chalk Farm, with the tragic result of the death of Keats's defender—and this within a few days of the poet's death at Rome. The deplorable catastrophe was not without its compensations, for ever after there was a more chastened feeling in both parties.

After the death of Keats, my countrymen in Rome seemed to vie with one another in evincing the greatest kindness towards me. I found myself in the midst of persons who admired and encouraged my beautiful pursuit of painting, in which I was then indeed but a very poor student, but with my eyes opening and my soul awakening to a new region of Art, and beginning to feel the wings growing for artistic flights I had always been dreaming about.

* * * * *

It was in the year of the Reform Bill, 1830, that I first heard of the Paris edition (Galignani's) of Keats's works, and I confess that I was quite taken by surprise, nor could I really believe the report until I saw the book with the engraved portrait from my own drawing; for, after all the vicissitudes of Keats's fame which I had

Isabella, or The Pot of Basil.
Reproduced from one of the colour illustrations by W. J. Neatby in "Keats."—Days with the Poets Series (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

witnessed, I could not easily understand his becoming the poet of the "million." I had now the continued gratification in Rome of receiving frequent visits from the admirers of Keats and Shelley, who sought every way of showing kindness to me. One great cause of this change, no doubt, was the rise of all kinds of mysticism in religious opinions, which often associated themselves with Shelley's poetry, and I then, for the first time, heard him named as the only really religious poet of the age. To the growing fame of Keats I can attribute some of the pleasantest and most valuable associations of my after-life, as it included almost the whole society of gifted young men at that time called "Young England."

* * * * *

It only remains for me to speak of my return to Rome in 1861, after an absence of twenty years, and of the favourable change and the enlargement during that time of Keats's fame—not as manifested by new editions of his works, or by the contests of publishers about him, or by the way in which most new books are illustrated with quotations from him, or by the fact that some favourite lines of his have passed into proverbs, but by the touching evidence of his *silent grave*. That grave, which I can remember as once the subject of ridicule, has now become the poetic shrine of the world's pilgrims who care and strive to live in the happy and imaginative religion of poetry. The head-stone, having twice sunk, owing to its faulty foundation, has been twice renewed by loving strangers, and each time, as I am informed, these strangers were Americans. Here they do not strew flowers, as was the wont of olden times, but they pluck everything that is green and living on the grave of the poet. The *Custode* tells me that, notwithstanding all his pains in sowing and planting, he cannot "meet the great consumption." Latterly an English lady, alarmed at the rapid disappearance of the verdure on and around the grave, actually left an annual sum to renew it. When the *Custode* complained to me of the continued thefts, and asked what he was to do, I replied: "Sow and plant twice as much; extend the poet's domain; for as it was so scanty during his short life, surely it ought to be afforded to him two-fold in his grave."

RUSKIN ON JOSEPH SEVERN.

"THE main wonders of Rome thus taken stock of, and the course of minor sight-seeing begun, we thought it time to present a letter of introduction which Henry Acland had given me to Mr. Joseph Severn.

"Although in the large octavo volume containing the works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, which so often lay on my niche table at Herne Hill, the Keats part had never attracted me, and always puzzled, I had got quite enough perception of his natural power, and felt enough regret for his death, to make me wait with reverence on his guardian friend. I forget exactly where Mr. Severn lived at that time, but his door was at the right of the landing at the top of a long flight of squarely reverting stairs, broad, to about the span of an English lane that would allow two carts to pass; and broad-stepped also, its gentle incline attained by some three inches of fall to a foot of flat. Up this I was advancing slowly—it being forbidden me ever to strain breath—and was within eighteen or twenty steps of Mr. Severn's door, when it opened, and two gentlemen came out, closed it behind them with an expression of excluding the world for evermore from that side of the house, and began to descend the stairs to meet me, holding to my left. One was a rather short, rubicund, serenely beaming person; the other, not much taller, but paler, with a beautifully modelled forehead, and extremely vivid, though kind, dark eyes.

"They looked hard at me as they passed, but in my usual shyness, and also because I have held it a first principle of manners not to waylay people; above all, not to stop them when they are going out; I made no sign, and leaving them to descend the reverting stair in peace, climbed, at still slackening pace, the remaining steps to Mr. Severn's door, and left my card and letter of introduction with the servant, who told me he had just gone out. His dark-eyed companion was George Richmond, to whom, also, Acland had given me a letter. Both Mr. Severn and he came immediately to see us. . . . Mr.

Severn and George Richmond became every day more kindly—nor, we felt, without real pleasure to themselves—helpful to us all. No *habitué* of the brightest circles of present London Society will doubt the privilege we had in better knowing George Richmond. But there is nothing in any circle that ever I saw or heard of, like what Mr. Joseph Severn then was in Rome. He understood everybody, native and foreign, civil and ecclesiastic, in what was nicest in them, and never saw anything else than the nicest; or saw what other people got angry about as only a humorous part of the nature of things. It was the nature of things that the Pope should be at St. Peter's, and the beggars on the Pincian steps. He forgave the Pope his papacy, reverenced the beggar's beard, and felt that alike the steps of the Pincian, and the Araceli, and the Lateran, and the Capitol, led to heaven, and everybody was going up, somehow; but might be happy where they were in the meantime. Lightly sagacious, lovingly humorous, daintily sentimental, he was in council with the cardinals to-day, and at picnic in Campagna with the brightest English belles to-morrow; and caught the hearts of all in the golden net of his goodwill and good understanding, as if life were but for him the rippling chant of his favourite song:

"Gente, e qui l'uccellatore."

From Ruskin's "PRÆTERITA"—II.

ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I., R.O.I.

ARTHUR SEVERN, the distinguished artist, whose fine work is well known and appreciated by connoisseurs who value truth and pure tone in painting, is the last surviving son of his ever-famous father, the friend of Keats. It is necessary that he should be given place in this "Souvenir," for in his own person he forms for us the closest living link we possess with the great literary past which glows with the star-like names of Shelley, Byron, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Sir Walter Scott and other Immortals of that splendidly intellectual period. Through him we almost touch hands with the singer of "The Ode to a Nightingale," and catch a fleeting glimpse of the author of "Waverley." He inherits many of his father's admirable qualities, especially that wonderful faculty for loyal friendship which moved Shelley to the prayer that the "unextinguished spirit" of Adonaïs might "plead against Oblivion" for the name of Severn. He is a painter of rare and exquisite genius, and those who have known him best and longest plainly recognise the fact that, but for his patient devotion and self-effacement in connection with his great friend, Ruskin, he would probably have ranked in his profession as a second Turner. Married early to Ruskin's cousin, Miss Joan Agnew, he soon found himself involved in cares and duties which were inextricably bound up with the famous Art-Critic's life and well-being, and during the sad brain-trouble which clouded the last ten or twelve years of the "Master's" existence on earth, it is not too much to say that Arthur Severn re-enacted for Ruskin a similar drama of self-sacrifice to that so nobly performed by his father in connection with Keats; with the difference that Arthur Severn's was by far the longest and most heroic of the two. From the day when, as a very young man, he won the enthusiastic admiration of the art-world for his wonderful picture "Waves breaking by Moonlight" (exhibited in the Dudley Gallery and now in a private collection) he, in the opinion of many people, made a kind of holocaust of his own genius in the service of Ruskin, and there is not the

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Arthur Severn, R.I., R.O.I.

Specially taken for the Keats-Shelley Souvenir.

slightest doubt that he saved that great and suffering soul many a care and vexation with which he would, in his long illness, have been unable to cope. And though he and his wife inherit "Brantwood" as the reward of their loyalty and tenderness, many a lover of art considers it an inheritance somewhat too dearly-purchased at the expense of the art-life of one who, had he been more at liberty to pursue his vocation, would have been acknowledged as the most poetic painter of sea and sky effects that the world has seen since Turner's best days. Those among private collectors who know what good painting really is, and are not to be persuaded away from truth and nature by "impressionist" or "post-impressionist" notions of art, are well acquainted with Arthur Severn's work, and secure it whenever and wherever they can, but he is not a prolific painter, nor does he use any of the "pushful" methods of mere sensationalism which sometimes create a market. Latterly, however, he seems to have gained a new creative impetus, and many who had grown accustomed to look for one or two small and gracefully executed works on the walls of the Royal Institute of Painters, were fairly startled at the magnificent conception of "An Angry Sea" which was shown there in the autumn of 1910, and which was purchased by Messrs. Graves & Co., and specially exhibited by them in their art galleries during the spring season of 1911. It was then seen and admitted that his genius was of a far finer type than had been altogether realised, and that this outburst of power and passion in the bold and magnificent treatment of the wild waves rolling inland and scooping up the shore in a visible wrath and uproar which almost sounded on the ears while fascinating the eyes, was in a sense a positive revelation. It was a large picture in oils, and it was followed in the spring of 1911 by one almost as large, in water-colour, entitled "A Sunlit Haze," the gem of the Royal Institute Exhibition that year. This exquisite study was praised by Sir Claude Phillips in his *Daily Telegraph* column of criticism, as "a noble work"—"a vast page torn from Nature," which it truly was. It was purchased on the second day of the Private View, and as long as it remained on the walls of the Royal Institute was daily surrounded by groups of admirers. Purely luminous in colouring and tenderly reposeful in effect it recalled the poet's lines :

> "Here Love may rest enfolded by sweet airs,
> Thrilled by the light of passion into peace."

In the autumn of 1911, the artist exhibited "A Riviera Sunset," a wonderfully delicate piece of oil-painting, so fine and translucent in colour as to be almost ethereal. This was purchased by a donor to the National Art Gallery of Birmingham where, fortunately for art lovers, it has now a permanent place. This year Mr. Severn exhibits a fine painting in the Royal Academy—"The Sunset-Land of Lyonesse," which is "hung" very unfortunately, owing to the malignant contrast afforded by its neighbouring picture, which represents an uncomfortable-looking gravel-pit, glaringly yellow in tone, with brown horses, an aggravating sort of study taken any way, but particularly so when seen against the warm roseate glow of sky and deep azure tints of sea in Mr. Severn's beautiful rendering of what Swinburne describes as :

> "The rocks and ringing reaches home
> That take the wild wrath of the Cornish foam
> Past Lyonesse."

The gravel-pit picture does not actually destroy the enchantment of Mr. Severn's colouring, but surely the Hanging Committee of the Academy might have noted and avoided a contrast which reflects on their taste, though it takes nothing away from the merit of the artist.

That Mr. Severn has countless friends and admirers goes without question. The crowd at the Leicester Galleries for his "One Man Show" in 1911 was sufficient proof of the high appreciation in which he and his work are held by many of the best judges of art—and on that day nearly every picture shown was sold, though they were chiefly small studies, and his true creative genius displays itself to more advantage on larger canvases. Personally and socially he is one of the best-liked of men ; and it may be said of him, as Ruskin wrote of his father, that he is "lightly sagacious, lovingly humorous," with a strongly marked originality and independence of character. He merits honour from his own profession of Art, and from Literature equal honour, not only for his connection with Ruskin, but because through his living personality, so long as he remains with us, we come almost face to face with "Adonaïs," by the open door of that devoted friendship which has placed his father in the company of the Unforgotten Great for all time.

JOHN KEATS.

By Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The weltering London ways where children weep
  And girls whom none call maidens laugh,—strange road
  Miring his outward steps, who inly trode
The bright Castalian brink and Latmos' steep :—
Even such his life's cross-paths ; till deathly deep
  He toiled through sands of Lethe ; and long pain,
  Weary with labour spurned and love found vain,
In dead Rome's sheltering shadow wrapped his sleep.

O pang-dowered Poet, whose reverberant lips
And heart-strung lyre awoke the Moon's eclipse.—
  Thou whom the daisies glory in growing o'er,—
Their fragrance clings around thy name, not writ
But rumoured in water, while the fame of it
  Along Time's flood goes echoing evermore.

An Angry Sea.—By Arthur Severn.

This fine oil painting was first exhibited at the Royal Institute of Oil Painters in the autumn of 1910. It was purchased for a client by Messrs. Graves & Co., and was exhibited in their Galleries during the spring season of 1911.

The Sunset-Land of Lyonesse.—By Arthur Severn.

Exhibited in this year's Royal Academy.

SHELLEY AND KEATS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Shelley.

A CAUSERIE

By

H. Buxton Forman, C.B.

I.

THE spirits of Shelley and Keats "live in stirring times." Happy though it may be for them that their disembodiment took place before the coming of the motor-omnibus and the literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Nahum about the "chariots raging in the streets" and "justling one against another in the broad ways," we cannot help speculating upon the disadvantages that their fame may yet suffer from the mere fact of their birth a century too soon. For how splendid and how exhilarating would be the spectacle of a Shelley carrying his spiritual sorrows, his infinite sympathies with suffering humanity, amid the sordid turmoil of this England in the twentieth century; keeping his optimism undimmed in the horrid glare of the electric light, his belief in a dawn when gold would suddenly have "lost its power," in spite of the Stock Exchange and Wall Street and the "Jungle," and his vision, unclouded by the dust of electric traction, still fixed upon

> "The wilderness of this
> Elysian earth,"

which he and others would even yet try to

> "Till for the promise of
> a later birth."

How lovable would be the apparition of a Keats, born in London of good Devonshire stock, with a yearning passion—one might almost say, a writhing passion—for the loveliness of nature's handiwork upon the crust of the earth, with an equal passion for perfection of form in art, and an innate West Country humour subjected to a metropolitan alterative, still able to find in the very track of the motor-omnibus and under the rushing shadow of the aëroplane that even the sweet peas about London are still "on tiptoe for a flight." For he would still have found it so, still have seen that the silver-birches of Hampstead Heath, notwithstanding the advent of the million-footed 'Arry and 'Arriet from the East End, and the twopenny tube, with its trampling "morlock" myriads, show as of old the exquisitely variegated sheen of their bark above the ignoble faces and hateful talk, and cast their fluttering flecks of shadow upon the just and the unjust. Yes! John Keats would have recognized now, as well as in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, that, although in an evil mood of mind it might be hard to walk the streets of London and not "hate as he walked," a calmer mood and a deeper vision dawned with more walking even of the streets, and mankind, even 'Arry and 'Arriet, lacerating his ears with their talk and Hampstead Heath with their feet and hands, grouped themselves infallibly

John Keats.

From a charcoal drawing by Joseph Severn, in the South Kensington Museum.

with the rest of creation, and became "each and every," a creature that "hath a purpose, and his eyes are bright with it."

Stirring times indeed! Neither Keats nor Shelley would know the green land in its wider aspects if they descended upon it now and saw how that which the human spirit in its arrogance calls progress had been engaged in a new titanic form of unvirgilian "cross-ploughing" known as railway construction.

Stirring times indeed in another sense does the spirit of Keats especially live in. There is scarcely a poet of note whose work has passed since his day into the solid fabric of English literature but Keats's soul has stirred within him to one result or another. Tennyson would have been absolutely a poet—a singer, and nothing else, Keats or no Keats; but he would not have been, in all particulars, the same Tennyson, had Keats not lived and worked. Browning is but little affected by Keats so far as the fabric of his own work is concerned; but his wife must have studied Keats closely if not very fruitfully. The Pre-Raphaelites, whether in literature or in pictorial art, had him vitally as a part of their background; and it is difficult to find the notable in English poetic literature who owed him nothing.

And in yet another sense does the spirit of Keats live on in stirring times; for here are all of us critics, bibliographers, collectors, and students, stirring wherever and whatever we can to find fresh material, new *data* for what is sometimes called his glorification—"Myself not least, but" . . . well, not "honoured of them all," but honoured by some of them and tolerated by others as the victim of a mistaken zeal and a misdirected enthusiasm. And still there are things to find out. "What!" say you, O reader of this BOOKMAN SOUVENIR, "still things to find out? Why, haven't you and Professor Colvin and Mr. Ernest de Sélincourt found out, with the assistance of many a helpful hand, everything there is to find?" Take a concrete instance for answer; over thirty-five years ago I found out the unpublished letters to Fanny Brawne, and of course published them—dividing the lovers of Keats into two camps—one "raging horribly" against me, and the other against them. In the letter which stood originally as No. 1, and now stands as No. 115 in my collected edition of Keats's Letters (Reeves and Turner), and as No. 117 in the "Complete" Keats (Vol. V., Gowans and Gray), the poet broke out of the trammels of literal prose and expressed his jealous mood thus in blank verse:

> "To see those eyes I prize above my own
> Dart favors on another—
> And those sweet lips (yielding immortal nectar)
> Be gently press'd by any but myself—
> Think, think Francesca, what a cursed thing
> It were beyond expression!"
>
> J.

He introduced the passage with the words, "Some lines I read the other day are continually ringing a peal in my ears"; nevertheless, beneath the poetry, before he went on with his letter and signed "J. Keats," he affixed what I have "transliterated" as a capital J—to use a word which appears to be the correct classical slang of the moment, unless I mistake Mr. de Sélincourt's meaning when he describes as exact print from a manuscript as a transliteration. What I want to convey by it here, if I may, is that Keats wrote a beautiful capital J under those lines of verse, and that I am beholden to the printer of THE BOOKMAN for doing the same as he is doing in regard to all these remarks—putting,

Photo by Fredk. Hollyer. From the painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. **Endymion.**

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

Isabella ; or the Pot of Basil.

From the painting by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Ernest Normand).

that is to say, a printed typographical substitute for every manuscript letter, including that J. Now, when I first read this love-letter No. 1 in Keats's delightful script, my thought was—"How charmingly he breaks into the tongue of Shakespeare, of Jonson, of Beaumont and Fletcher, the speech that was natural to the memorable Elizabethan or Jacobean dramatists—the speech which was in the air in that great semi-barbaric epoch." Then arose the misgiving—"Perhaps I am mistaken about that J; perhaps it is not meant to say to his lady, 'See how I, your John, your Keats, have said what I want to say in verse—you are to read this not as an apt quotation of mine from some one or other's work, but as my very thought, uttered to you in my very words, as one of the seventeenth century men with whom I have lived so closely might have said it, and uttered in verse because verse is more intense than prose.' Perhaps it is a quotation after all! How can I be sure that he was not alluding to Brown's Ben Jonson? I cannot afford to put a note here lest I give occasion to the ungodly to blaspheme." For I was about to print the letters; and I knew what sort of a storm there would be. It came; and it blew over; and the material whereby we know Keats is the richer. But in those days I did not feel hardy enough to brave the risk of the gibe that I ought to have known those lines were in *The Isle of Gulls*, or *The Magnificent Entertainment*, or *The Devil's Law-Case*, or something or other which I did not and do not happen to have read. So the letter remained to speak for itself; and when in 1883 I published all Keats's writings I was still too timid to attribute those lines of verse roundly to Keats, and too ignorant to say they were by such and such an Elizabethan or Jacobean, not having in any literal sense "been there to see." "For the present," I said to myself in 1883, "I will keep my counsel, and not give the lines among Keats's poetic fragments; but if in, say, a quarter of a century I am still alive and in the Keats business, and no one has found out and let me know in the meantime that the lines cannot be Keats's because they occur, say, in an edition unknown to me of that highly curious and entertaining play *The Bloody Banquet*, then I will put them in my next edition, and take my chance: one must risk something!" My perennial frame of mind in this respect has been expressed in the words of the collect: "Stir up, we beseech thee"; but stir and stir and stir as we will, no one came forward with an announcement of some other authorship of the lines for thirty years.

John Keats.
Reproduced from a drawing by T. J. Sullivan in "The Poems of John Keats." (Geo. Newnes, Ltd.)

Often and often have I lounged luxuriously on Sunday afternoon turning over the leaves of Ben Jonson—more pampered by the fates than Keats, poor lad, who splashed his black-currant jelly on "Brown's Ben Jonson," and had to create a word to describe the resultant stain when he had licked the spot and failed to annul the accident; for here was I turning over the leaves, not of "Brown's Ben Jonson," or Jones', or Smith's, but my own copy of the 1616–1640 folio in two sumptuous blue levant morocco bindings by Rivière, instead of having to confess ruefully that I had damaged Brown's "very best book" by leaving on it, not a blue stain, nor a purple stain, but a "purplue" stain. Even if I have fallen asleep over my researches without finding what I sought, and peradventure crumpled a leaf as my spirit passed into the happier realm of those who dream—well, it was only my own book, and so much the worse for the man who buys it when my sleep becomes sound enough for that transfer to be probable. "How wonderful is death" for the right-minded bookman—"death and his brother sleep!" When the grimmer and more inexorable brother claims him, he relinquishes his plunder without a murmur, and some one else takes his books, and perhaps finds in them what he has failed to find! Often on one of these luxurious, researching, dozing Sunday afternoons have I turned over the leaves of my Beaumont and Fletcher—no such rubbishy, ill-printed, mal-edited royal octavo Beaumont and Fletcher as that which Keats made priceless for ever by writing in it "Spirit here that reignest" and "Bards of Passion and of Mirth," but the *editio princeps*, the folio of 1647, and not only so, but the very copy which Edward Fitzgerald had owned and read and decorated, and which, for the last few years, has enabled me to read those bards of passion and of mirth with the added relish one has in being even the unworthy successor of Fitzgerald, drawing inspiration from Fitz's shoes, so to speak. But never did I light upon the "Think, think Francesca" lines; and perhaps, thought I, the next

man who owns Fitz's copy will stay awake longer and find them. If one were unable to keep an equal mind in face of misfortune :

> " What a cursed thing
> It were beyond expression ! "

Often enough have I concluded that the lines would never turn up unless Mr. de Sélincourt would bustle up with his already highly successful and instructive explorations of the wide field of English literature for sources of Keats's speech and thought, and add one more service by finding the Francesca lines.

I never attached much importance to the phrase, " Some lines I read the other day." Keats had often " read the other day " what he wrote the other day. And there were lover's reasons for being cryptic and bashful about those lines, and not confessing too openly, even to Francesca, that they were his own. Just as I was finishing the Oxford Keats of 1806, I decided that, in about two years or so, if nothing untoward happened, I should put the lines among his poetical works. Meantime some slumbrous Sunday afternoons should be given to ransacking the long row of little scrubby quarto seventeenth century plays. And then, as the illustrious creator of Allan Quatermain so often tells us, a strange thing happened. A letter came to me from Mr. Arthur Langmead Casserley referring me to Massinger's tragedy, *The Duke of Milan* (Act i, Scene 3), where Sforza, about to go into battle, expresses his views to Marcella in such terms that, although but two lines out of six were unaltered by Keats, the thirty-year-old question was settled against the insertion of the snatch among Keats's poetic fragments.

II.

Ever since this *causerie* has been in course of production " some lines I read the other day " have been " continually ringing a peal in my ears." They are from an allegorical poem wherein an elderly poet is depicted as " in parle with " no less a personage than Time, duly adorned with a handy forelock, and armed with a scythe of portentous sweep. " Bards of my age," says the old poet in reply to a covert sneer of Time's :

> " Bards of my age one often meets :
> We're more than twice as old as Keats—
> Whom the gods loved and gathered young—
> To have his dirge by Shelley sung.
> We've heard of your revenges, sir ;
> If Keats had lived another year—
> Or, say, two years—on this poor scene,
> Why, *Adonais* had not been,
> And peradventure Keats's breath
> Had died in song of Shelley's death ! "

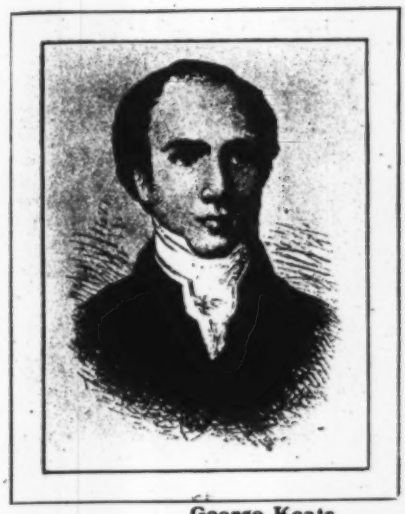
" Whom the gods love die young." H'm, well, like the last-named elderly poet, I've lost my chance. And yet it seems as if the gods must love me a little—if only for not being a pusillanimously god-fearing man ; for circumstances occur which at the very least show that there is no marked ill-feeling on their part towards me. See now !—there is a beautiful sonnet by Keats beginning :

> " The day is gone and all its sweets are gone,"

and of that, if I had died even as young as I was a very few years ago, I should not have seen any decisive

From a photograph supplied by Mr. H. Buxton Forman.

Wentworth House (now Lawn Bank) Keats's House, at Hampstead.



George Keats
brother of the poet.

manuscript and my shade might have stumbled across the shade of Keats somewhere in the "illimitable inane," not properly equipped to discuss the true arrangement of the quatrains "at the fountain-head." While this *causerie* was in gestation, I also had to deal with the bearings of a transcript by Woodhouse, which ("stirring times" again!) Lord Crewe had unearthed among his father's papers, and which Mr. de Sélincourt, who has not yet lost the chance of proving, by an early death, that the gods love him (the dear gods forbid!)—had an earlier opportunity of seeing than I had. He is quite charming on the subject of this Woodhouse transcript—shows himself the admirable critic that we all know him to be, by pointing out that there is a variation in the direction of Shakespearean effect in the arrangement of the quatrains. The sonnet has hitherto stood thus:

"The day is gone, and all its sweets are gone!
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand, and softer breast,
Warm breath, light whisper, tender semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and lang'rous waist!
Faded the flower and all its budded charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness, paradise—
Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve,
When the dusk holiday—or holinight
Of fragrant-curtain'd love begins to weave
The woof of darkness thick, for hid delight;
But, as I've read love's missal through to-day,
He'll let me sleep, seeing I fast and pray."

In the new Woodhouse version the word *tranced* stands in place of *light* in the third line, the second and third quatrains are transposed, and a problem is set for us to solve as best we may. Mr. de Sélincourt knows, just as we others know, that a transcript by Woodhouse means a correct copy of something or other—that, in the nature of things, it represents some sort of autograph authority. He knows, just as we others know, that Lord Houghton, working in the first half of last century, allowed himself a latitude of editorship forbidden to the late nineteenth and early twentieth century bookman. He suggests that, as the Woodhouse transcript is the only known manuscript authority for this sonnet, Lord Houghton may have thought it proper, nay, serviceable to the fame of Keats, to arrange the quatrains of the sonnet as they appear in all editions up to the present day, including Mr. de Sélincourt's own edition—where the new version appears, though only in the notes at the end of the volume. Such being the situation in respect of this sonnet, the choice lay between two hypotheses:—(1) that Lord Houghton had had another (and, as I think it could be shown to be, a better) manuscript, while the Woodhouse copy had been produced from a confused pencil or other draft in which the order was debatable; and (2) that Woodhouse had worked from the deliberate, the only manuscript of Keats, "the real Simon Pure," and Lord Houghton had taken the liberty of working, to the result known, from Woodhouse's copy. It was not proved that Woodhouse copied with perfect accuracy the poet's holograph; and I, for one, preferring the Houghton version, should unhesitatingly have challenged the evidence against it—and favourable to the new version as the final one. Then, just in time, stepped down "the quiet gods" and

Keats's sister Fanny.
From a portrait, by her son, in the possession of Mr. H. Buxton Forman.

Thomas Keats
brother of the poet.

Isabella, or The Pot of Basil.
From the painting by Holman Hunt
From the collection of Mr. Augustin Rischgitz.

From a drawing by Paul Henry.
"'Love Isabel,' said he, 'I was in pain,
Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow.'"—*Isabella.*
Reproduced by permission of Mr. John Lane.

placed in my hand a manuscript of the sonnet, unquestionably in the autograph of John Keats, and said: "Don't give yourself away! Read! We are not absolutely bigoted in favour of the young." So I read; and, behold, the manuscript was that which had been transcribed by Woodhouse! That was clearly quite enough to give one pause; but it by no means suffices to close the case with a verdict against Lord Houghton. However, let the reader judge for himself; on page 44 is the draft reproduced stroke for stroke from the paper I got from the quiet gods. Perhaps some other day I shall be similarly favoured with Keats's fair copy (if he made one) for Fanny Brawne; and perhaps that will turn out to have the Houghton arrangement of quatrains, and read *light* for *tranced*.

Now, as to the sudden apparition of this terribly pathetic paper—for there was pathos even in the folds and creases of it, tragedy in the very marks that indicate of what size it had been folded, how long kept secret, and in what particular pocket borne about by the poet, and many other things which my friend Mr. de Sélincourt would interpret with poignant sympathy, and a perfect intelligence of Keats's mind and modes of work—as to this sudden apparition of the scrap in my hands—"Why," I asked myself, "this favour from the quiet gods to me rather than to him, who had only Woodhouse's copy, if it were not to assure me of what I have not infrequently suspected?" Often, indeed, have I dreamed that the gods in very truth bear one no grudge for not dying young, but on the contrary take up, now and again, some such attitude as would be indicated by the words, "Ah! poor man! we forgot to call him away from earth when he was young—let us give him a *solatium* to mark our pity for the length of his tedious sojourn down there!" A *solatium* is certainly not a suggestion of hatred; and as this thought passed through my mind, while I yet held in my hand the holograph draft of that beautiful sonnet, and felt in my heart the unspeakable agony of its composition, agony ending for Keats in such an exhaustion of passion by its own force as left him convinced that he should sleep that night—down fluttered before me a second paper, bearing another sonnet of Keats's! This one was written in the bold, round, fascinating script of his youthful period—written, I judged at a glance, before he had published the little volume of 1817. This time there was no room for doubting which of the quiet gods had been my benefactor; for the particular deity was concerned in the text of that sonnet in a curious way and in a marked degree. It was Phœbus Apollo, doing a stroke of business on his own account, and choosing me to put things right for him with mankind. Overwhelming honour! With bared, bowed head I read a sonnet in Keats's writing, with great respect for the wondrous gifts of his youthful and rapidly-shaping mind, albeit, solemnly as I have seemed for years to go on editing that sonnet, I have never been able to read a proof of it without snickering up my sleeve. It was the sonnet to Spenser, hitherto printed thus:

"Spenser! a jealous honourer of thine,
A forester deep in thy midmost trees,
Did last eve ask my promise to refine
Some English that might strive thine ear to please.
But Elfin Poet 'tis impossible
For an inhabitant of wintry earth

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"'Lorenzo'—here she ceased her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest."—Isabella.

From the painting by Joseph E. Southall

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To rise like Phœbus with a golden quill
  Fire-wing'd and make a morning in his mirth.
It is impossible to escape from toil
  O' the sudden and receive thy spiriting:
The flower must drink the nature of the soil
  Before it can put forth its blossoming:
Be with me in the summer days and I
Will for thine honour and his pleasure try."

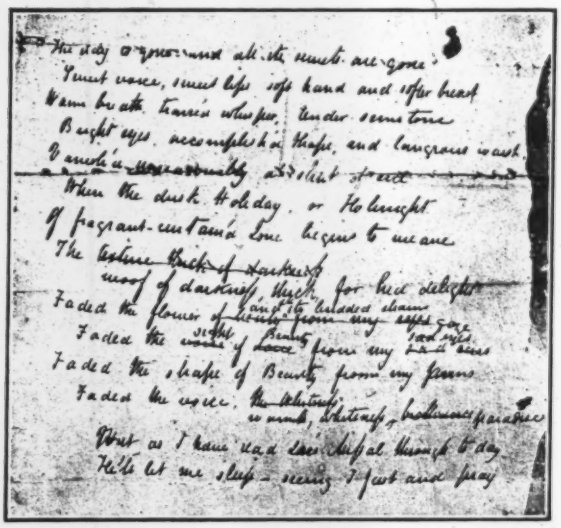
Up aloft, doubtless, the white-armed goddesses tittered as Apollo pitched the paper down. Doubtless they whispered to each other, "What matters it to Phœbus how many bardlings may be pleased to describe him brandishing a golden quill—figuring as the gilt-gingerbread deity of the wretched ones who strive to worship and honour him?" But somehow Apollo thought it did matter, and had decreed that that futile imagery should disappear from his votary's early attempt; for, as I came to the silly seventh line, at which I had so often laughed in my finite but arrogant wisdom, behold there was nothing left to laugh at; the bristling quill was not there; but in its place was the whole attitude and spirit of the god of the golden bow when he subdues the shadows of the night and drives them into the irrevocable past. The golden quill had never, in Keats's most Leigh-Huntian days, degraded his pretty little sonnet to ridicule-point; but, instead of it, was an expression of great suggestiveness—whether meant for a bit of Leigh-Huntian license or taken from the usage of Shakespeare and his coevals, who shall say?—for does not Lady Macbeth describe the projected murder of Duncan as "our great quell"? On the next page is the sonnet as Keats wrote it: and the reader will see that there is no doubt whatever as to the word which we have all for over sixty years been printing as *quill*—no doubt whatever that it is the uncommon (perhaps re-invented) substantive *quell!*

The tittering of the white-armed goddesses doubtless died before the frown of Apollo; I am not sure that the whole of the Olympians were not touched by my look of abject apology to Apollo's darling, "the Muse's son of promise." At all events they had not done with me; for, as I laid the sonnet reverently aside, after getting a photographer to take its portrait, yet another scrap floated on to my outspread hands—a soiled, torn, crumpled little leaf enough, written on both sides, all full of curious quasi-Chaucerian words—almost Rowleyan words, some of them, in their strained antiquity. The side which lay uppermost was quite unfamiliar to me, though I suspected at once what it was; I turned it over and read these couplets—I copy them literally from the manuscript:

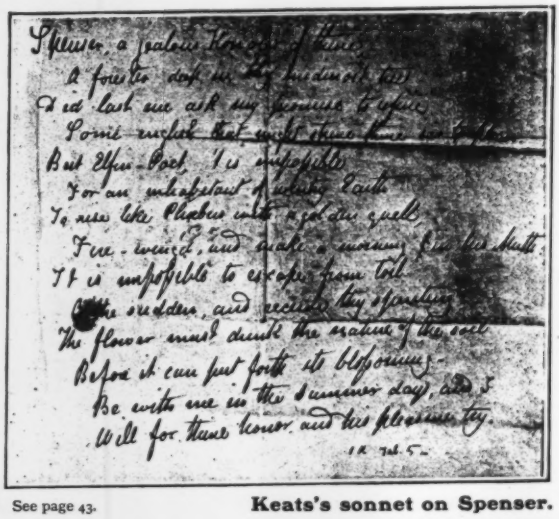
"Als writith he of swevenis,
  Men han beforne they waken in Blis
  Whanne thate hir friendes thinke hem bounde
  In crimpede shrowde farre undergrounde;
  And how a litling child mote be

From a drawing by B. R. Haydon. **Keats.**

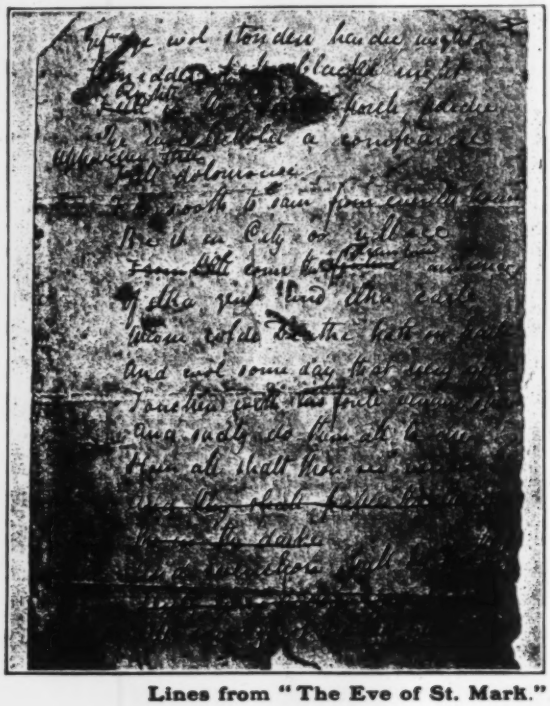
Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. H. Buxton Forman.



See page 40. **MS. sonnet of Keats.**



See page 43. **Keats's sonnet on Spenser.**



Lines from "The Eve of St. Mark."

A saint er its nativitie
Gif that the modre (God her blesse)
Kepen in solitarinesse
An[d] kissen devoute the holie croce."

So this was, in very truth, a fragment of *The Eve of St. Mark* that I was holding; and the kindly gods had revealed to me how nearly right Dante Gabriel Rossetti was when he sent me that extract from *The Unseen World* (which I reprinted in my notes, and which Mr. de Sélincourt has reprinted once more), and told me how he thought Keats meant to introduce into his poem the legend given in that extract.

Once more the photographer had to be commandeered to make me a voucher for the discovered couplets; and on this page you can see, stroke for stroke as nearly as we can do it, what Keats made of the legend, "written in smallest crow-quill size" in the margin of the manuscript which Bertha read on St. Mark's Eve. But let the printer "transliterate" it for you in its final shape:

"Gif ye wol stonden hardie wight—
Amiddes of the blacke night—
Righte in the churchè porch, pardie
Ye wol behold a companie
Appouchen thee full dolourouse
For sooth to sain from everich house
Be it in City or village
Wol come the Phantom and image
Of ilka gent and ilka carle
Whom coldè Deathè hath in parle
And wol some day that very year
Touchen with foulè venime spear
And sadly do them all to die—
Hem all shalt thou see verilie—
And everichon shall by the[e] pass
All who must die that year Alas."

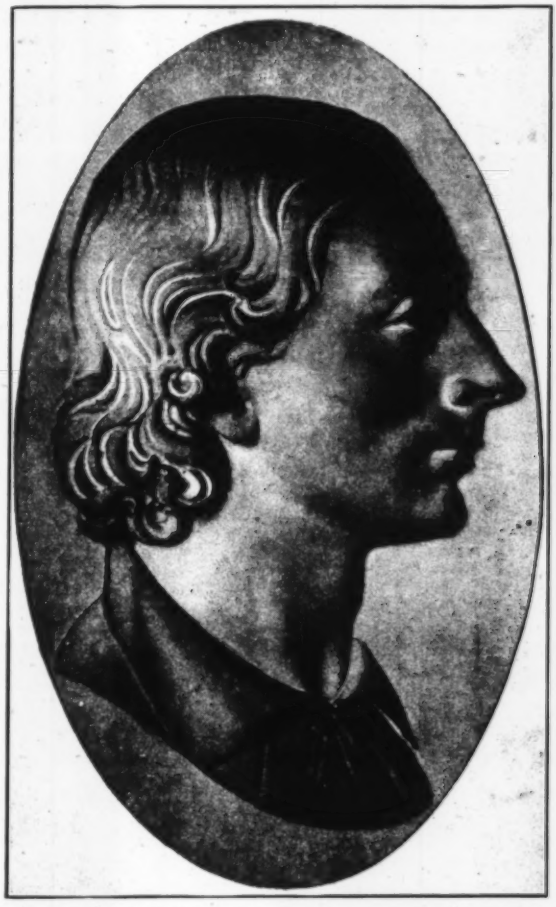
There sure enough is the legend; and it does not suffer much by the sweeping provision that all whose phantoms went into the church were to die that year, instead of the partial arrangement of the usual version, according to which some of the phantoms were to come out again—in token that the sick folk whom they represented would recover. Neither do we miss much the wraiths of babies, who, being unable to walk, had to roll into church, according to *The Unseen World!* *

III.

The Eve of St. Mark, to which I have now added sixteen lines, was doubtless the poem which Keats told Fanny Brawne he had in his mind when he felt his early doom hanging over him, and barring the hope of life with her. "Whom the gods love die young," say we? Ah! Charles Kingsley was quite right; it is a "gruesome thing," this "premature interment." For Keats it meant love and art, both, cut down and withered. For us, his early death brought an infinity of loss. If it were but the lack of such a poem as this *Eve of St. Mark* was going to be, the loss is hard enough to measure. But just as Keats, by passing into the unknown a half-century sooner than he should have gone from the world

* For the authenticity of the events described above, I refer the reader to Mr. Frank T. Sabin, at whose establishment in Shaftesbury Avenue (No. 118) they took place. I regret that circumstances did not admit of my appropriating to my own permanent use these gifts of the gods, whose steward, for the moment, Mr. Sabin happened to be. The manuscripts remained, with other interesting Keats material, in his possession, to pass in due course to someone wealthy enough to make himself their owner.

in normal conditions, was spared many horrid things, so he was cut off from much which would have been assimilated to the enrichment of his mental background. The proposition is too obvious to need exhaustive treatment, even were this the place for it; but two edifices in the world of art have stood out conspicuously in my thought as I have been putting down these remarks. They are the works of Dickens and the pictures of Turner. Had Keats but lived as late as Landor, who was born long before him, his humour, his wit, his very speech must infallibly have taken a colour from Dickens, because, whether he would have read the books or not, he could not possibly have got away from the infiltration of Dickens into the common thought and speech of our daily life. How is it possible, for



John Keats.

From the medallion by Girometti, in the collection of the late Sir Charles Dilke.

instance, to imagine Keats in 1870 looking in on James Rice, to sup on salmon provided by the latter, and not knowing "he wouldn't 'ave a cowcumber," or failing to give a return invitation to a "swarry" consisting of "biled mutton and trimmins," or at least a meal of "chops and tomato sauce"? Dickens might not have influenced Keats the poet; but he would have been good mental food for Keats the man and letter-writer, just as Fielding and Smollett were.

It is to Keats the poet, on the other hand, that Turner would have had a thousand things to say of the heavens and the earth and the waters, not under but about the earth, things but little akin to aught obtainable from Claude's Enchanted Castle—something of the significance of colour differing *total cælo* from those coarse, huge canvasses covered by Keats's friend Haydon—"this glorious Haydon and all his creation," as the poet called the painter in his bright young enthusiasm of 1816. Keats, though born after Turner had begun exhibiting those more sober pictures which took so long to impress the public fully with the genius of the barber's son, was yet in his nonage when that early Dido and Æneas (on the morning of the chase) and the more classically poetic Dido Building Carthage were exhibited. The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire appeared the same year as Keats's first boyish book; it was not till Keats and Shelley had both been gathered young by the loving gods that the Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl (1823) appeared at the Royal Academy; and only in 1828 and 1829, coevally with the first Shelley and Keats revival, did Dido Directing the Equipment of the Fleet and Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus follow. Had the poet-friends stepped together into the Academy exhibition of 1829, the sight of the Polyphemus in its fresh radiance of colours and its perfect blending of dramatic perception with a largeness of soul to feel the tragedy from the Cyclopean point of view, and express the whole in shapes and hues taken from nature and transfigured by the highest art, they must have been arrested by an enthusiastic astonishment. Their minds would have been opened to the meaning of the spiritual life of Turner still unfolding in its stupendous glory when he had reached the age of fifty-three years; and the records of their own lives and their own labours would not have been silent as to Turner. What the effect on them would have been if they had lived to see how in Rain, Steam and Speed he could seize and set down at a blow the poetry possible to a view of industrialised England intersected by the iron roads which they knew not, or if they could have witnessed the great painter's last exhibited set of paintings in which he recurred to the most constant of his classical loves, who shall say? What background for the minds of Keats and Shelley those pictures, and many painted in the twenty-five or thirty years preceding them, would have furnished! They would have seen, in 1851, the whole bitter tragedy of Dido Queen of Carthage told at last in four apocalyptic pictures—spilt, as it were, upon the canvas by some means that none can fathom—faded more or less now, and more or less damaged by neglect—hidden or scattered for years—but now, happily, summoned back to their native London, and shown together in the house that is called Tate's, on the Millbank side of Thames.

Well! well! in one sense or another it is true enough that "whom the gods love die young"; and Turner was still young enough at 76 to plead with his doctor for a reconsideration of the verdict which told of the speedily approaching end of that lifelong revelling in the sunlight, worshipped and glorified by the painter. Perhaps such a revelation of poetry in colour might have upset the ideals of those two poets; still, I cannot but think that, if the gentle gods had but made them a little more

"Drunk with the fury of their Will-to-be,"

they might have lived to see the last great poem of Turner, and followed him reverently to his grave in St. Paul's Cathedral—going to their respective homes—old men—with the knowledge that the supreme poet in

colour had been "good health" to them for many years, and "filtered and fibred their blood." Shelley, indeed, had no very strong clutch upon life, if by life we mean personal existence in the world; he would have needed, when the squall swept his boat down in the Gulf of Spezia, a very powerful dose of the above-named fury of will-to-be before he made up his mind not to "go down with the other pigs" (the ballast), as he had declared he would in such an event. But Keats—how much of it would have been wanted to enable him to live down the insidious poison that was in him, and emerge victorious from the complex-conditioned struggle in which he perished? It is a bootless speculation; I drop it, and please myself by recalling a scene in the Elysian Fields which has often come into my mind just before those Sunday afternoon dozes—a magic scene in which the Ariel spirit of Shelley, "lost in a soft amaze," beckons the staid and saddened ghost of Keats to watch the doings of Turner in that realm of those who are beloved of the gods, whether early diers or late diers.

"Come here, Keats! Look! see this queer little sturdy shade, how he is 'splashing' at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair!"

"What is that you're saying, Shelley? That is not in your works or mine or Byron's or Wordsworth's!"

"Oh no, that is from some of the new poetry they make down there now! But never mind; see how magically the podgy little old painter there slops his colours about; see how he takes up the gigantic *spatula* to deal with the solider masses of pigment and creates lights and shades undreamed of!"

"What's he muttering?" says Keats—

> "'Four great walls in the new Jerusalem,
> For Leonard, Rafael, Angelo, and ME
> To cover.'
>
> "I don't see any walls, but these ten leagues of canvas are big enough for me to do what I want."

"Whose poetry is he quoting, Shelley?"

"Oh, another new man, not so new as the last, though—Browning, the intellectual giant whom we welcomed to these Fields a few years ago—came after us—didn't learn so very much from us, but thought a lot of us both, and wrote about us. Never mind about him just now, Keats; look at the painter! See how the sky grows radiant on his canvas! see the clouds, the apparition of the little pink clouds shaping themselves like flocks of winged messengers of the gods, as he sweeps the floods of pigment before him! See the architecture of heaven—shapes of unimagined beauty, hues of unimagined glory—such a sky as none but I ever truly saw from the earthly atmosphere, because the others were not bold enough to fly where I flew!"

"What! none?—none of the Greeks?"

"Well! perhaps Aristophanes, Keats, for all his riotous laughter; but I doubt whether he saw such solemn and marvellous altitudes of sky as this man's."

"Let us ask him, Shelley. I saw him just now,

"While her robe flaunted with the daffodils."—Lamia.

From a drawing by R. Anning Bell.

Reproduced from "The Poems of John Keats," by permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.

"Since Ariadne was a vintager."—Endymion.

From a drawing by R. Anning Bell.

Reproduced from "The Poems of John Keats," by permission of Messrs. G. Bell & Sons.

"Woman, when I behold thee, flippant, vain."

From a painting by Averil Burleigh.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, from one of Miss Averil Burleigh's colour illustrations in their edition of Keats's Poems.

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steeplechasing over the clouds on that gigantic film-winged, horn-protected beetle he loves so."

"No! no! look at the painter!—what wondrous reminiscences of legend and mythos he puts into the living clouds that his hand creates! And see, down in that corner of his canvas, how he bids woods and flowers to take new life—and plains of wheat and marvellous apparitions of grass and moss and lichen, all full of the human spirit and yet true to nature! By Phœbus, Keats! he reminds me of you!"

"Ah! Shelley, he reminds me, in that particular corner, somewhat of Wordsworth; but he has more of the fire and fury of creation—and stronger wings. Oh! if I had but known him down there—instead of Haydon!"

* * * *

And then a grave dame brought some tea and roused me from my trance, before "that lovely twain" quitted the sturdy shade, still splashing away at his ten-league canvas, and went to find Aristophanes and his titanic beetle, and cross-question him on certain aspects of *Lysistrata* and the open Athenian sky under which it was played. Let us hope they met Browning too, with *Aristophanes' Apology* in his pocket, and learned, after a full Elysian colloquy, whether the great modern's views on the question of the great antient's decency would hold, now that, with slight differences in what we may call symptomatic details, the most up-to-date of the Athenian's eleven extant comedies has been played in London, and his latest and greatest translator, the veteran Benjamin Bickley Rogers, has been censured by our leading literary journal for omitting the most indecent scene.

Endymion.

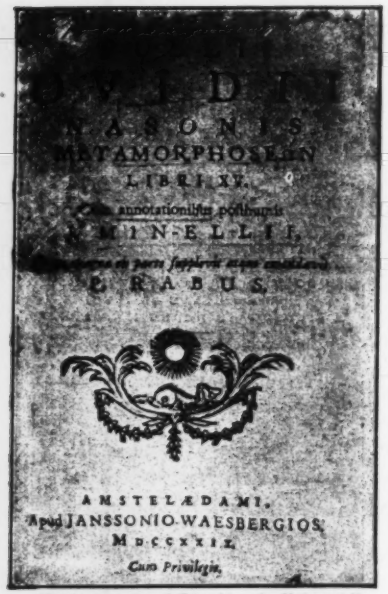
From a drawing by Sir Edward Poynter.

Reproduced by permission of the Artist.

IV

The first essential for a lasting poetic reputation is that the poet should know how to be amusing. The term is used in its widest sense, in that sense which traces it back to its original home amid the doings of the Muses. It is not necessary for a poet to amuse us by appeals to that restricted region of the mind in which Joseph Grimaldi reigned unquestioned, or to tickle us with the exquisite dexterity and subtle knowledge of certain byways of human intelligence which mark one of the domains of Tom Hood's supremacy—the domain of puns and whimsical gibes. It is not necessary that the poet should make us laugh at all. Some of the greatest poets have, it is true, the grace of humour added to their manifold endowments; and a very saving grace it is. But others, even of the greatest, either through an exalted sense of the dignity of their mission, or through congenital lack of the sense of the ludicrous, do not once awake our laughter in the whole course of their lofty labours. And yet, if they were not amusing in the higher sense, they would not be poets. Writers in verse may be amusing without being poets; but they cannot be poets without being amusing. They must keep our emotions and our intelligence entertained in an ordered and balanced manner by the exercise of their own creative gift; they must keep alive in us the sense that we are apprehending something that is a product of an exalted life lived in the soul of the singer, something real clothed in a garb of simulation, something that is song and not mere speech; and, not only so, but something fitted by its nature to be given forth in song and not fitted by its nature to be delivered in mere unrhythmic speech.

Shelley's poetical works mark him distinctly among the few poets of the first quarter of the nineteenth century who, when once come to maturity, never failed to be amusing either in the one sense or in the other. He drives us perilously near the necessity of classing him among those great singers who never condescend—if condescension it be—to express a thought that shall tickle the diaphragm to the point of causing unseemly spasms, or even interfere with the adjustment of the facial muscles. But, though wit and humour were usually in abeyance when Shelley was girt for singing, we know that he had both humour and wit, not only from many a passage in his letters, but also from two substantive works which, though not exactly riotous, or even of the lesser degree of funniness which De Quincey differentiated as "routous," were yet calculated to interfere with the adjustment of the facial muscles, and even touch the diaphragm. These works need scarcely be specified; for who that knows his nineteenth century poets passably well has not been amused in the narrower as well as the wider sense by "Swellfoot the Tyrant" and "Peter Bell the Third"? Moreover, what poet unendowed with wit and humour could possibly have given us those two large and lovely transfusions from the Greek which we find among



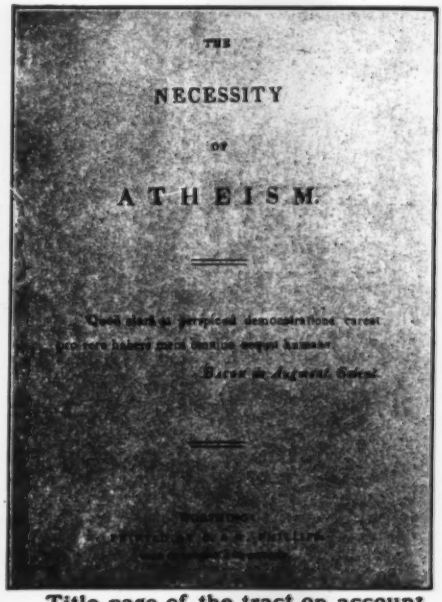
Title page of Shelley's "Ovid" showing his autograph.

Shelley's works—the unique satyric drama of "The Cyclops" from Euripides, and the delightfully entertaining poem which we know as Homer's Hymn to Mercury?

But these four works, although they serve to illustrate certain truths about Shelley, might almost be dropped out of the account in seriously estimating the magnitude of his achievement for the pleasure and profit of humanity, were it not for the fact that they constitute a body of poetry which serves to separate him from the humour lacking great ones. The truths they illustrate, let it be noted in passing, are first that the mature Shelley never let the tension of his verse slacken to that of prose, and secondly that Shelley, once through the year 1814, was always and forever Shelley—full of fire, emotion, sympathy, and aspiration; sad and sweet at one time, fierce and aggressive at another, but never less than lofty in expression, ever weaving verse of that gossamer texture which makes it clear to those who read the black words on the white paper and do not hear the voice or see the gesture, that the region where this poetry had birth was that upper plane of æther in which so few can breathe—that the touch is that of the magician whose spirit can soar away into the blue and live and move there in impetuous security.

It is because Shelley, when he had finished sowing the curious mass of wild oats known to us as his juvenilia, never in truth desisted from that high seriousness which makes the soul of his work so precious to mankind that the very body of it also assumed so highly organic a texture as to give price to his merest scrap or fragment. The life of the poet's soul up there in the blue could not continue in one unbroken flow of creation; now and again he must descend and relax. But even then the manners and habits of unassisted aërial navigation would cling to him; and, if the relaxation were but a spell of high-class fooling like "Œdipus" or "Peter," if it were a rendering of some other poet's work in another tongue, as in the "Cyclops" or the "Mercury," or even if it were the earthly solace of a familiar letter to Hunt, or Hogg, or Peacock, to Mary Shelley or to Claire Clairmont, there would always be something to betray the secret of the region where for the most part his soul lived; and, in the lighter poetic compositions, something so racy of the accustomed atmosphere as to let it be known at a glance that here we are accompanying on a holiday trip a great master of the lyre.

15, Poland Street, Soho.
Where Shelley and his friend and biographer, T. S. Hogg, lodged in 1811, after Shelley had been expelled from Oxford.



Title page of the tract on account of which Shelley was expelled from Oxford.

It is because of this that those who know most about Shelley and his ways of work, who have, perchance, done somewhat to set the taste and awaken the curiosity which will, at much pains, know all it can about the great singers, are not at liberty to desist from the labour of research connected with textual recension while still they have health of mind and body to spend, and fields in which to labour. Fields there will be so long as any scrap of Shelley's unpublished writing of a later date than 1814 remains undiscovered—so long as a single not-forthcoming manuscript of any poem

University College, Oxford, as it was in Shelley's time.

(From the collection of Mr. Augustin Rischgitz.)

Shelley's Cottage at Keswick, 1811-12.

Photo by Walmsley Bros.

Shelley's Cottage, Bishopgate, Windsor Forest.

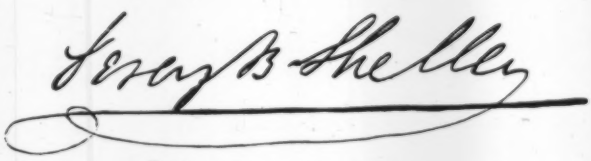
He wrote "Alastor; or the Spirit of Solitude" here in 1815.

already published is known to have existed and not known to exist no longer; fields there will be, and labourers there will be; nor must they listen to the voice of the tyro, prate he never so seeming-sagely about the finality of Mr. So-and-so's "monumental edition," or the sufficiency of Mr. Such-an-one's emendations, or the superfluity of aught that can possibly remain to find. For just as the fields of textual criticism and research will continue to exist, so will the less fruitful and exacting fields in which the tyro, condemned for his sins to review what he does not understand, will talk lightly, as if he knew, about the thing that he knows not—doomed for former sins to commit yet another:

"Ignoscenda, quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes!"

Perchance the Manes who deal with that class of misdeed may be led to pardon, or even to forget; but misdoing of a kind there is in all attempts to check the devotion of labour (for the most part but lightly rewarded) to the cause of textual purification and illustrative commentary so far as it is derived from authentic documents.

In the year 1905, the passing of which THE BOOKMAN celebrated by connecting with it the illustrious name of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the fruitful taste for sifting rubbish-heaps in the interests of the student and collector had brought forth to the light two lost treasures connected with the poetry of Shelley's maturity; and from these two treasures, if we listened to the voice of the charmer who mainly supplies the periodical Press with what is to stand for criticism, no results should be conveyed into the editions of Shelley pretending to care and accurate scholarship—because, forsooth, all has been done that can possibly be wanted! One of these treasures



From a print lent by Mr. C. W. F. Goss.

Jane Williams.

From the painting by Clint, in the Bodleian Library. Reproduced by permission of Mr. Eveleigh Nash from "The Romantic Life of Shelley," by Francis Gribble.

is the copy of "Queen Mab" into which the poet wrote fairly for the printer all that was needed to convert Cantos I. and II. of that poem into Part I. of "The Dæmon of the World." The other is the manuscript of the "Ode to Naples," written with care by Claire Clairmont, and revised with the utmost care by the poet himself. Both have textual and critical value which this is not the occasion for discussing; and both connect themselves with the thread of thought which it was the object of these paragraphs to illustrate.

It is true that we had already evidence of the rejection of the immature "Queen Mab" by the mature Shelley; it is true that we had long ago recovered from obscurity the copy of that poem in which Shelley's hand had not only laboured roughly at the revision of Cantos I. and II., but had also converted Cantos VIII. and IX. into Part II. of "The Dæmon" in so clear a manner as to leave no doubt about its publication. What was uncertain was the process by which Part I. had passed out of its more or less sketchy state, as shown in that copy, into the accurate recension printed with "Alastor" in 1815. And the second revised copy of "Queen Mab" resolves that uncertainty; so that we now have in two well-known libraries the two copies of the privately printed "Queen Mab" which, taken together, afford the actual tangible evidence of the poet's deliberate attempt to annul that work of his immaturity and preserve only so much as could be brought up to the

Portrait of Antonio Leisman
by himself.

Copied by Miss Rose M. Whitlaw from the painting in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, and reproduced by permission from the original drawing in the possession of Mr. Roger Ingpen.

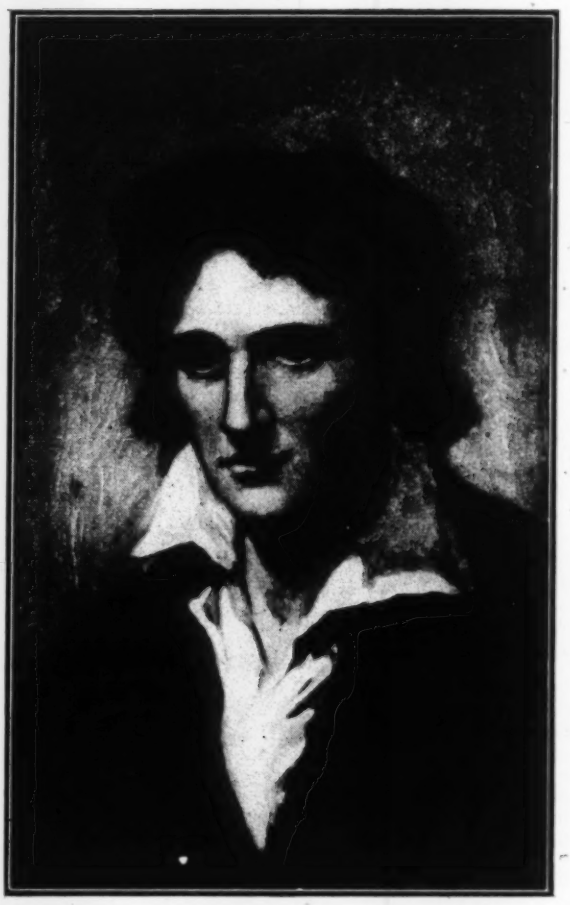
(Shelley's friend, Thomas Love Peacock, writing of the reproductions of Miss Curran's well-known portrait of Shelley, said, "They seem to me to want the true outline of Shelley's features, and, above all, to want their expression. There is a portrait in the Florentine Gallery which represents him to me more truthfully. It is that of Antonio Leisman.")

standard of 1815, when he was twenty-three years of age.

V.

This condemnation of "Queen Mab," as written in Shelley's immaturity and privately printed in 1813, is a delightfully suggestive, not to say instructive, episode in the life's work of our transcendent smiter of the lyre. See how magniloquently the youth had set forth on that perilous journey for an artist to travel! Fresh from the study of Lucretius and other less august writers against religion and the dogma of the immortal soul, he had flaunted on his very title-page that blazing banner of defiance, which the great Roman master had waved when he penned the passage opening with such honeyed sweetness:

"Avia Pieridum peragro loca
nullius ante
Trita solo."



Percy Bysshe Shelley.
Reproduced from the colour portrait of Shelley by A. C. Michael in "Shelley"—Days with the Poets Series (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

But let us take it in our own tongue, and taste, with the aid of the ever-to-be-remembered Munro, just what Shelley flaunted—for he quoted the passage incompletely: "I traverse," says our youthful iconoclast, "the pathless haunts of the Pierides never yet trodden by sole of man; I love to approach the untasted springs and to quaff: I love to cull fresh flowers . . . from spots whence the Muses have yet veiled the brows of none; first because I teach of great things and essay to release the mind from the last bonds of religious scruples." *Audax juventa* as he unquestionably was, Shelley was too well bred to include in his motto the further Lucretian reason, "and next because on a dark subject I pen such lucid verses o'erlaying all with the Muses' charm." The same good breeding caused the adolescent poet to omit the line:

"Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,"

or, to complete Munro's prose rendering, "and gather for my head a distinguished crown." Such a crown he gathered in 1815, when he put forth "Alastor"; and to that he confirmed his title year after year till the deeps of the Gulf of Spezia washed him down; for in volume after volume of "lucid verses" he overlaid "with the Muses' charm" many "a dark subject." Lucid enough, for that matter, were the verses of "Queen Mab"; but by 1815 Shelley knew that he had been mistaken in insisting upon the novelty of his attempt to emancipate man by plucking "the mortal soul from out immortal Hell"; and, furthermore, the two painfully revised copies in which all but portions of four cantos are utterly rejected, and but little of those four cantos is left as it was printed in 1813, are indisputable evidence that he knew he had gone the wrong way about it.

It is permissible to speculate whether, in the notably early maturity of his critical judgment, he had discovered the secret of his own failure of 1813, and noted it for the very same secret which deprives of attractiveness so much of that great Roman fabric from which he had been instructing himself—that it is not sufficiently amusing—that, however lucid the verses, there are quite extensive regions in the "De Rerum Naturâ" wherein the charms of the Muses, except in metrical form, are conspicuous by their absence. "Queen Mab" approaches poetry independently of its metrical form by the curious cogency of its rhetoric. The unamusing parts of Lucretius's great work, infinitely superior to "Queen Mab" both in metrical quality and in reasoning, are less rhetorical; indeed, it is the very perfection of their reasoning which leaves them dependent solely upon their hexametrical form for differentiation from noble prose. And it is not very wild to assume that Shelley saw how the principle which condemned "Queen Mab" as poetry condemned a good deal of the "De Rerum Naturâ"—the principle that the arguments could have been delivered just as well in unrhythmic speech. Whence the wholesome thought—What has poetry to do with subtleties of argument on the nature of things? Much poetry of the highest kind may be written setting forth the nature of things, as witness many a wondrous passage of Lucretius; but that is when he is creative rather than argumentative.

Whether some such train of thought went through Shelley's mind or not, certain it is that from 1815 onward he never more set verse to do the drudgery of argument on scientific facts, but passed his poetic life in distinct acts of creation. Had not some such awakening taken place in regard to the methods of Lucretius, we must have heard, between 1815 and 1822, of Shelley's thoughts concerning this greatest intellect of all the Roman poets—this man whose mind, judged on the side of intellectual power and capacity, towers high above even that of Virgil, of whose work it is true of well-nigh every line that it is "a joy for ever." So vast, indeed, is the intellectual capacity of Lucretius that one is tempted to apply to him his own words concerning his master, Epicurus:

"Nam si, ut ipsa petit majestas cognita rerum,
Dicendum est, Deus ille fuit, Deus!"

Never was poet quicker in what is called in Scotland the "uptake" than Shelley. Quickly he had apprehended that, if he would learn the hardiest and most courageous optimism in a Roman school and get his vision cleared and his nerves braced, he must sit at the feet of him who in those respects reigns in undisputed supremacy, even Lucretius; quickly he apprehended in the next place that, if he would learn how *not* to compound the details of a great poem on the origin and destiny of man, he could do no better than resort to the same great master; but not quite so rapidly did he learn who, of all human creatures, could teach him the most about the framing of human thought in poetic speech of ideal perfection, show him how to wield "the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man," and leave him with that example before him to learn what measures more suitable to his own tongue the modern poet should choose, and how he should school himself to wield them.

For in this very year 1815, the year of the great awakening, when, having learned how not to do certain things, he found that it was given to him to write the lovely, sustained blank verse of "Alastor" in place of the unrhymed metre of "Queen Mab," we find him going lamentably astray about Virgil—not, we may well hazard the conviction, for long. In a letter of September, 1815, telling Hogg how his mind is alive with literary plans, he says he has read the first four books of Lucan's "Pharsalia," a poem which commends itself to him as "of wonderful genius and transcending Virgil." He adds,—"Mary has finished the fifth book of the 'Æneid,' and her progress in Latin is such as to satisfy my best expectations." Is it lawful to assume that, when she had finished the supremely momentous sixth book with him, his attitude underwent a change? Perhaps he had not at twenty-three fully appreciated the difference between golden-age and silver-age Latin; perhaps the political boldness of Lucan ("by his death approved") had awakened a hankering after the flesh-pots of "Queen Mab" and induced him to compound "The Dæmon of the World" from its *disjecta membra*; but we who can enjoy our noble young Lucan with phlegm, and not be carried away by his politics, must not insist too severely upon the great gulf that Apollo and the Muses have fixed between his poetry and Virgil's. Whether it was the sixth "Æneid," as Shelley went over it with Mary, or whether he took her through the 4th Eclogue to show her how the dear idea of the returning golden age could be woven into verse combining the springtide freshness of youth with the exaltation of the seer, or whether he led her through the magic fields of the "Georgics," and learnt with her how a didactic poem could seem to deal but with the many aspects of husbandry and yet be one web of absolute poetry from "Quid faciat lætas segetes" down to "sub tegmine fagi," we may not know and need not ask. But this we know, that in all the great works composed by Shelley from that time forth, the methods of the artist Virgil, "majestic in his sadness at the doubtful doom of human kind," counted for vastly more than the methods of the clarion-throated Lucan, who met his death at the hands of an offended tyrant, and met it declaiming some of his own poetry.

Let these paragraphs close with a crumb of evidence on this subject gathered from our other recovered treasure of 1905—evidence that is very acceptable since it illustrates the growth and moulding of Shelley's soul. Five years after he had let loose upon Hogg his opinion that Lucan in his "Pharsalia" transcended Virgil, he was roused, by political events of the moment in Italy, to write his "Ode to Naples," wherein he sang of "the unknown graves of the dead Kings of Melody." Not printed till after his death, the ode was edited by his widow; it had several foot-notes, unsigned; and the note to "the dead Kings of Melody" was "Homer and Virgil." Nearly thirty-five years ago an editor of Shelley, who shall be nameless, having thought it proper to mark Shelley's foot-notes in all cases with the poet's name and so distinguish them from the editorial comment, had some misgiving in the application of this method to the particular note in point—for no external evidence was forthcoming to show that the note was not Mary's. But, having no doubt that Shelley himself meant "the dead Kings of Melody" to be specified, that editor marked the tiny note as Shelley's. True, it has never been disputed; and yet it is a satisfaction to the "overweening rogue" to read, at the foot of Claire's manuscript revised by Shelley, the names of Homer and Virgil set down in the poet's own writing; though it must be admitted that, even without that holograph declaration, it would be quite clear that, whatever the author of "Queen Mab" might do in 1815, the author

The Shelley Memorial by Onslow Ford, R.A., in University College, Oxford.

From the collection of Mr. Augustin Rischgitz.

of the "Ode to Naples" in 1820 would not have bracketed Homer and Lucan, even if the context here had not pointed unmistakably to Homer and Virgil. For he had learnt the great lesson which no nineteenth century artist taught better by his life—that, whatever be the spiritual preoccupations, or the polemical attitude of the work-a-day mind—even if a man be truly, as Shelley was, "as a nerve o'er which do creep the else-unfelt oppressions of this earth," he must, as an artist, be

> "Moved by one thing only,
> Vast desire to scale Parnassus' lonely
> Steeps and know perchance the solemn rapture,
> Even those same heights to mount and capture,
> Where no track of earlier wheels one findeth,
> Neither is there any slope that windeth
> Gently down to the Castalian Fountain."

That rapture, before his body had passed from life and been resolved into its elements, Shelley had known in the composition of the fourth act of "Prometheus Unbound," in "Epipsychidion," in "Adonais," in "Hellas," and in many a briefer strain that dwells in our minds, not merely as a priceless thing, but also as a thing new to literature.

SHELLEY AS POET.

By William Watson.

A CRITIC, whom we have nowadays taken to disparaging, made a good while ago some observations upon Shelley, which convey in a few words the character of that poet's peculiar distinction and impressiveness perhaps as well as it can be done. The phrases "author" and "literary man," said Macaulay, were felt to be entirely out of place if applied to Shelley: among all his contemporaries he was pre-eminently the one writer (and even "writer" sounds odd and incongruous as one sets it down) whom the word *bard* seems to designate quite appropriately. Despite a hundred limitations and defects, a poet of whom this can be said must assuredly be very great; for it is clear that the source of such an impression as Shelley produces and Macaulay defines can be nothing less than the quality which we call the accent of inspiration, the air of being rapt from oneself and played upon as an instrument by some external power, until, in the language of Milton's rhythmic prose, "it rests not with man's will what he shall say, or what conceal." We happen, it is true, to know that Shelley did, as a matter of fact, revise and correct and elaborate in a consciously literary and artistic spirit; witness Trelawny's story (or is it Medwin's?) about seeing the original manuscript of the "Ariel to Miranda" poem, which was simply an impenetrable wilderness of erasure upon erasure and interlineation supplanting interlineation, respecting which Shelley remarked, "Here, you see, is the first rough sketch: to-morrow I shall attempt a finished drawing." But this does not alter the matter: Isaiah and Ezekiel, for aught we know, may have subjected their writings to a like process. The result is what concerns us, and the result, in his case hardly less than in theirs, is just that rarest of attributes, the inspired manner—the tone, the accent, the air of being but a medium of communication, the conducting channel between his hearers and some more elemental influence, which the primitive imagination personified as the Muse.

Beatrice Cenci.
The "Guido" Portrait.
From the collection of Mr. Augustin Rischgitz.

This is Shelley's grand characteristic; and it is emphasized and intensified by his quite extraordinary—one is half inclined to say unparalleled—freedom from everything like visible and express literary influences. Other poets, even the greatest, are seen to be units in a long spiritual lineage; we can trace their genealogy; and to the lover of literature few things are more interesting than those ancestral traits which ever and anon flash out—

"The Garden, once fair, became cold and foul."
The Sensitive Plant.

From a painting by Charles Robinson.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. W. Heinemann from one of Mr. Charles Robinson's colour illustrations to "The Sensitive Plant."

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

phenomena which the more stupid sort of critic interprets as imitation or plagiarism, but which are as truly a natural inheritance as is some transmitted feature, such as we may see emerging again and again in the portraits of notable families, and most of all (it is perhaps pertinent to remark) in royal dynasties. There is nothing of this in Shelley: while the other poets are links of a chain—while Tennyson touches hands with Keats, Keats with Spenser, Spenser with the Italians—while Arnold looks back to Wordsworth, Wordsworth to Milton, Milton to all the ancients—Shelley stands sole and separate, his own "be-all and end-all"; for in spite of some superficial resemblances to him on the part of Swinburne, who was essentially a literary craftsman of the self-conscious order, absolutely ungifted with that involuntariness, that breath as of the wind blowing where it listeth which is Shelley's peculiar endowment, the poet of "Epipsychidion" is without posterity even as he is without progenitors. He is as solitary as his own Alastor "upon the lone Chorasmian shore"; as solitary as Prometheus in the ice-clefts of Caucasus.

How is he described by himself in "Adonais"? After the allusions to Byron:

> "The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
> Over his living head like heaven is bent,
> An early but enduring monument"—

and to Moore, whom "from her wilds Ierne sent," as "the sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong" (one wonders if Moore was very sensible of the noble compliment paid him), there follow the memorable lines in which, with equal modesty and veracity, he paints his own portrait:

> "Midst others of less note came one frail form,
> A phantom among men, *companionless*
> *As the last cloud of an expiring storm*
> Whose thunder is its knell."

And not only is the spiritual solitude which was his habitation—which makes his poetry so remote from ordinary human concerns, and fills it with

> "The desire of the moth for the star,
> Of the night for the morrow—
> The devotion to something afar
> From the sphere of our sorrow"—

not only was this indicated in that fragment of self-portraiture; it is surely not too fanciful to believe that the lines also betoken a rare power of recognising his own peculiar relation to his age; for he was not of the legitimate race and apostolic succession of our poets, but was the child of a social epoch, a historical movement—he was indeed the "last cloud" of that "expiring storm" which we name the French Revolution.

He proceeds in his self-description thus:

> "he, as I guess,
> Had gazed on Nature's
> naked loveliness."

Again the solitude, the remoteness of this "companionless" singer! For the "Nature" upon which he "gazed" was in a unique sense Nature unmodified by any human contact, unsoftened by any human shadow—naked Nature, seen only in her most stupendous features, without detail, a vague, vast phantasmagory of mountains and cataracts, clouds and sunsets, oceans and storms. His landscape is always generalised, never individualised, and above all, never humanised; or rather, it is not landscape, but, in his own words, "Nature's naked loveliness," and still more, her naked terror and sublimity, splendour and gloom. In his more pessimistic moods, to quote his own words in "The Cenci," it is a

> "void, grey, lampless, deep, unpeopled world"

that he sees—above all, *unpeopled*, except by that abstraction Man, who seems the merest accident in the cosmic scheme, and moves across the dissolving pageant of Nature as shadowy and unprehensible as the phantom of Mercury that floats past Prometheus on his rock.

> "His head was bound with pansies overblown"—

thus he goes on to depict himself; and elsewhere, in one of his lovely lyrics, he sings:

> "Lilies for a bridal bed—
> Roses for a matron's head—
> Violets for a maiden dead—
> Pansies let *my* flowers be."

The floral emblem of thought is no doubt appropriate enough to him, but with what an accurate perception of his own intellectual super-subtlety he adds that touch of self-criticism, "pansies *overblown*"! For his thought almost always has this vice of excess, of rank luxuriance. As a thinker he has no temperance, he does not perceive the value of limits, he rarely knows when to pause. Wordsworth's thought is a slow, deep stream that makes fertile the somewhat unromantic land through which it wanders at its own sweet will. Shelley's is an Alpine torrent that leaps over the verge of a precipice at such an altitude that it spends itself, with vaporous diffusion and gorgeous iridescence, in aerial space.

Let not this be taken as said in disparagement. Shelley's most splendid qualities are precisely such as can only be purchased at the expense of certain homelier ones. His distinction is not depth but height—dizzy, adventurous, azure height; and when we get the soaring of the skylark we can make shift to do without the burrowing of the mole. It is true that he sings in an air too rarefied for ordinary lungs to breathe in; but then, we are not called upon to breathe in it as we listen: it is enough that he can sing there, and that the song is none the less melodious because it flutters down to us from where foot cannot follow. Besides, his voice is apt at times to become attenuated to a somewhat shrill treble, and is best mellowed by distance and atmosphere. Thus it seems to us that he is mispraised for once by his distinguished biographer Mr. Dowden, when that fine critic speaks of a fragment called "The Triumph of Life" as Shelley's "greatest and wisest verse." Wisdom is not especially the gift he has to give us, whilst he has other gifts for us in abundance. It is at most a rather inarticulate sort of wisdom that one expects from skylarks, nor can you learn much about "the human heart by which we live" if you live always on the highest summits of the Himalayas. Fortunately, however, a poet may see dimly and think crudely, yet sing divinely; and song, after all, is not so much either Truth or Wisdom as the rose upon Truth's lips, and the light in Wisdom's eyes.

What Shelley does give, as no other poet can, is a heightened and rapturous sense of the splendour and wonder of existence; and if it be true that "we should count life by heart-beats," he must have crowded an immense sum of quintessential life into his thirty years. We have all asked ourselves the question, Had his genius reached its meridian when he died? Speculation is perhaps idle, but life cannot be lived at such intensity of pitch very long, and one inclines to think that poetic powers due largely to such emotional high-pressure as was apparently Shelley's normal state could not in the nature of things be permanent. In one of his letters from Italy he confesses mournfully that he was already conscious of a numbed sensibility to the glory of the external world: the beauty of the Apennines had begun to find in him a comparatively indifferent spectator. This may, of course, have betokened only a transient atrophy of feeling; but it may have symptomised a premature decay of emotional vitality. It is possible enough that he had in him, on that fatal afternoon when the *Don Juan* weighed anchor for her last trip, the potentialities of nobler literature than he ever gave us: it is just as possible that his premature death spared us a rather melancholy spectacle—the gradual cooling of that white flame of imagination which was quenched in the waters of the Gulf of Lerici.

NOTES ON SHELLEY'S BIRTHPLACE.

By W. Hale White (Mark Rutherford).

Reprinted with permission from *Macmillan's Magazine*, March 1879 (thirty-three years ago! W.H.W.).

THE village of Warnham lies about three-quarters of a mile westward of the Warnham station, on the Mid-Sussex line of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. Like scores of villages in that part of Sussex and the adjoining county of Surrey, grey, quiet and retired, it is embosomed in a country singularly placid and beautiful. The houses cluster mainly round the church, a tolerably ancient structure, with a square, lichen-covered tower. The meadows, with some noble trees, bound the churchyard, and a man who is jaded and wants rest could hardly do better than spend a morning under the south church wall. Years ago, before certain "improvements" were made in Warnham street, the prospect must have been much more attractive than it is now. A print in the British Museum shows a succession of quaint, gabled cottages which are

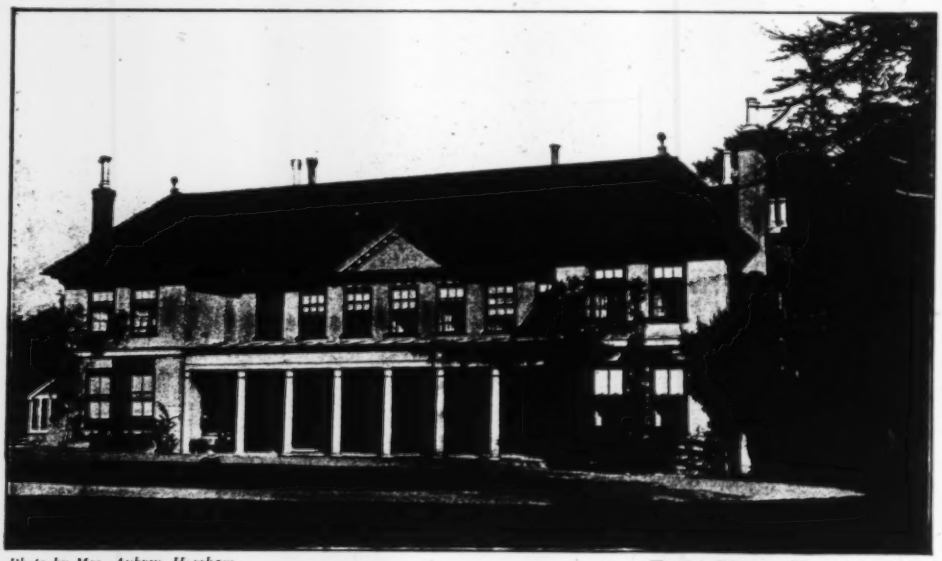


Photo by Mrs. Aubrey, Horsham.

Field Place, Horsham, where Shelley was born.

The Cloud.

From a painting by William Hyde.

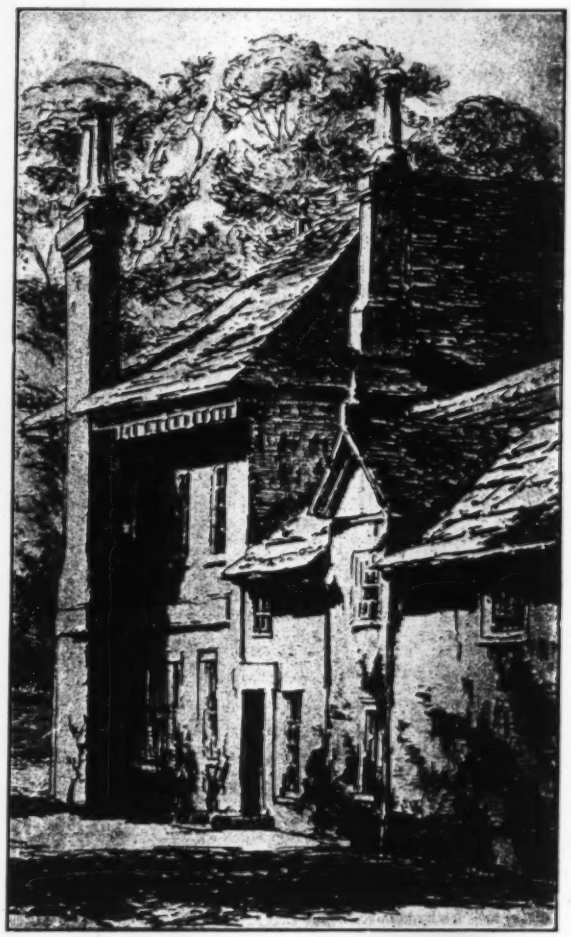
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Hutchinson from one of Mr. William Hyde's colour illustrations to their edition of Shelley's "Nature Poems."

Shelley.
From a Miniature.
Reproduced from the copy by Reginald Easton, now in the Bodleian Library.

altogether gone. When I was in Warnham, however, I was anxious, not so much to admire the scenery, as to find out what could be learned about Shelley, and I lost no time in searching for the parish clerk. He was a hearty, vigorous old man of eighty-two, and had been parish clerk for more than forty years. I discovered him up in the tower amongst the bell-ropes, winding up the church clock. On the walls of the belfry was a tablet, recording that he was present when the ringers from Horsham came over in 1830, and rang a wonderful peal with a wonderful number of changes. His memory was quite good for events which happened when he was young, though it failed him for those of yesterday. He remembered Sir Timothy Shelley, the poet's father. He was often at Field Place when Sir Timothy was alive, and recollected particularly his eyes. "Sir Timothy had very piercing-like eyes, and when he was ninety, he never wore spectacles. He is not buried here; he is buried at Horsham. He used to say to me, 'Mr. Clerk, you may ring the bells for me at Warnham, but I mean to lie where my father lies in Horsham church.'" The registers in the church are well kept, and if the visitor turns to the book for 1792, he will find the following entry:—

Sept$^{br.}$ 7$^{th.}$ Percy Byshe (*sic*), son of Timothy & Elizabeth Shelley, born Aug$^{st.}$ 4th, 1792.

From this it is evident that Percy Byshe, whatever he may have become afterwards, was, on the seventh of September, duly baptized into the Christian faith. Inside the church are several tablets in memory of the Shelley family. One of them records the deaths of two of the poet's sisters, Hellen — her name was designedly so spelt—who died young; and Elizabeth, who died in 1831. The same tablet also records the death of Charles Bysshe Shelley, son of the poet by his first wife, Harriet Westbrook. The inscription is remarkable, for it describes the child, not as the son of Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Shelley, but as the grandson of Sir Timothy and Lady Elizabeth Shelley. To what date it is due, I do not know, but it points to a time when kinship with the poet, if not a disgrace, was at least of no account, compared with the relationship to the baronet. On the north side of the altar there are stones which form part of the paving and mark the burial-place of the relatives of Sir Timothy. In a short time they will become defaced for they lie flat upon the ground, and are not protected in any way whatever. One of the stones tells us that "Timothy Shelley, Esq., of Horsham, in this county, died 11th March, 1771, aged 70"; and that "Joanna his wife died 17th November, 1770, aged 74. She was born at Newark, in North America." These were the poet's great-grandfather and great-grandmother. Sir Bysshe, it will be remembered, was born at Newark. Students of Shelley will be familiar with the names of Michell (not Mitchell as it is usually spelt), and Pilfold. Shelley's grandmother was a Michell, and his mother a Pilfold. They are common names in Sussex, more particularly Michell, and Mr. Charles Gibbon, the Richmond



Shelley's Birthplace.
From an etching by A. Evershed.

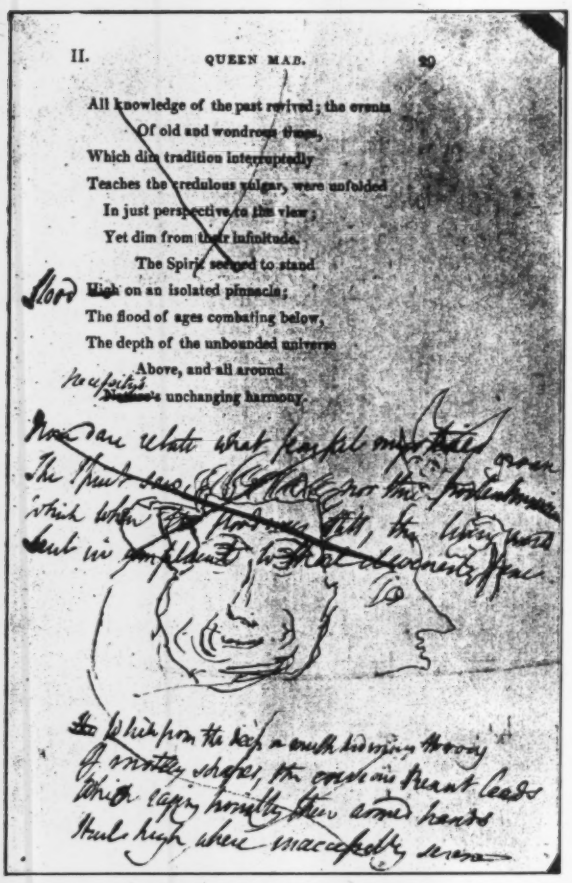
Percy Bysshe Shelley.
From a medallion in the possession of Mr. H. Buxton Forman.

Herald, observes in the *Sussex Archæological Collections*, vol. xii. p. 20, of the Michells, that, "I have not any hesitation in saying, I could, with very little trouble, show the descent from our visitation of Sussex in 1634, of a vast number of them, who at present have little idea of their claims to coat armour." On the road from Warnham to Horsham, the traveller will not fail to note the invitation to drink of "Michell's Fine Ales." On the north wall of the church a tablet has been erected in memory of several Michells and Pilfolds, ancestors of Shelley; one of them being the grandmother of Percy Bysshe. The inscription states that she was the daughter of Theobald Michell and Mary Trenworth, that she married Bysshe Shelley, Esq. in 1752, and died in 1760.

About a mile south of Warnham lies Field Place. It is on the right-hand side of the Horsham road, just across a small common. In the days when Field Place was built, people cared more for protection from the cold than for "commanding views," and it has been planted somewhat in a hollow. Nevertheless, as the land all about there lies high, the South Downs can be seen from the garden, and towards the west the mountainous outline of Hindhead. It is a comfortable-looking, English gentleman's house, built in the style of about a hundred and fifty years ago, and now getting somewhat the worse for wear. It is one story high, exclusive of garrets, and roofed with what is called Horsham slate, a heavy kind of native building slab, capable of being easily split, and much used in those parts for roofs, when tiles were expensive, and slates still more so by reason of the carriage. The front faces the west, and is furnished with a long verandah or portico. This is where Shelley was born, and spent the first ten years of his life. The garden is the garden in which he played, and the lanes are now just what they were when he used to ride about them on his pony. Field Place is arranged with a central hall, and a staircase facing the entrance. The drawing-room is on the left-hand side, and the dining-room on the right. Going up stairs, if the visitor turns to the right, he will come to a small bedroom, not the principal bedroom, and here it was that Percy Bysshe Shelley first saw the light. A brass plate has been let into the wall over the mantelpiece, giving the date of his birth. The room forms an angle of the building, so that it has windows looking both south and west. In that room, in that quiet rustic dwelling, from a rough country squire, and from a mother who was nothing remarkable, sprang the *Sensitive Plant*, and the *Witch of Atlas*. If, instead of Shelley, an infant Squire Western had been produced on the 4th August, 1792, everybody would have thought it natural, but instead of Squire Western, we have, as a miracle of miracles, not only the most spiritual of thinkers, but such a master of poetical music that he knew how to express in matchless harmonies of verse, ideas, which but for him, would have been considered beyond the reach of language. But, if Shelley cannot be traced in his ancestors, much of him is traceable in his epoch, of which he was emphatically the child. For a moment let us consider what was being done in the world on the day when he entered it.

Lady Shelley, Wife of Shelley's Son, Sir Percy Florence Shelley, with her adopted daughter.

It is important to remember that the French Revolution, or rather *the* Revolution, was on that day the one great fact of Europe, and that Shelley and the Revolution were contemporary, for in him the Revolution breaks out into song. On this same 4th August, 1792, on the motion of M. Charlier, it was summarily decreed by the National Assembly that all religious houses whatever should be sold for the benefit of the nation. The Section de Mauconseil resolved, and on that day the resolution was publicly read to the Assembly, that they no longer recognised Louis XVI. as their king. It was on that day that a grenadier appeared at the bar and declared that many of his comrades had disgraced their corps by submitting to guard the king, and kissing the hand of "his wife." He added that others, full of indignation at such a degrading service, were coming to deposit their caps upon the table. M. Girardin happened to observe, that by the law, no petition could be presented by more than twenty people, whereupon cries of—"To the abbey prisons! To the scaffold! Down with Girardin!" re-echoed on all sides. Presently there was a lull, during which M. Girardin proceeded with his speech, but another storm broke out, and another grenadier rushed into the hall, snatched off his epaulette, tore his uniform to pieces, threw the rags amongst the members of the Assembly, and rushed out into the street. It was the eve of Louis' last *levée*—the *levée* of the 5th—when his flight was debated, and he drew back and was forever lost. It was six days only


II. QUEEN MAB. 29

All knowledge of the past revived; the events
Of old and wondrous times,
Which dim tradition interruptedly
Teaches the credulous vulgar, were unfolded
In just perspective to the view;
Yet dim from their infinitude.
The Spirit seemed to stand
High on an isolated pinnacle;
The flood of ages combating below,
The depth of the unbounded universe
Above, and all around
Necessity's unchanging harmony.

A page from a copy of "Queen Mab" (showing Shelley's revisions) in the possession of Mr. H. Buxton Forman, with whose permission it is reproduced.

before the insurrection of the 10th, and the slaughter of the Swiss. It was on the 4th August that their Majesties the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia issued their famous manifesto announcing their mission to put down the Revolution and "console mankind," by giving up "the city of Paris to the most dreadful and terrible justice, from which nothing can save it," if the least insult were offered to the king or queen. How the promise was kept, and their sacred majesties found themselves unable to administer the necessary consolation, is well known. In England the excitement was intense. Crowds of emigrants that month were pouring up the Sussex roads from the sea-side, some in coaches, some in waggons, and some in fish-carts, and many of them in the greatest distress. The Marchioness de Bouillé and Madame de Noailles both came over from Dieppe to Brighton in August disguised as men, one as a sailor in an open boat, and the other in a packet. A proclamation against seditious writings had been issued by the Government, and 341 terrified corporations had voted addresses of thanks for it. Revolutionary ideas, too, which were not merely political, were in the air, and Mary Wollstonecraft, the mother of Shelley's Mary, had just published the *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, and proclaimed that "liberty is the mother of virtue, and if women are by their very constitution slaves, and not allowed to breathe the sharp, invigorating air of freedom, they must ever languish like exotics, and be reckoned beautiful flaws in nature." This was the world in which men were living on that quiet day—for I learn from a chance memorandum that the day was calm and pleasant, the wind being easterly, with slight showers—when the poet of the Revolution first saw the light in the little chamber looking out upon the peaceful Sussex pastures.

About two miles south-east from Field Place lies the town of Horsham. Like many other towns of that kind, it is divisible into two distinct sections. There is the railway Horsham of red brick and stucco, the Horsham of desirable villa residences, which has sprung up since the Brighton railway found its way into the borough and gave it "facilities," as the placards on the station walls describe the benefits conferred upon the inhabitants by the company. Then there is the old Horsham, the centre of which is a cool, broad, half-square, half-street, planted with ancient trees, and flanked on either side by quaint houses showing every kind of elevation, sky-line, and gable. At the end of this half-square, half-street, stands the church, a noble building with a tall shingled spire, which, strange to say, has purposely been built slightly askew. Round about the church lies the churchyard, and just outside the gate, southwards, runs the Arun, dammed-up to turn a mill, the clacking of which can be heard in the churchyard. Across the river the ground rises towards Denne Park, with its famous avenues and glens. Denne Park might easily have suggested—more easily perhaps than any part of the country near Field Place—the well-known semi-chorus in the *Prometheus* which begins:

> "The path through which that lovely twain
> Have passed, by cedar, pine and yew,
> And each dark tree that ever grew,
> Is curtained out from heaven's wide blue."

The *Prometheus*, however, was written when Horsham was well-nigh forgotten. Seen from the south-west corner of the meadow just across the Arun, near the stile against the mill, the river, trees, and church-spire form a picture typical of England at its best. The shingling on the church is about to be renewed, and possibly its colour may suffer in the process, but when I saw it (1879) it had acquired a peculiarly lustrous silvery-gray tint, more beautiful than I had noticed on any shingled spire in the southern counties, though I have seen a good many. Timothy Shelley was returned as member for Horsham in 1790. At that time the number of voters was twenty-four. He was at the top of the poll; but a petition was presented against him, and on the 8th of March, 1792, five months before Percy's birth, a House of Commons Committee decided that he was not duly elected. The Committee further reported that David Michell and John Rawlinson, the bailiffs, acted with gross injustice and partiality in favour of the sitting members; that on a poll being demanded they appointed the Duke of Norfolk's steward, Thomas Charles Medwin, and James Robertson, the steward's clerk, to be the poll-clerks, who rejected legal votes in favour of the petitioners, and received illegal votes for the sitting members, by which means they procured a colourable majority. The petitioners were declared duly elected, and Sir Timothy lost his seat, after losing, we may be sure, money and temper. David Michell was probably a relative of Bysshe Shelley's wife, and Thomas Charles Medwin was also probably a relative. Timothy Shelley was the nominee of the Duke of Norfolk, who had great influence in the borough, and shortly afterwards became its sole proprietor.

The interior of Horsham Church has been restored, after the modern High Church model. It has been

elaborately decorated; candles have been placed upon the altar, and ornamental hangings have been scattered about here and there according to some rule known to the initiated. The Shelley tablets, along with many others formerly affixed to the walls, have consequently been removed to a dark corner under the spire, where they are all huddled up together. The one in memory of the poet's father and mother is almost entirely concealed by some of the old church fittings, which have been piled up against it. Tested by numbers, the vicar and the Restoration Committee have doubtless done what was right. There were several people in the church on the June morning when I was there, and all of them were intent upon admiring the magnificence of the ecclesiastical upholstery and the propriety of the furniture. The wax candles, and the brass candlesticks, were more interesting than the family history of the Shelleys. Perhaps the most noticeable of all the monuments, connected with the Shelleys, is outside in the churchyard. It is a tombstone, not discoverable without a good deal of difficulty, for it lies flat on the ground, almost buried in grass. The inscription is nearly effaced, but I give it exactly as it stands:

In memory of JOHN GROOMBRIDGE, who died 23rd Feb. 1789,
aged 76 years.
He was

Groombridge was steward to Sir Bysshe Shelley, and was implicitly trusted as an honest man. His master was warned against him, and was told that Groombridge was robbing him. He never would believe it, whilst the man was alive, but found out after his death that the stories about him were true, and put up this tombstone to his memory. Two stories are current about the exact meaning of the *He was*. One is that Sir Bysshe discovered the frauds committed upon him when the stonemason was carving the stone, and stopped him at these words, just as he was going to add "an honest man." Another is, that Sir Bysshe meant simply to say, that Groombridge *was;* not liking to call him a villain, because, for so long, confidence had been placed in him, and not daring to profess that the confidence was continued. Groombridge *was*—that is the only certain fact which Sir Bysshe could assert about him. This stone, as I have said, is in danger of total obliteration. It was formerly placed upright against the church wall, but was "restored" with the church, and put where it is now. It is a great pity that it should not once more be restored to its original position.

I have only one word to add, by way of apology, for what many persons will perhaps consider the triviality of these details. Whether a detail be trivial or not, depends upon the love we bear to the man to whom it relates. I suppose that most persons would rather know what Shakespeare was doing on any one day from dawn to sunset, even when he was a boy, than be instructed as to the history of the Congress of Vienna. So long as man is man, he will try to discover the minutest particulars about those whom he worships, and the colour of a lock of hair will often be of more importance to him than the fortunes of a kingdom.

MEMORABILIA.

By ROBERT BROWNING.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
  And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
  How strange it seems, and new!

But you were living before that,
  And you are living after,
And the memory I started at—
  My starting moves your laughter!

I crossed a moor with a name of its own
  And a use in the world no doubt,
Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone
  'Mid the blank miles round about—

For there I picked up on the heather
  And there I put inside my breast
A moulted feather, an eagle-feather—
  Well, I forget the rest.

SHELLEY'S PRELUDES.

By Jane Barlow

IN a letter to T. L. Peacock, Shelley speaks of a theory he once held: "that in everything a man ever wrote, spoke, acted, or imagined is contained, as it were, an allegorical idea of his own future life, as the acorn contains the oak." This theory, here stated in a characteristically comprehensive and uncompromising form, recurs with modifications in his "Defence of Poetry," written a few months later, where he likens a poem to "the first acorn, which contained all oaks potentially"; and it seems to be in a measure borne out by the fruits of at any rate his own poetical life. For there never was an artist whose works, in matter as in manner, were bound closelier each to each with natural piety; a fact which gives a peculiar interest to the study of his earliest verses. Interesting, of course, all such 'prentice work of a master hand must be; but it is generally in a different way, in a way which sets us contrasting rather than comparing, and, moreover, commonly entails upon us the task of winnowing out a large proportion of imitative stuff, as unsatisfactory to the critic as was Tomlinson's malapropos culture to the Janitors of Heaven and Hell. There is little or nothing of this in Shelley at his earliest. His stamp is unmistakably imprinted upon the most immature of his productions. He imitates nobody—neither Pope, nor Bowles, nor the writers in the fashionable periodicals; the Wordsworthian touches, which will occur to everybody, came later on. Even "Queen Mab" is genuinely Shelleyan, though the Fairy does now and then quaintly mingle her tirades of crude atheism with platitudes and moral reflections which might seem to be borrowed from the Sunday-school—delivered, too, in endless blank verses, suggesting Horatio's protest: "You might have rhymed." We may feel certain that these all independently result from the cogitations of Shelley's own mind, still some months under age.

In "Queen Mab" however, we have his one really doubtful and tentative poem. With it, that is to say, he passed from the stage of the "two little dark-green leaves lifting the light mould at their birth," and scarcely permitting an expert to pronounce between weed and flower. Henceforward his invisible growth must have been like that of his magical Zucca, swiftly turning the light and dew by inward power to its own substance, and taking shape:

> "Such as summer melody
> Of the south wind in spicy vales might give
> To some bright cloud, bound from the golden dawn
> To fairy isles of evening."

After "Alastor," the question of flower or seed can hardly be mooted.

This rapid development is clearly proved by the handful of little poems, half a dozen or so, which sum up his extant work between "Queen Mab" and "Alastor," and may be regarded as preluding all the melodious bursts to come. While more than foreshadowing the masterly technical

Percy Bysshe Shelley.
From a crayon drawing in the Bodleian Library.

Shelley

From a reminiscent Bust, by Mrs. Leigh Hunt, in the possession of Mr. H. Buxton Forman.

craftsmanship of later years, these contain some turns of thought and phrase, reproduced with curious exactness in his latest verse, and some germs, also, of future oaks. It is fortunate, indeed, considering the shortness of Shelley's singing day, that he had not to spend much time in acquiring the technique of his art. How many of his songs must have remained unsung, if he had started, in, say, "Hours of Idleness" wise, by picking up and bungling over the little ditties that were tinkling around him in all the contemporary drawing-room annuals, "Keepsakes" and "Diadems"? But instead of any such puerilities we have the wild harmonies of those wonderful stanzas dated April, 1814.

"Away, the moor is dark beneath the moon,
Rapid clouds have drunk the last pale beam of even '—

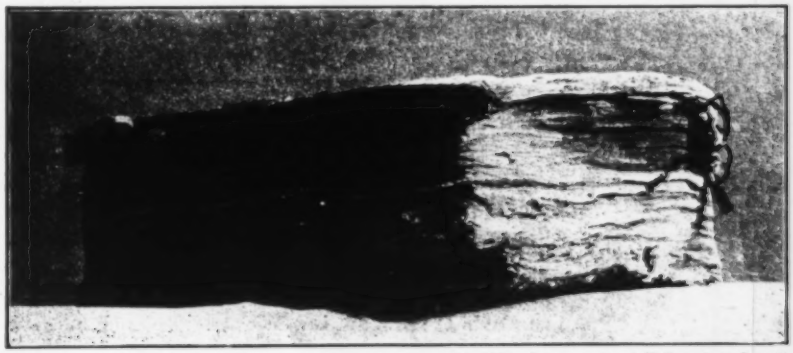
echoing the very rustle and sweep of the wide-winged blasts ruffling across the twilit heath, and laden with a haunting regret and remorse, uttered as naturally and passionately as a rain-shower flings its spray of drops upon the tossing leaves and wet blossoms of an autumn garden. This perhaps the most notable instance among these few earliest poems, of Shelley's power to create, as he says of Dante, "a language in itself music and persuasion," out of a tongue scarcely more plastic than its Teutonic cognate, over whose intractability Goethe so bitterly repines; and to us, who are properly grateful for Blake's half dozen sane lyrics, or a snatch of broken music wafted across the centuries from Lesbos, it would seem in itself a gift by no means to be despised. But its companion poems—there are seven of them—do not fall far short in melodiousness, and, what is almost more to be marvelled at, though written by a youth, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, they include not a single Person-of-Quality phrase.

One of them, the well-known reproachful sonnet to Wordsworth, nearly as stately and sculpturesque as Ozymandias itself, may be profitably contrasted with Shelley's prose appreciation of the apostate poet's character, as conveyed in a letter to his friend Peacock: "What a pitiful wretch that Wordsworth," he frankly writes, "that such a man should be such a poet! I can compare him to no one but Simonides, that flatterer of the Sicilian Tyrants, and at the same time, the most natural and tender of lyric poets." Upon reading this tersely trenchant criticism, it is pleasant to find that we can fulfil our high poetic duty, as enjoined upon us by Mrs. Browning, and hold truest truth the fairest beauty: the verdict of the sonnet juster as well as more euphonious than the unmetrical spirit of spleen. But though it must be owned that their author could not compete with the future Poet Laureate in loyalty to King George and his crown and his dignity, in a matter more intimately connected with their special calling, Shelley might have challenged Wordsworth undismayed. In a purely lyrical contest his exquisite ear for accent and rhythm—as regards rhyme he is less infallible—would have given him an easy victory over the elder poet, who is apt to subside into a false gallop of verses even amid his loftiest soaring. Had Shelley, for instance, written an Ode on the Intimations of Immortality, it might have been terribly hard to understand, but it would never have been disfigured by such an ugly jingle as:

"The little Actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation."

Which things make it seem all the clearer that Matthew Arnold, a poet by birth, and a critic by profession, must for the nonce have "run to seed in soul into a walking paradox," like the third Peter, when not content with deliberately labelling Shelley "a beautiful but ineffectual angel"—a definition which the least deeply-read students of Keats know to be a contradiction in terms—he pronounced that whatever meed of fame should ultimately accrue to the author of "Prometheus" and "The Cenci," of "The Witch of Atlas" and the "Ode to the West Wind," would rest upon his prose letters.

In the Epistle to Maria Gisborne, which, being in verse, is upon this principle presumably doomed to oblivion, we find another psychological study of Coleridge, supplementing, but not greatly elucidating that contained in the strange early poem addressed to the rapt one of the godlike forehead. Both show the same bewildering conception of a mind and a soul somehow detached from the personality of their possessor, and the most distinct impression that they leave is that the



Shelley's copy of "Sophocles."

found in his pocket after his death.

Albion House, Marlow, Bucks.
where Shelley lived in 1817.

state described must be a forlorn and discomfortable one. Again, in Shelley's very last lyric, Archy's song in the fragment of "Charles the First":

> "A widowed bird sate mourning for her love
> Upon a wintry bough,"

we have a close parallel to one of his earliest:

> "The cold earth slept below,
> Above the cold sky shone,"

proving that he soon found and never lost the art of producing those little vignettes which actually breathe the chilly atmosphere of the landscape they depict.

But of more import than these minor resemblances is the continuity traceable in the whole bent of Shelley's mind—thought, opinions, beliefs, aspirations—throughout all the series of his poems. They include no palinodes, no recantations. From first to last we find him resolved to be "wise and just and free and mild," for weariness of beholding the tyranny of the selfish and the strong; eager to repeal large codes of fraud and woe; pledged to dedicate his powers to the Spirit of Beauty, for the liberation of this enslaved world; and his appeal, "Have I not kept my vow?" cannot on the whole be gainsaid, notwithstanding that there are facts in his career which might point a moral for Mrs. Carlyle's "My dear, don't marry a genius." And from first to last he was of the company of those who "that which never yet was known would know." His mind was full of obstinate questionings, of ponderings why the light of our day is so overgloomed with fear and dream and death, of musings upon the secret things of the grave. This was conjoined with a propensity, which he never outgrew, for dwelling to a morbid degree upon the physical aspects of death, as presented by our modern methods of burial. He was over-fond of churchyard reveries, and of insisting upon graves and all their appurtenances, in describing which he, in common, unhappily, with whole tribes of poets, blasphemes the holy name of sleep. Thus, among his prelusive poems, we have a summer-evening churchyard in Gloucestershire, one of those quiet country places which so took his fancy as to cause him to conjure up the fantastic and fleeting phantom of the Rev. P. B. Shelley. Still, his mole-like burrowings at worst never detained him long from his wistful gazing into the boundless realm of endless change, which was for him quite as real a territory as Middlesex or Lombardy, though the outcome of his speculations may have been nothing more definite than the "modest creed and yet pleasant, if one considers it," formulated in the "Sensitive Plant."

In surveying Shelley's work we are often prone to forget into how brief a space of time, as reckoned by months and years, all his body's and soul's travelling was crowded—"we who are young shall never see so much, or live so long." It needs an effort of the imagination to realise that less than ten years—*grande mortalis ævi spatium* in Shelley's span—separate "Queen Mab" from "Prometheus" and the "Declaration of Rights" from "Hellas." And no doubt this brevity of his career must be held in some measure to favour the maintenance of the unswerving consistency which marked it. The years, it may be urged, that bring the philosophic mind, might probably have brought changes, too, in thought and deed. But that consistency was assuredly, in all its essentials, due to no accidental external circumstances. It sprang from the fact that for him "far-darkling Truth reigned sovereign guide through his brief ageless youth"; that he perceived as clearly as any poet who has ever looked out upon this world how the great tap-root of its misery is a loveless self-seeking, and drew more honestly perhaps than any other poet has dared or cared to do the corollary that it therefore behoved him "to fear himself and love all humankind." Looking upon the events of his life, some people will opine that he would have done wiselier to have transferred some distrust from himself to his neighbours. Yet possibly in that case we should feel less certain than we do, that if Shelley had burned to the socket, the flame of his enthusiasm for humanity would have glowed as ardently as when it was quenched amid the wild waters of Spezia; that had Nature kept him alive until age snowed white hairs on him his belief touching what "is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory," would have altered no whit from what it was when, three years before his death, he wrote the last words of Prometheus in the winter sunshine at Florence.

THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY.*

By Leigh Hunt.

LEGHORN is a polite Wapping, with a square and a theatre. The country around is uninteresting when you become acquainted with it; but to a stranger the realisation of anything he has read about is a delight, especially of such things as vines hanging from trees, and the sight of Apennines. It is pleasant, too, to a lover of books, when at Leghorn, to think that Smollett once lived there; not, indeed, happily, for he was very ill, and besides living there, died there. But genius gives so much pleasure (and must also have received so much in the course of its life) that the memory of its troubles is overcome by its renown. Smollett once lived, as

* *From "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt" (Smith, Elder).*

Lord Byron did, at Monte Nero; and he was buried in the Leghorn cemetery.

Mr. Shelley accompanied us from Leghorn to Pisa, in order to see us fixed in our new abode. Lord Byron left Monte Nero at the same time, and joined us. We occupied the ground floor of his lordship's house, the Casa Lanfranchi, on the River Arno, which runs through the city. Divided tenancies of this kind are common in Italy, where few houses are in possession of one family. . . .

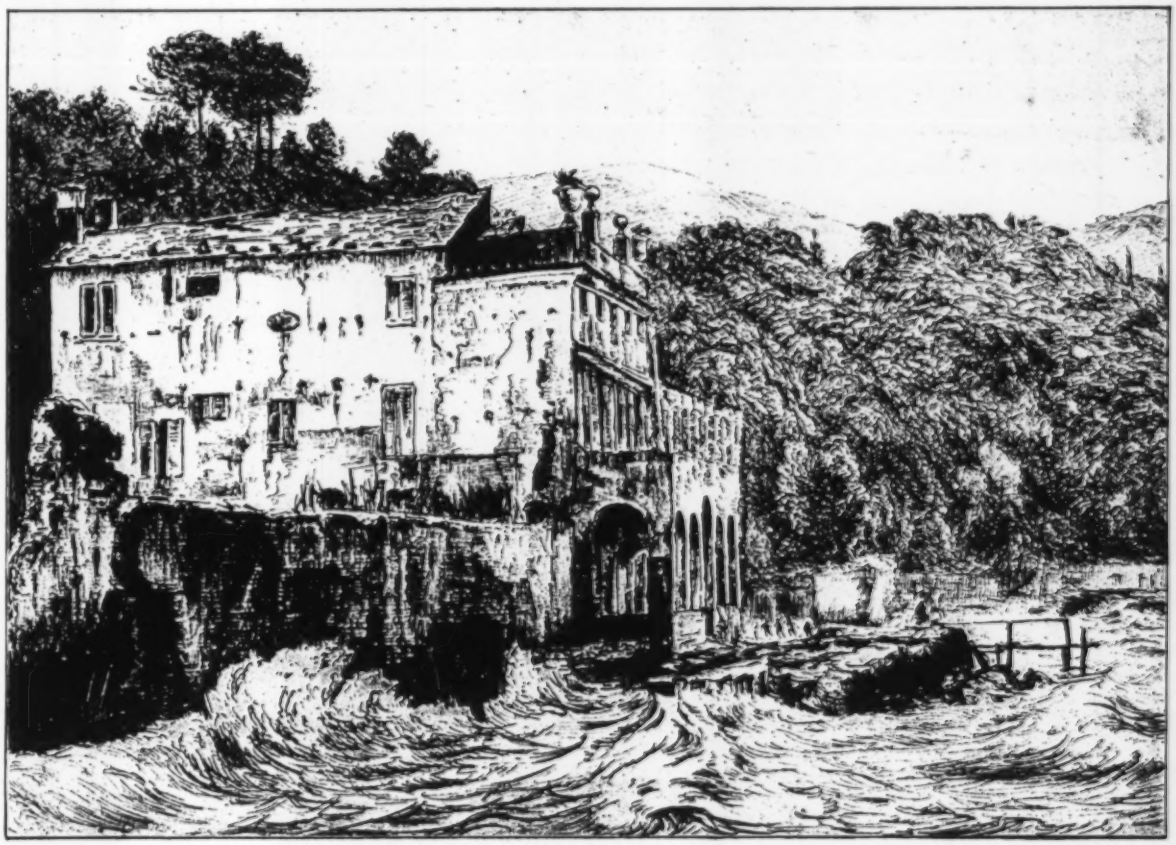
The Casa Lanfranchi, which had been the mansion of the great Pisan family, whose ancestors figure in Dante, is said to have been built by Michael Angelo, and is worthy of him. It is in a bold and broad style throughout, with those harmonious graces of proportion which are sure to be found in an Italian mansion. The outside is of rough marble. . . .

In a day or two Shelley took leave of us to return to Lerici for the rest of the season, meaning, however, to see us more than once in the interval. I spent one delightful afternoon with him, wandering about Pisa, and visiting the cathedral. On the night of the same day he took a post-chaise for Leghorn, intending next morning to depart with his friend, Captain Williams, for Lerici. . . .

The same night there was a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning, which made us very anxious; but we hoped our friends had arrived before then. When, some days later, Trelawny came to Pisa, and told us he was missing, I underwent one of the sensations which we read of in books, but seldom experience: I was tongue-tied with horror.

A dreadful interval took place of more than a week, during which every inquiry and every fond hope were exhausted. At the end of that period our worst fears were confirmed. A body had been washed on shore, near the town of Viareggio, which, by the dress and stature, was known to be our friend's. Keats's last volume also (the *Lamia*, etc.), was found open in the jacket pocket. He had probably been reading it when surprised by the storm. It was my copy. I had told him to keep it till he gave it me with his own hands. So I would not have it from any other. It was burnt with his remains. The body of his friend, Mr. Williams, was found near a tower, four miles distant from its companion. That of the third party in the boat, Charles Vivian, the seaman, was not discovered till nearly three weeks afterwards.

The remains of Shelley and Mr. Williams were burnt after the good ancient fashion, and gathered into coffers (those of Williams on the 15th of August, of Shelley on the 16th). Those of Mr. Williams were subsequently taken to England. Shelley's were interred at Rome, in the Protestant burial-ground, the place which he had so touchingly described in recording its reception of Keats. The ceremony of the burning was alike beautiful and distressing. Trelawny, who had been the chief person concerned in ascertaining the fate of his friends, completed his kindness by taking the most active part on this last mournful occasion. He and his friend, Captain Shenley, were first upon the ground, attended by proper assistants. Lord Byron and myself arrived shortly afterwards. His lordship got out of his carriage, but wandered away from the spectacle, and did not see it. I remained inside the carriage, now looking on, now drawing back with feelings that were not to be witnessed.



The Casa Magni, San Terenzo.

Shelley's last home.

Edward Ellerker Williams.

The friend and companion who was drowned with Shelley when his yacht went down in the storm off Viareggio. Reproduced by permission of Mr. Elkin Mathews, from "The Journal of Edward Ellerker Williams."

None of the mourners, however, refused themselves the little comfort of supposing that lovers of books and antiquity, like Shelley and his companion, Shelley in particular with his Greek enthusiasm, would not have been sorry to foresee this part of their fate. The mortal part of him, too, was saved from corruption; not the least extraordinary part of his history. Among the materials for burning, as many of the gracefuller and more classical articles as could be procured—frankincense, wine, etc.—were not forgotten; and to these Keats's volume was added. The beauty of the flame arising from the funeral pile was extraordinary. The weather was beautifully fine. The Mediterranean, now soft and lucid, kissed the shore as if to make peace with it. The yellow sand and blue sky were intensely contrasted with one another: marble mountains touched the air with coolness; and the flame of the fire bore away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty. It seemed as though it contained the glassy essence of vitality. You might have expected a seraphic countenance to look out of it, turning once more before it departed, to thank the friends that had done their duty. . . .

Shelley, when he died, was in his thirtieth year. His figure was tall and slight, and his constitution consumptive. He was subject to violent spasmodic pains, which would sometimes force him to lie on the ground till they were over; but he had always a kind word to give to those about him, when his pangs allowed him to speak. In his organisation, as well as in some other respects, he resembled the German poet, Schiller. Though well-turned, his shoulders were bent a little, owing to premature thought and trouble. The same causes had touched his hair with grey; and though his habits of temperance and exercise gave him a remarkable degree of strength, it is not supposed that he could have lived many years. He used to say that he had lived three times as long as the calendar gave out; which he would prove, between jest and earnest, by some remarks on Time.

"That would have puzzled that stout Stagyrite."

Like the Stagyrite's, his voice was high and weak. His eyes were large and animated, with a dash of wildness in them; his face small, but well-shaped, particularly the mouth and chin, the turn of which was sensitive and graceful. His complexion was naturally fair and delicate, with a colour in the cheeks. He had brown hair, which, though tinged with gray, surmounted his face well, being in considerable quantity and tending to a curl. His side-face, upon the whole, was deficient in strength, and his features would not have told well in a bust; but when fronting and looking at you attentively, his aspect had a certain seraphical character that would have suited a portrait of John the Baptist, or the angel, whom Milton describes as holding a reed "tipt with fire." Nor would the most religious mind, had it known him, have objected to the comparison; for, with all his scepticism, Shelley's

Shelley's Grave, in the Old Protestant Cemetery, at Rome

disposition was truly said to have been anything but irreligious. A person of much eminence for piety in our times has well observed, that the greatest want of religious feeling is not to be found among the greatest infidels, but among those who never think of religion, except as a matter of course. The leading feature of Shelley's character may be said to have been a natural piety. He was pious towards nature, towards his friends, towards the whole human race, towards the meanest insect of the forest. He did himself an injustice with the public in using the popular name of the Supreme Being inconsiderately. He identified it solely with the most vulgar and tyrannical notions of a God made after the worst human fashion; and did not sufficiently reflect that it was often used by a juster devotion to express a sense of the great Mover of the Universe. An impatience in contradicting worldly and pernicious notions of a supernatural power led his own aspirations to be misconstrued; for though, in the severity of his dialectics, and particularly in moments of despondency, he sometimes appeared to be hopeless of what he most desired—and though he justly thought that a Divine Being would prefer the increase of benevolence and good before any praise or even recognition of himself (a reflection worth thinking of by the intolerant), yet there was, in reality, no belief to which he clung with more fondness than that of some great pervading "Spirit of Intellectual Beauty"; as may be seen in his aspirations on that subject. He assented warmly to an opinion which I expressed in the cathedral at Pisa, while the organ was playing, that a truly divine religion might yet be established, if charity were really made the principle of it, instead of faith.

Music affected him deeply. He had also a delicate perception of the beauties of sculpture. It is not one of the least evidences of his conscientious turn of mind that, with the inclination and the power to surround himself in Italy with all the graces of life, he made no sort of attempt that way; finding other uses for his money, and not always satisfied with himself for indulging even in the luxury of a boat. When he bought elegancies of any kind it was to give them away. Boating was his great amusement. He loved the mixture of action and repose which he found in it; and delighted to fancy himself gliding away to Utopian isles and bowers of enchantment. But he would give up any pleasures to do a deed of kindness. Indeed, he may be said to have made the whole comfort of his life a sacrifice to what he thought the wants of society.

E. J. Trelawny.

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Temperament and early circumstances conspired to make him a reformer, at a time of life when few begin to think for themselves; and it was his misfortune, as far as immediate reputation was concerned, that he was thrown upon society with a precipitancy and vehemence which rather startled others with fear for themselves, than allowed them to become sensible to the love and zeal that impelled him. He was like a spirit that had darted out of its orb, and found itself in another world. I used to tell him that he had come from the planet Mercury. When I heard of the catastrophe that overtook him it seemed as if this spirit, not sufficiently constituted like the rest of the world to obtain their sympathy, yet gifted with a double portion of love for all living things, had been found dead in a solitary corner of the earth, its wings stiffened, its warm heart cold; the relics of a misunderstood nature, slain by the ungenial elements.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY.

By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Last high star of the years whose thunder
  Still men's listening remembrance hears,
  Last light left of our father's years,
Watched with honour and hailed with wonder
Thee, too, then have the years borne under,
  Thou, too, then hast regained thy peers.